

Order of Public Worship

The following order is chiefly based on directions given in the Free Methodist Discipline:

(Let all our services begin exactly at the time appointed, and let all our people kneel in silent prayer on entering the sanctuary.)

- I. **Singing from the Free Methodist Hymnal**, the people standing.
- II. **Prayer**, concluding with the Lord's Prayer, repeated audibly by all, both minister and people kneeling.
- III. **Scripture Lessons from both the Old and New Testaments.**
- IV. **Singing from the Free Methodist Hymnal**, the people standing.
- V. **Notices**, followed by **Collection.**
- VI. **The Sermon.**
- VII. **Prayer**, both minister and people kneeling.
- VIII. **Singing from the Free Methodist Hymnal**, the people standing.
- IX. **Doxology and the Apostolic Benediction** (II Cor. 13: 14).

Note—The foregoing may be abridged for afternoon or evening by omitting one of the Scripture Lessons; also by the omission of singing from the Hymnal after the final prayer.

Free Methodist church.

Free Methodist Hymnal

Published by Authority of the General
Conference of the Free Methodist
Church of North America

*I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the
understanding also.—1 Cor. 14: 15.*



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PUBLISHER'S NOTICE

In accordance with instructions given by the Executive Committee at its annual session in October, 1913, the general publishing agent has prepared this Word edition of the Free Methodist Hymnal.

Much painstaking care was exercised in the preparation of copy that both Music and Word editions should be in perfect accord, even to the slightest feature of punctuation.

The effort has been to provide a book convenient in size and yet with type sufficiently large to be easily read by all.

There is pleasure in the fact that the work has been completed and that the church Hymnal may now be had in either Music or Word edition, as may be desired.

November 4, 1914.

W. B. ROSE.

Address

The Free Methodist Church is to be congratulated on being provided with such an excellent Hymnal as the Commission to which the work of revising its Hymn Book was committed, herewith presents. Their labors in connection therewith have been arduous, and we now take much satisfaction in commending the fruit of their toil to the Church at large, and expressing the hope that for many years to come it will prove an invaluable inspiration to spiritual worship among all our people.

The instructions given by the General Conference required the reduction of the number of hymns in the old book by several hundred; and the general demand for the introduction of certain modern hymns that are popular with our people as well as with the more general public necessitated the elimination of a considerable number more. Still we find that most of the hymns hitherto in common use among us have been retained, which is a gratifying feature of this book; and we are also well pleased with the general character of the new hymns that have been introduced.

We have noted with particular satisfaction the prominence herein given to the hymns of the Wesleys. In this the Commission has recognized the superior worth of their productions, not only from a literary viewpoint, but with reference to their general soundness of doctrine and their embodiment of experimental religion as well. We are also pleased with the number and variety of hymns relating to the various phases of Christian experience, particularly of those classified under Entire Sanctification. This will undoubtedly be highly acceptable to the Church generally. The Commission has also wisely anticipated the needs of the Church in respect to hymns for social worship, as also respecting hymns suitable for revival services, camp-meetings, and out-of-door services in general.

The generally high standard of the hymns in this collection should commend it to all our societies throughout the connection. Much that is sung in these days is degenerate verse at best, and is as unsound in

doctrine as it is beneath the standard of true poetry. This book is remarkably free from all that is sensational and unsound, and so is well adapted to improving the taste of the congregations which use it for hymns of genuine merit.

Very few alterations have been made in the texts of the hymns selected, and those few have generally been in the nature of restoring the hymns to their original forms. Occasionally, where the sense would remain unaltered, a word or expression has been changed in order to render a line more singable, but the Commission wisely determined not to undertake anything like arbitrary alterations.

A Music edition of the Free Methodist Hymnal has been in use in the church since 1910, in which every hymn is set to appropriate music, and a great variety of standard tunes, both ancient and modern, are given, the aim having been in all cases to employ only such tunes as were found by careful testing to be devotional in character, compatible with the hymns to which they are united, and generally adapted to congregational singing. The present Word edition was ordered by the Executive Committee, at its meeting in October, 1913, and is an accommodation to those societies among us which desire to use the Hymnal, but prefer a little cheaper edition, and in which there are few who understand the rudiments of music sufficiently to make a Music edition particularly desirable. Still we would advise that in all cases such societies procure a reasonable number of copies of the Music edition for the use of such as can sing by note, and that for the sake of uniformity among us in our singing, the tunes of the Music edition, most of which are generally well-known standard tunes, be used in connection with the Word edition so far as possible.

The value of a carefully compiled Hymnal can scarcely be overestimated. The hymns of such a volume have been selected from the sacred poetry of all ages and of many countries, and "so rich and abundant is the material that only the best lyrics of the best poets can find a permanent place in them." Hence the literary value of such a production is of no small importance. Then, too, there is a doctrinal value in such a book which few can adequately appreciate. The theology of the Church's hymns is scarcely

less important than that of her Articles of Faith. One of the most successful ways to indoctrinate the masses is to set them to singing the doctrines in which you wish them to become grounded. It has been suggested that more people of to-day get their theology from the hymns they sing than from the creeds of their respective churches. Again, there are few volumes equal to a good Hymnal as an aid to private devotion. In the hymns of such a collection every phase of Christian experience finds beautiful and helpful rythmic expression, as also well-nigh every plaint and yearning of penitent and believing hearts. Nearly every hymn has had an origin in some joyous or pathetic experience of its author which makes it voice the feelings of universal humanity in like conditions, and thereby fits it for a mission of inspiration and helpfulness to others. These are some of the considerations which, aside from its value as an inspiration to public worship, should commend such a volume to all classes.

It is with pleasure, therefore, that we unite in recommending the use of this Hymnal by all our churches. Moreover, we deem it suitable here to remind all our Preachers and Official Boards of the requirement in our Book of Discipline that "the Free Methodist Hymn Book be used in the regular services." If this be done, and if the other directions prescribed in Paragraph 61 of the Discipline be complied with, we are confident that the Hymnal will prove an invaluable blessing to the Church in improving our services of song with respect to variety, taste, spirituality and true effectiveness.

Your servants in Christ,

Edward P. Hart,
Burton R. Jones,
Walter A. Sellew,
Wilson T. Hogue,
William Pearce,

Bishops of the Free Methodist Church.

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Free Methodist Hymnal

Worship

Adoration and Praise

1

L. M.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Savior's name.

4 In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Isaac Watts and John Wesley. Thomas Ken, v. 5.

2

L. M.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

WORSHIP

3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Isaac Watts, alt. by John Wesley.

3

L. M.

O THOU, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in song sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue;

2 Not now on Zion's height alone
The favored worshiper may dwell,
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat weary at the patriarch's well.

3 From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart, may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

4 O thou, to whom, in ancient time,
The holy prophet's harp was strung,
To thee, at last, in every clime,
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

John Pierpont.

4

C. M.

LORD, all I am is known to thee;
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, or to flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,
Before they're formed within,
And ere my lips pronounce the word
Thou knowest the sense I mean.

ADORATION AND PRAISE

4 O wondrous knowledge! deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

Isaac Watts.

5

L. M.

O THOU, whom all thy saints adore,
We now with all thy saints agree,
And bow our inmost souls before
Thy glorious, awful Majesty.

2 We come, great God, to seek thy face,
And for thy loving-kindness wait;
And O, how dreadful is this place!
'Tis God's own house, 'tis heaven's gate.

3 Tremble our hearts to find thee nigh;
To thee our trembling hearts aspire:
And lo! we see descend from high
The pillar and the flame of fire.

4 Still let it on the assembly stay,
And all the house with glory fill:
To Canaan's bounds point out the way
And lead us to thy holy hill.

5 There let us all with Jesus stand,
And join the general Church above,
And take our seats at thy right hand,
And sing thine everlasting love.

Charles Wesley.

6

L. M.

GREAT God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs:
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace;
No tents of ease, or thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

WORSHIP

3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory, too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee,
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

Isaac Watts.

7

L. M.

JESUS, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept thy well deserved renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee,
Like the blest hour, when from above
We first received the pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day,
O may it ever, ever stay;
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold.

4 Let every moment as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are raised to sing thy name,
At the great supper of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts.

8

L. M. 61.

O GOD, thou high and lofty One,
Transcending all the rolling spheres,
Who wast, and art, and art to come,
The same through everlasting years:
Thee would we worship and adore,
Thy name extol forevermore.

ADORATION AND PRAISE

- 2 Thou art the Framers of the skies;
The heavens thy glory do declare;
And nature's wondrous mysteries,
In earth and sky and sea and air,
Thy immanence fore'er proclaim
Throughout her universal frame.
- 3 To all thy works thy power extends;
Omnipotent we know thou art;
Thy wisdom matchless comprehends
The universe in every part:
Past, present, future, unto thee
Are known—one vast eternity.
- 4 Thou art thyself in every place,
Infinite Life and Light and Love,
Confined to neither time nor space;
None from thy presence can remove,
Nor any soul hide aught from thee,
Whose presence fills immensity.
- 5 Prostrate before thy throne we fall,
With reverence worship and adore;
Thou art Jehovah, over all,
God blessed now and evermore:
Unworthy we to lisp thy name,
Yet justly thou our praise dost claim.
- 6 Search thou our hearts, try all within;
Our hearts are open, Lord, to thee;
And if thou seest aught unclean,
From its defilement set us free:
Then lead us forth from day to day
Within the everlasting way.

Wilson T. Hogue.

9

L. M.

GOD is a name my soul adores,
The almighty Three, the eternal One:
Nature and grace with all their powers,
Confess the Infinite Unknown.

- 2 Thy voice produced the sea and spheres;
Bade the waves roar, the planets shine;
But nothing like thyself appears
Through all these spacious works of thine.

WORSHIP

- 3 Still restless nature dies and grows ;
From change to change the creatures run ;
Thy being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are one.
- 4 A glance of thine runs through the globe,
Rules the bright worlds, and moves their frame :
Of light thou form'st thy dazzling robe ;
Thy ministers are living flame.
- 5 How shall polluted mortals dare
To sing thy glory or thy grace ?
Beneath thy feet we lie afar,
And see but shadows of thy face.
- 6 Who can behold the blazing light ?
Who can approach consuming flame ?
None but thy wisdom knows thy might ;
None but thy word can speak thy name.

Isaac Watts.

10

L. M.

PRAISE ye the Lord ! 'tis good to raise
Your hearts and voices in his praise ;
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 He formed the stars, those heavenly flames,
He counts their number, calls their names ;
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drowned.

3 Sing to the Lord ! exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds along the sky ;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

4 He makes the grass the hills adorn ;
He clothes the smiling fields with corn ;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

5 What is the creature's skill or force ?
The sprightly man or warlike horse ?
The piercing wit, the active limb ?
All are too mean delights for him.

ADORATION AND PRAISE

6 But saints are lovely in his sight;
He views his children with delight;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
He looks and loves his image there.

Isaac Watts.

11

L. M.

HOLY as thou, O Lord, is none;
Thy holiness is all thine own;
A drop of that unbounded sea
Is ours,—a drop derived from thee.

2 And when thy purity we share,
Thine only glory we declare;
And, humbled into nothing, own,
Holy and pure is God alone.

3 Sole, self-existing God and Lord,
By all thy heavenly hosts adored,
Let all on earth bow down to thee,
And own thy peerless majesty:

4 Thy power unparalleled confess,
Established on the Rock of peace;
The Rock that never shall remove,
The Rock of pure, almighty love.

Charles Wesley.

12

L. M.

ETERNAL Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God:
Infinite lengths, beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds;

2 Thee while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshiping, and spread the ground.

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High.

4 Earth, from afar, hath heard thy fame,
And worms have learned to lisp thy name;
But, oh, the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

WORSHIP

5 God is in heaven, and men below;
Be short our tunes; our words be few;
A solemn reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

Isaac Watts.

13

6. 4.

JESUS, thy name I love,
All other names above,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh, thou art all to me!
Nothing to please I see,
Nothing apart from thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

2 Thou, blessed Son of God,
Hast bought me with thy blood,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh, how great is thy love,
All other loves above,
Love that I daily prove,
Jesus, my Lord!

3 When unto thee I flee,
Thou wilt my refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord!
What need I now to fear?
What earthly grief or care,
Since thou art ever near,
Jesus, my Lord!

4 Soon thou wilt come again,
I shall be happy then,
Jesus, my Lord!
Then thine own face I'll see,
Then I shall like thee be,
Then evermore with thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

James G. Deck.

14

C. M.

BEING of beings, God of love,
To thee our hearts we raise;
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.

ADORATION AND PRAISE

2 Thine, wholly thine, we pant to be ;
Our sacrifice receive ;
Made, and preserved, and saved by thee,
To thee ourselves we give.

3 Heavenward our every wish aspires,
For all thy mercy's store ;
The sole return thy love requires,
Is that we ask for more.

4 For more we ask ; we open then
Our hearts to embrace thy will ;
Turn, and revive us, Lord, again,
With all thy fulness fill.

5 Come, Holy Ghost, the Savior's love
Shed in our hearts abroad ;
So shall we ever live, and move,
And be, with Christ in God.

Charles Wesley.

15

L. M.

ALL praise to thee, eternal Lord,
Who wore the garb of flesh and blood,
And chose a manger for thy throne,
While worlds on worlds were thine alone !

2 A little child, thou art our guest,
That weary ones in thee may rest ;
Forlorn and lowly is thy birth,
That we may rise to heaven from earth.

3 Thou comest in the darksome night
To make us children of the light,
To make us in the realms divine
Like thine own angels round thee shine.

4 All this for us thy love hath done ;
By this to thee our love is won ;
For this we tune our cheerful lays,
And shout our thanks in ceaseless praise.

Martin Luther.

16

C. M.

MY GOD, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting All,
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

WORSHIP

- 2 What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.
- 3 To thee I owe my wealth, and friends,
And health, and safe abode:
Thanks to thy name for meaner things:
But they are not my God.
- 4 How vain a toy is glittering wealth,
If once compared to thee;
Or what's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends to me?
- 5 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own,
Without thy graces and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.
- 6 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy grace,
And I desire no more.

Isaac Watts.

17

8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

- W**E come unto our fathers' God:
Their Rock is our salvation;
The eternal arms, their dear abode,
We make our habitation;
We bring thee, Lord, the praise they brought,
We seek thee as thy saints have sought
In every generation.
- 2 The fire divine their steps that led
Still goeth bright before us,
The heavenly shield around them spread
Is still high holden o'er us;
The grace those sinners that subdued,
The strength those weaklings that renewed,
Doth vanquish, doth restore us.
- 3 The cleaving sins that brought them low
Are still our souls oppressing,
The tears that from their eyes did flow
Fall fast, our shame confessing;

ADORATION AND PRAISE

As with thee, Lord, prevailed their cry,
So our strong prayer ascends on high
And bringeth down thy blessing.

4 Their joy unto their Lord we bring,
Their song to us descendeth;
The Spirit who in them did sing
To us his music lendeth:
His song in them, in us, is one;
We raise it high, we send it on—
The song that never endeth.

5 Ye saints to come, take up the strain,
The same sweet theme endeavor;
Unbroken be the golden chain!
Keep on the song forever!
Safe in the same dear dwelling-place,
Rich with the same eternal grace,
Bless the same boundless Giver.

Thomas H. Gill.

18

S. M. D.

O THOU who dwell'st on high,
'Mid burning seraphs bright.
Pavilioned in the azure sky,
Robed with celestial light:
Permit us to draw near,
And worship and adore;
Redeemed from sin and guilt and fear,
Thy blessing we implore.

2 Thou high and holy Lord,
Before whom seraphs fall
With faces veiled and spirits awed,
And thee thrice holy call:
We fall before thy feet,
Unworthy to draw near,
E'en though before thy mercy-seat
Thou call'st us to appear.

3 Hear thou the prayer we bring;
Regard thy children's need;
Accept the hymns of praise we sing,
And to our vows give heed.

WORSHIP

We seek thee in thy Son,
Who died our souls to save—
The crucified but risen One,
Triumphant o'er the grave.

4 Through him, our great High Priest
Before the heavenly throne,
We seek redemption's power and peace—
Peace to the world unknown;
Seeking, we find thee near
To bless with every grace,
And make us meet, when thou appear,
To see thee face to face.

Wilson T. Hogue.

19

S. M. D.

CROWN him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon his throne;
Hark, how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own!

Awake, my soul, and sing
Of him who died for thee,
And hail him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

2 Crown him the Lord of love!
Behold his hands and side,—
Rich wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified.
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so great.

3 Crown him the Lord of peace!
Whose power a scepter sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise.
His reign shall know no end,
And round his piercéd feet
Fair flowers of paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

4 Crown him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime!

ADORATION AND PRAISE

All hail! Redeemer, hail!
For thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

Matthew Bridges.

20

L. M.

ETERNAL depth of love divine,
In Jesus, God with us, displayed;
How bright thy beaming glories shine!
How wide thy healing streams are spread!

2 With whom dost thou delight to dwell?
Sinners, a vile and thankless race!
O God, what tongue aright can tell
How vast thy love, how great thy grace!

3 The dictates of thy sovereign will
With joy our grateful hearts receive;
All thy delight in us fulfil;
Lo, all we are to thee we give.

4 To thy sure love, thy tender care,
Our flesh, soul, spirit, we resign;
O fix thy sacred presence there,
And seal the abode forever thine.

L. Zinzendorf, tr. by J. Wesley.

21

C. M.

HOW the thought of God attracts
And draws the heart from earth,
And sickens it of passing shows
And dissipating mirth.

2 'Tis not enough to save our souls,
To shun the eternal fires;
The thought of God will rouse the heart
To more sublime desires.

3 God only is the creature's home,
Though rough and strait the road;
Yet nothing less can satisfy
The love that longs for God.

4 O utter but the name of God
Down in your heart of hearts,
And see how from the world at once
All tempting light departs!

WORSHIP

5 A trusting heart, a yearning eye,
Can win their way above;
If mountains can be moved by faith,
Is there less power in love?

Frederick W. Faber.

22

O WORSHIP the Lord in the beauty of holiness,
In the beauty of holiness, in the beauty of holiness.
Glory to the Father, abounding in mercy!
Be joyful, all ye people, and magnify Jehovah.

CHORUS

O glory, hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah!
O come before his presence and glorify his name.

2 O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness,
In the beauty of holiness, in the beauty of holiness.
Glory be to Jesus, our gracious Redeemer!
We praise him for he loved us, and brought a great
salvation.

3 O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness,
In the beauty of holiness, in the beauty of holiness.
Glory to the Spirit, the Holy Revealer!
We praise him with the Father and with the Son,
our Savior.

Robert Lowry.

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23

10. 10. 11. 11.

O WORSHIP the King all-glorious above,
And gratefully sing his wonderful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor and girded with praise.

2 O tell of his might, and sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

ADORATION AND PRAISE

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer and Friend.

Robert Grant.

24

S. M.

JEHOVAH, thee we praise,
The triune God adore;
To Father, Son and Spirit raise
Glad anthems evermore.

2 Thou art exalted high,
Thrice holy is thy throne;
With sinless seraphs would we vie
To make thy glory known.

3 Thrice holy, Lord, they cry,
Before thy throne above;
Thrice holy, we on earth reply,
Thou God of light and love.

4 Thou art the sovereign Lord
Of angels and of men;
We bow submissive to thy word,
Nor shall we bow in vain.

5 Accept, O God of grace,
The offering which we bear
Before thee, as to heaven we raise
Our voice in praise and prayer.

6 In condescending love,
To us Thyself reveal;
Display thy glory from above,
Our sins and sorrows heal.

7 Thou blessed Trinity,
Make thou our hearts thy home;
And let us each, made perfect, see
Thee in thy kingdom come.

Wilson T. Hogue.

WORSHIP

25

L. M. 61.

LO! God is here! let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place;
Let all within us feel his power,
And silent bow before his face;
Who know his power, his grace who prove,
Serve him with awe, with reverence love.

2 Lo! God is here! him day and night
In hallowed songs the angels sing:
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring:
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise thee with a stammering tongue.

3 Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will;
To thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.
Gerhard Tersteegen, tr. by John Wesley.

26

8. 6. 8. 8. 6.

ETERNAL Light! Eternal Light!
How pure the soul must be,
When placed within thy searching sight,
It shrinks not, but with calm delight
Can live, and look on thee!

2 The spirits that surround thy throne,
May bear the burning bliss;
But that is surely theirs alone,
Since they have never, never known
A fallen world like this!

3 Oh, how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
That uncreated beam?

ADORATION AND PRAISE

4 There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode:—
An offering and a sacrifice,
A Holy Spirit's energies,
An Advocate with God:—

5 These, these prepare us for the sight
Of Holiness above:
The sons of ignorance and night
May dwell in the Eternal Light,
Through the Eternal Love!

Thomas Binney.

27

L. M.

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Dost dwell with those of humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And, going, take thee to their home.

3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

William Cowper.

28

C. M.

O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of thy name.

WORSHIP

- 3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life and health and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.
- 5 He speaks, and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.
- 6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Savior come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

Charles Wesley.

29

S. M.

- A**RISE, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Arise, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart and soul and voice.
- 2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud and magnify?
- 3 O for the living flame,
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought.
- 4 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed,
With all our ransomed powers.
- 5 Arise, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Arise, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth, forevermore.

James Montgomery.

OPENING

30

C. M.

COME, let us who in Christ believe,
Our common Savior praise :
To him, with joyful voices, give
The glory of his grace.

2 He now stands knocking at the door
Of every sinner's heart :
The worst need keep him out no more,
Or force him to depart.

3 Through grace we harken to thy voice,
Yield to be saved from sin ;
In sure and certain hope rejoice,
That thou wilt enter in.

4 Come quickly in, thou heavenly Guest,
Nor ever hence remove ;
But sup with us, and let the feast
Be everlasting love.

Charles Wesley.

Opening

31

C. M.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne :
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus :
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine ;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

Isaac Watts.

WORSHIP

32

C. M.

ONCE more we come before our God,
Once more his blessing ask :
O may not duty seem a load,
Nor worship prove a task.

2 Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send
From heaven, in Jesus' name,
And bid our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.

3 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart ;
And keep the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

4 To seek thee, all our hearts dispose ;
To each thy blessing suit ;
And let the seed thy servant sows,
Produce abundant fruit.

Joseph Hart.

33

L. M.

SERVANTS of God, in joyful lays,
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise ;
His glorious name let all adore,
From age to age, forevermore.

2 Blest be that name, supremely blest,
From the sun's rising to its rest ;
Above the heavens his power is known,
Through all the earth his goodness shown.

3 Who is like God? so great, so high,
He bows himself to view the sky ;
And yet, with condescending grace,
Looks down upon the human race.

4 He hears the uncomplaining moan
Of those who sit and weep alone ;
He lifts the mourner from the dust ;
In him the poor may safely trust.

OPENING

5 O then, aloud, in joyful lays,
Sing to the Lord Jehovah's praise :
His saving name let all adore,
From age to age, forevermore.

James Montgomery.

34

8. 7. 4.

I N thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near :
Teach us to rejoice with trembling ;
Speak, and let thy servants hear ;
Hear with meekness,
Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to thee :
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be ;
Till thy glory
Without cloud in heaven we see.

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
All thy people shall adore ;
Sharing then in rapture greater
Than they could conceive before :
Full enjoyment,
Full and pure, forevermore.

Thomas Kelly.

35

7.

L ORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow ;
O do not our suit disdain ;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend ;
In compassion now descend ;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay ;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

WORSHIP

4 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

5 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

6 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee, a gracious God and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

William Hammond.

Closing

36

8. 7. D.

L ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase:
Fill each breast with consolation;
Up to thee our hearts we raise:
When we reach our blissful station,
Then we'll give thee nobler praise.

Edwin Smythe.

37

8. 7. 6 l.

L ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace,
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

CLOSING

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.
Walter Shirley.

38

7.

CHRISTIANS, brethren, ere we part,
Every voice and every heart
Join and to our Father raise
One last hymn of grateful praise.

2 Though we here should meet no more,
Yet there is a brighter shore;
There released from toil and pain,
There we all may meet again.

3 Now to thee, thou God of heaven,
Be eternal glory given;
Grateful for thy love divine,
May our hearts be ever thine.
Henry Kirke White, alt.

39

10.

SAVIOR, again to thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait thy word of peace.

2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;
With thee began, with thee shall end the day;
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy name.

3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

4 Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

John Ellerton.

THE TRINITY

40

GOD be with you till we meet again,
By his counsels guide, uphold you,
With his sheep securely fold you,
God be with you till we meet again.

CHORUS

Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet,
Till we meet, till we meet,
God be with you till we meet again.

2 God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath his wings securely hide you,
Daily manna still divide you,
God be with you till we meet again.

3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put his arm unfailing 'round you,
God be with you till we meet again.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.

J. E. Rankin.

The Trinity

41

11. 10.

ANCIENT of Days, who sittest throned in glory,
To thee all knees are bent, all voices pray;
Thy love has blest the wide world's wondrous story
With light and life since Eden's dawning day.

2 O Holy Father, who hast led thy children
In all the ages, with the fire and cloud,
Through seas dry-shod, through weary wastes be-
wildering,
To thee, in reverent love, our hearts are bowed.

THE TRINITY

- 3 O Holy Jesus, Prince of Peace and Savior,
To thee we owe the peace that still prevails,
Stilling the rude wills of men's wild behavior,
And calming passion's fierce and stormy gales.
- 4 O Holy Ghost, the Lord and the Life-giver,
Thine is the quick'ning power that gives increase;
From thee has flowed, as from a pleasant river,
Our plenty, wealth, prosperity and peace.
- 5 O Lord our God, with heart and voice adoring,
Praise we the goodness crowning all our days;
Pray we that thou wilt hear us, still imploring
Thy love and favor, kept to us always.

William C. Doane.

42

L. M. 61.

CREATOR, Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every waiting mind,
Come, pour thy joys on humankind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.

2 O Source of uncreated heat,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy Fount, immortal Fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy!
Thou strength of his almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command,
Refine and purge our earthly parts,
And stamp thine image on our hearts.

4 Create all new; our wills control,
Subdue the rebel in our soul;
Chase from our minds the subtle foe,
And peace, the fruit of faith, bestow;
And, lest again we go astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

THE TRINITY

5 Immortal honors, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name;
The Savior Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Comforter, to thee!

Tr. by John Dryden.

43

L. M. 61.

INFINITE God, to thee we raise
Our hearts in solemn songs of praise,
By all thy works on earth adored.
We worship thee the common Lord;
The everlasting Father own,
And bow our souls before thy throne.

2 God of the patriarchal race,
The ancient seers record thy praise;
The goodly apostolic band
In highest joy and glory stand;
And all the saints and prophets join
To extol thy majesty divine.

3 Head of the martyrs' noble host,
Of thee they justly make their boast;
The church to earth's remotest bounds,
Her heavenly Founder's praise resounds;
And strives with those around the throne
To hymn the mystic Three in One.

4 Father of endless majesty,
All might and love we render thee;
Thy true and only Son adore,
The same in dignity and power;
And God the Holy Ghost declare
The saints' eternal Comforter.

Charles Wesley.

44

C. M.

COME, Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
One God in persons three;
Bring back the heavenly blessing lost
By all mankind and me.

THE TRINITY

- 2 Thy favor and thy nature too,
To me, to all restore;
Forgive, and after God renew,
And keep me evermore.
- 3 Eternal Sun of Righteousness,
Display thy beams divine,
And cause the glories of thy face
Upon my heart to shine.
- 4 Light, in thy light, O may I see,
Thy grace and mercy prove;
Revived and cheered and blest by thee,
The God of pardoning love.
- 5 Lift up thy countenance serene,
And let thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Godhead reconciled.
- 6 That all-comprising peace bestow
On me, through grace forgiven;
The joys of holiness below,
And then the joys of heaven.

Charles Wesley.

45

6. 4.

- COME, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise:
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days.
- 2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall;
Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defense be made;
Our souls on thee be stayed;
Lord, hear our call.
- 3 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend;

THE TRINITY

Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success :
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

4 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour :
Thou who Almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

5 To the great One and Three
Eternal praises be
Hence, evermore.
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

Charles Wesley.

46

11. 12. 12. 10.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty !
Early in the morning our song shall rise to
thee ;

Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity !

2 Holy, holy, holy ! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy
sea ;

Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy ! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not
see ;

Only thou art holy ! there is none beside thee,
Perfect in power, in love and purity !

4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty !
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth and
sky and sea ;

Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity !

Reginald Heber.

BEING AND ATTRIBUTES

47

C. M.

A THOUSAND oracles divine
Their common beams unite;
That sinners may with angels join
To worship God aright.

2 To praise a Trinity adored
By all the hosts above;
And one thrice-holy God and Lord
Through endless ages love.

3 Triumphant host! they never cease
To laud and magnify
The Triune God of holiness,
Whose glory fills the sky.

4 Whose glory to this earth extends,
When God himself imparts,
And the whole Trinity descends
Into our faithful hearts.

5 But God made flesh is wholly ours,
And asks our nobler strain;
The Father of celestial powers,
The Friend of earth-born man!

Charles Wesley.

The Father

Being and Attributes

48

8. 7.

G OD is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

THE FATHER

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

John Bowring.

49

L. M. D.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim:
The unwearied sun, from day to day
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What, though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark, terrestrial ball;
What, though no real voice nor sound
Amid the radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.

Joseph Addison.

50

L. M.

LORD of all being! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Center and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

2 Sun of our life, thy quick'ning ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

BEING AND ATTRIBUTES

3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn ;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn ;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign ;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.

4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no luster of our own.

5 Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

Oliver W. Holmes.

51

H. M.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high ;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty :
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe ;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law ;
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 Through all his mighty works
Amazing wisdom shines ;
Confounds the powers of hell,
And all their dark designs ;
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfil
His great decrees and sovereign will.

4 And will this sovereign King
Of glory condescend,
And will he write his name,
My Father and my Friend ?
I love his name, I love his word ;
Join all my powers to praise the Lord.

Isaac Watts.

THE FATHER

Providence and Grace

52

C. M.

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

William Cowper.

53

L. M.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.

2 By day, along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

PROVIDENCE AND GRACE

3 Thus present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen
To temper the deceitful ray.

4 And, oh, when gathers on our path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light.

Walter Scott.

54

L. M.

AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from thee,
His loving-kindness, O how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, O how great!

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, O how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, O how good!

5 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

6 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

Samuel Medley.

THE FATHER

55

10. 10. 11. 11.

THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all
unite,

Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The promise assures us, "The Lord will provide."

2 The birds without barn or storehouse are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread;
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written, "The Lord will provide."

3 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us, though oft he has tried,
The heart-cheering promise, "The Lord will provide."

4 He tells us we're weak—our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain;
But when such suggestions our graces have tried,
This answers all questions, "The Lord will provide."

5 No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim,
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus's name;
In this our strong tower for safety we hide;
The Lord is our power, "The Lord will provide."

6 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through;
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, "The Lord will provide."

John Newton.

56

S. M.

HOW gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up
Shall guard his children well.

INCARNATION AND BIRTH

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

Philip Doddridge.

The Son

Incarnation and Birth

57

8. 7. D.

ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the infant light:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen his natal star:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

THE SON

5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you—break your chains:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

James Montgomery.

58

7. D.

HARK! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled.
Joyful, all ye nations, rise—
Join the triumphs of the skies;
With angelic hosts proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail, incarnate Deity!
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

3 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.
Come, Desire of nations, come!
Fix in us thy humble home;
Second Adam from above,
Reinstate us in thy love.

Charles Wesley.

59

C. M.

HARK, the glad sound! the Savior comes,
The Savior, promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the prisoner to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

INCARNATION AND BIRTH

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes oppressed with night
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The wounded soul to cure,
And, with the treasures of his grace,
To enrich the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

Philip Doddridge.

60

P. M.

THERE'S a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer,
And a baby's low cry!
And the star rains its fire while the beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King!

2 There's a tumult of joy
O'er the wonderful birth,
For the Virgin's sweet boy
Is the Lord of the earth.
Ay! the star rains its fire while the beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King!

3 In the light of that star
Lie the ages impearled;
And that song from afar
Has swept over the world.
Every hearth is aflame, and the beautiful sing
In the homes of the nations that Jesus is King!

4 We rejoice in the light,
And we echo the song
That comes down through the night
From the heavenly throng.
Ay! we shout to the lovely evangel they bring,
And we greet in his cradle our Savior and King!

Josiah G. Holland.

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THE SON

61

C. M.

JOY to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world, the Savior reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

Isaac Watts.

62

C. M. D.

IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold;
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men
From heaven's all-gracious King:"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

3 But with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;

INCARNATION AND BIRTH

And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow—
Look now; for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

5 For, lo, the days are hastening on
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold:
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Edmund H. Sears.

63

C. M.

MORTALS, awake, with angels join
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love and gratitude combine,
To hail the auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And did the notes inspire.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo rolled;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

4 With joy the chorus we repeat,
"Glory to God on high!"
Good-will and peace are now complete,
Jesus was born to die.

THE SON

5 Hail, Prince of Life, forever hail!
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Though earth and time and life shall fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

Samuel Medley.

64

8. 7.

HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
Glory in the highest, glory,
Glory be to God most high!

3 Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found:
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven!
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing;
O receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest and King.

5 Hasten, mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
Glory be to God most high.

J. Cawood.

65

L. M.

WHEN, marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Savior speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

INCARNATION AND BIRTH

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

5 It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And, through the storm and danger's thrall
It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever, and forevermore,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem.

Henry Kirke White.

66

11. 10.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold, on his cradle, the dewdrops are shining;
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Savior of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Eden, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Reginald Heber.

67

P. M.

OLITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

THE SON

- 2 For Christ is born of Mary.
And, gathered all above.
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.
- 3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heaven.
No ear may hear his coming.
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive him still,
The dear Christ enters in.
- 4 O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in;
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

Phillips Brooks.

Life, Character, Ministry

68

C. M.

THOU art the Way: to thee alone
From sin and death we flee:
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth: thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

LIFE, CHARACTER, MINISTRY

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

George W. Doane.

69

C. M.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.
3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace.
4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Savior, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End.
Accept the praise I bring.
5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.
6 I would thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

John Newton.

70

L. M.

HOW sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
While listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place.
2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

THE SON

- 3 Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest.
Yes, sacred Teacher! we will come,
Obey, and be forever blest.
- 4 Decay, then, tenements of dust!
Pillars of earthly pride, decay!
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

John Bowring.

71

S. M.

- J**ESUS, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in thy name.
- 2 Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove;
Thy name is life and health and peace
And everlasting love.
- 3 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet:
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget.
- 4 We meet the grace to take,
Which thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.
- 5 Present we know thou art,
But O, thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
The mighty comfort feel.
- 6 O may thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
In hope of perfect love.

Charles Wesley.

72

S. S. G.

- O** COULD I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Savior shine,
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.

LIFE, CHARACTER, MINISTRY

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home.
And I shall see his face;
Then with my Savior, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

Samuel Medley.

73

H. M.

J OIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love and power,
That ever mortals knew,
Or angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set the Savior forth.

2 Great Prophet of our God,
Our tongues shall bless thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came:
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

3 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has shed his blood and died;
The guilty conscience needs
No sacrifice beside:
His precious blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

THE SON

4 O thou almighty Lord,
Our Conqueror and King,
Thy scepter and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace we sing:
Thine is the power; behold we sit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet.

Isaac Watts.

74

S. M.

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Savior's name.

2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Ye pilgrims, on the road
To Zion's city, sing;
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,
In Christ, the eternal King.

4 Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come;"
Soon will he call us hence away,
To our eternal home.

5 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

William Hammond.

75

10. 10. 11. 11.

YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious; he rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still he is nigh; his presence we have:
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

HUMILIATION AND DEATH

3 "Salvation to God, who sits on the throne;"
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son:
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give him his right,
All glory and power, all wisdom and might,
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

Charles Wesley.

Humiliation and Death

76

L. M.

O THOU whose offering on the tree
The legal offerings all foreshowed,
Borrowed their whole effect from thee,
And drew their virtue from thy blood:

2 The blood of goats and bullocks slain,
Could never for one sin atone;
To purge the guilty offerer's stain,
Thine was the work, and thine alone.

3 These feeble types and shadows old,
Are all in thee, the Truth, fulfilled:
We in thy sacrifice behold
The substance of those rites revealed.

4 Thy meritorious sufferings past,
We see by faith to us brought back;
And, on thy grand oblation cast,
Its saving benefits partake.

Charles Wesley.

77

7. 6. D.

O SACRED Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, thine only crown;
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss, till now was thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

THE SON

2 What thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain:
Lo, here I fall, my Savior!
'Tis I deserved thy place;
Look on me with thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

3 What language shall I borrow,
To thank thee, dearest Friend,
For this, thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
Lord, make me thine forever,
Nor let me faithless prove;
Oh, let me never, never,
Abuse such dying love.

4 Be near when I am dying,
Oh, show thy cross to me!
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free:
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move,
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely—through thy love.

Bernard of Clairvaux, tr. by James W. Alexander.

78

C. M.

BEHOLD the Savior of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree:
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark! how he groans while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend:
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid!
Receive my soul! he cries:
See where he bows his sacred head;
He bows his head, and dies.

HUMILIATION AND DEATH

- 4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine?

Samuel Wesley, Sr.

79

C. M.

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of Peace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and, oh, amazing love!
He flew to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled;
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Savior's praises speak.

5 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

Isaac Watts.

80

L. M.

'TIS midnight; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone:
'Tis midnight; in the garden, now,
The suffering Savior prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight, and from all removed,
The Savior wrestles lone with fears;
E'en that disciple whom he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

THE SON

4 'Tis midnight; and from ether-plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Savior's woe.
William B. Tappan.

81

L. M. 61.

O LOVE divine, what hast thou done!
The incarnate God hath died for me!
The Father's co-eternal Son
Bore all my sins upon the tree!
The Son of God for me hath died:
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,
The bleeding Prince of life and peace!
Come, sinners, see your Savior die,
And say, Was ever grief like his?
Come, feel with me his blood applied:
My Lord, my Love, is crucified:

3 Is crucified for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God:
Believe, believe the record true,
Ye all are bought with Jesus' blood;
Pardon for all flows from his side:
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream;
All things for him account but loss,
And give up all our hearts to him;
Of nothing think or speak beside:
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

Charles Wesley.

82

8. 7. 4.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and veils the sky;
"It is finished:"
Hear the dying Savior cry.

HUMILIATION AND DEATH

2 It is finished! O what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.

It is finished:
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name;

It is finished:
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

Jonathan Evans.

83

S. M.

NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away our stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;

A Sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 Believing, we rejoice
To feel the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb, with cheerful voice,
And trust his bleeding love.

Isaac Watts.

84

8. 8. 8. 7.

I LOVE the holy Son of God,
Who once this vale of sorrow trod,
And bore our sins, a dreadful load,
On Calvary's sacred mountain:
There on the cross he mournful hung,
The sport of many an impious tongue,
While pains immense his nature wrung,
And streamed life's crimson fountain.

2 Ne'er was, nor shall be such distress,
Nor such amazing proof as this,
Of mercy, love and tenderness,
By our Redeemer given:

THE SON

Not one, among the hosts above,
Can comprehend the matchless love
Which did within his bosom move,
And bring him down from heaven.

3 How ardent ought my love to be
For him who did so much for me!
My service constant, faithful, free,
And all my powers employing:
I should his cross with pleasure bear,
And place my all of glory there,
In his reproach most gladly share,
In tribulation joying.

4 And never shall it be concealed,
He hath himself in me revealed;
For all my sins a pardon sealed;
I feel his blessed favor:
In him I do and will rejoice;
I'll praise him with a cheerful voice,
Until the theme my tongue employs
In heaven above forever.

Asa Abel.

Resurrection

85

L. M.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives;
What joy the blest assurance gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dead;
He lives, my everlasting Head!

2 He lives, to bless me with his love;
He lives, to plead for me above;
He lives, my hungry soul to feed;
He lives, to help in time of need.

3 He lives, and grants me daily breath;
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives, my mansion to prepare;
He lives, to bring me safely there.

4 He lives, all glory to his name;
He lives, my Savior, still the same;
What joy the blest assurance gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives!

Samuel Medley.

RESURRECTION

86

L. M. D.

HE dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground:
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groaned beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree:

The Lord of glory dies for man!
But, lo, what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again;
The rising God forsakes the tomb;
In vain the tomb forbids his rise;
Cherubic legions guard him home
And shout him welcome to the skies.

3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster Death in chains:
Say, "Live forever, wondrous King!

Born to redeem, and strong to save;"
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?"
And, "Where's thy victory, boasting Grave?"
Isaac Watts, alt.

87

P. M.

LIFT your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen and man shall not die;
Vain were the terrors that gathered around him,
And short the dominion of death and the grave;
He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound him,
Resplendent in glory, to live and to save:
Loud was the chorus of angels on high,
The Savior hath risen, and man shall not die.

2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy;
The being he gave us death cannot destroy:
Sad were the life we may part with to-morrow,
If tears were our birthright, and death were our
end;

THE SON

But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend :
Lift then your voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.

H. Ware, Jr.

88

7.

CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say :
Raise your joys and triumphs high ;
Sing, ye heavens, thou earth reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won :
Lo ! the sun's eclipse is o'er ;
Lo ! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gates of hell :
Death in vain forbids his rise ;
Christ hath opened paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King ;
Where, O Death, is now thy sting ?
Once he died our souls to save ;
Where's thy victory, boasting Grave ?

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Follow our exalted Head ;
Made like him, like him we rise ;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Charles Wesley.

89

P. M.

THE Lord is risen indeed,
Loud let his praises ring !
From death's dominion freed,
Ascends the conquering King,
At God's right hand to take his place,
And reign supreme through everlasting days.

2 The Lord is risen indeed,
Risen to die no more ;
And now in heaven doth plead
For those whose sins he bore
In dreadful anguish on the tree,
From sin and death to set his people free.

RESURRECTION

3 The Lord is risen indeed,
Conqueror of death and hell;
He lives, the woman's Seed,
The King invisible:
He lives to bruise the serpent's head,
And raise his ransomed people from the dead.

4 The Lord is risen indeed,
Entered the courts on high,
To win for man the meed
Of immortality:
And soon to earth will he descend,
The cruel reign of sin and death to end.

5 The Lord is risen indeed,
Dawn of that glorious day,
When, from its groaning freed,
Nature itself shall be
Rid of the curse, and glorified
With Christ the Lord, and with his chosen bride.

6 The Lord is risen indeed,
All hail Immanuel's name!
The sacramental deed
Let earth and heaven proclaim:
Thy coming speed, thou conquering King,
To earth redeemed thy heavenly kingdom bring.

Wilson T. Hogue.

90

8. 7. 4.

COME, ye saints, look here and wonder;
See the place where Jesus lay:
He has burst his bands asunder;
He has borne our sins away;
Joyful tidings!
Yes, the Lord has risen to-day.

2 Jesus triumphs! sing ye praises;
By his death he overcame:
Thus the Lord his glory raises,
Thus he fills his foes with shame:
Sing ye praises!
Praises to the Victor's name.

THE SON

3 Jesus triumphs! countless legions
Come from heaven to meet their King;
Soon, in yonder blessed regions,
They shall join his praise to sing:
Songs eternal
Shall through heaven's high arches ring.
Thomas Kelly.

91

LOW in the grave he lay—
Jesus, my Savior!
Waiting the coming day—
Jesus, my Lord!

CHORUS

Up from the grave he arose,
With a mighty triumph o'er his foes;
He arose a victor from the dark domain,
And he lives forever with his saints to reign;
He arose! he arose!
Hallelujah! Christ arose!

2 Vainly they watch his bed—
Jesus, my Savior!
Vainly they seal the dead—
Jesus, my Lord!

3 Death cannot keep his prey—
Jesus, my Savior!
He tore the bars away—
Jesus, my Lord!

Robert Lowry.

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Ascension and Intercession

92

C. M.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

ASCENSION AND INTERCESSION

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe.
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

Edward Perronet, alt.

93

L. M.

JESUS, my Advocate above,
My Friend before the throne of love,
If now for me prevails thy prayer,
If now I find thee pleading there,

2 If thou the secret wish convey,
And sweetly prompt my heart to pray,
Hear, and my weak petitions join,
Almighty Advocate, to thine.

3 Jesus, my heart's desire obtain;
My earnest suit present and gain;
My fulness of corruption show;
The knowledge of myself bestow.

4 Save me from death; from hell set free;
Death, hell, are but the want of thee:
My life, my only heaven thou art;
O might I feel thee in my heart.

Charles Wesley.

94

8. 7. D.

HAIL, thou once despised Jesus!
Hail, thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, thou agonizing Savior,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By thy merits we find favor;
Life is given through thy name.

THE SON

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid ;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood ;
Opened is the gate of heaven ;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail ! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide ;
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side :
There for sinners thou art pleading ;
There thou dost our place prepare ;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, power and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive ;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits ;
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;
Help to sing our Savior's merits ;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

John Bakewell.

95

L. M.

JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress :
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay ?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,
Who died for me, e'en me to atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.

ADVENT AND REIGN

4 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
Which, at the mercy-seat of God,
Forever doth for sinners plead,
For me, e'en for my soul, was shed.

5 Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

Nicolaus L. Zinzendorf, tr. by John Wesley.

Advent and Reign

96

C. M.

THE head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is to our Jesus given;
The King of kings and Lord of lords,
He reigns o'er earth and heaven.

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.

4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name, an everlasting name,
Their joy, the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with him above;
Their everlasting joy to know
The mystery of his love.

Thomas Kelly.

97

8. 7. 61.

LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
See the Man of sorrows now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to him shall bow:
Crown him, crown him;
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

THE SON

2 Crown the Savior, angels, crown him :
Rich the trophies Jesus brings :
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the vault of heaven rings :
Crown him, crown him ;
Crown the Savior King of kings.

3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Savior's claim ;
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name :
Crown him, crown him ;
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation !
Hark, those loud triumphant chords !
Jesus takes the highest station :
O what joy the sight affords !
Crown him, crown him
King of kings and Lord of lords.

Thomas Kelly.

98

8. 7. 61.

LO! HE comes with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain ;
Thousand thousand saints, attending,
Swell the triumph of his train :
Hallelujah ! hallelujah !
God appears on earth to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him
Robed in dreadful majesty ;
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing, deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 All the tokens of his passion
Still his dazzling body bears ;
Cause of endless exultation
To his ransomed worshipers ;
With what rapture, with what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars !

ADVENT AND REIGN

4 Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne;
Savior, take the power and glory;
Make thy righteous sentence known:
Jah! Jehovah! Jah! Jehovah!
Claim the kingdom for thine own.

Charles Wesley.

99

LIFT up, lift up thy voice with singing,
Dear land, with strength lift up thy voice!
The kingdoms of the earth are bringing
Their treasures to thy gates—rejoice!

CHORUS

Arise and shine in youth immortal,
Thy light is come, thy King appears!
Beyond the century's swinging portal,
Breaks a new dawn—the *thousand years!*

2 And shall his flock with strife be riven?
Shall envious lines his church divide,
When he, the Lord of earth and heaven,
Stands at the door to claim his bride?

3 Life up thy gates! bring forth oblations!
One crowned with crowns, a message brings,
His word, a sword to smite the nations;
His name—the Christ, the King of kings.

4 He comes! let all the earth adore him;
The path his human nature trod
Spreads to a royal realm before him,
The LIGHT of life, the WORD OF GOD!

Mary A. Lathbury.

100

IT MAY be at morn, when the day is awaking,
When sunlight through darkness and shadow is
breaking,
That Jesus will come in the fulness of glory,
To receive from the world "his own."

THE SON

CHORUS

O Lord Jesus, how long? how long
Ere we shout the glad song?
Christ returneth; Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Amen.

2 It may be at midday, it may be at twilight,
It may be, perchance, that the blackness of midnight
Will burst into light in the blaze of his glory,
When Jesus receives "his own."

3 While its hosts cry Hosanna, from heaven descend-
ing,
With glorified saints and the angels attending,
With grace on his brow, like a halo of glory,
Will Jesus receive "his own."

4 Oh, joy! oh, delight! should we go without dying,
No sickness, no sadness, no dread and no crying,
Caught up through the clouds with our Lord into
glory,
When Jesus receives "his own."

H. L. Turner.

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101

H. M.

YE VIRGIN souls, arise,
With all the dead, awake!
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take;
Arising at the midnight cry,
"Behold the heavenly Bridegroom nigh!"

2 He comes, he comes, to call
The nations to his bar,
And take to glory all
Who meet for glory are;
Made ready for your full reward,
Go forth with joy to meet the Lord.

3 Go, meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting Friend;
Your Head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend:
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
To see, without a veil, his face.

ADVENT AND REIGN

4 The everlasting doors
Shall soon the saints receive,
With seraphs, thrones and powers,
In glorious joy to live:
Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in.

5 Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound;
To see our Lord appear,
May we be watching found;
And when thou dost the heavens bow,
Be found—as, Lord, thou findest now.
Charles Wesley.

102

7. 6. D.

REJOICE, rejoice, believers!
And let your lights appear;
The shades of eve are thickening,
And darker night is near;
The Bridegroom is advancing;
Each hour he draws more nigh;
Up! watch and pray, nor slumber;
At midnight comes the cry.

2 See that your lamps are burning,
Your vessels filled with oil;
Wait calmly your deliverance
From earthly pain and toil;
The watchers on the mountains
Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
Go, meet him, as he cometh,
With hallelujahs clear.

3 Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus, now appear!
Arise, thou Sun so looked-for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of our redemption,
And ever be with thee.

Laurentius Laurenti, tr. by Sarah B. Findlater.

THE SON

103

S. D.

ALL glory to God in the sky,
And peace upon earth be restored ;
O Jesus, exalted on high,
Appear our omnipotent Lord !
Who, meanly in Bethlehem born,
Didst stoop to redeem a lost race,
Once more to thy creatures return,
And reign in thy kingdom of grace.

2 When thou in our flesh didst appear,
All nature acknowledged thy birth ;
Arose the acceptable year,
And heaven was opened on earth :
Receiving its Lord from above,
The world was united to bless
The Giver of concord and love,
The Prince and the Author of peace.

3 O would'st thou again be made known,
Again in thy Spirit descend,
And set up, in each of thine own,
A kingdom that never shall end !
Thou only art able to bless,
And make the glad nations obey,
And bid the dire enmity cease,
And bow the whole world to thy sway.

4 Come then to thy servants again,
Who long thy appearing to know ;
Thy quiet and peaceable reign
In mercy establish below :
All sorrow before thee shall fly,
And anger and hatred be o'er ;
And envy and malice shall die,
And discord afflict us no more.

Charles Wesley.

104

S. 7. D.

LIFT your heads, ye friends of Jesus,
Partners in his patience here :
Christ, to all believers precious,
Lord of lords, shall soon appear :
Mark the tokens
Of his heavenly kingdom near.

ADVENT AND REIGN

- 2 Sun and moon are both confounded,
Darkened into endless night,
When, with angel-hosts surrounded,
In his Father's glory bright,
Beams the Savior,
Shines the everlasting light.
- 3 See the stars from heaven falling;
Hark, on earth the doleful cry,
Men on rocks and mountains calling,
While the frowning Judge draws nigh,
Hide us, hide us,
Rocks and mountains, from his eye!
- 4 With what different exclamation
Shall the saints his banner see!
By the tokens of his passion,
By the marks received for me,
All discern him;
All with shouts cry out, "'Tis he!"
- 5 Yes, the prize shall then be given,
We his open face shall see;
Love, the earnest of our heaven,
Love, our full reward shall be;
Love shall crown us
Kings through all eternity! Charles Wesley.

105

8. 7. D.

VAIN are all terrestrial pleasures;
Mixed with dross the purest gold;
Seek we then for heavenly treasures,
Treasures never waxing old.
Let our best affections center
On the things around the throne:
There no thief can ever enter;
Moth and rust are there unknown.

2 Earthly joys no longer please us;
Here would we renounce them all;
Seek our only rest in Jesus,
Him our Lord and Master call.
Faith, our languid spirits cheering,
Points to brighter worlds above;
Bids us look for his appearing;
Bids us triumph in his love.

THE SON

3 May our lights be always burning,
And our loins be girded round,
Waiting for our Lord's returning,
Longing for the welcome sound.
'Thus the Christian life adorning,
Never need we be afraid,
Should he come at night or morning,
Early dawn, or evening shade. L. E. Ford.

106

11. 10.

O FOR the peace that floweth as a river,
Making life's desert places bloom and smile;
O for the faith to grasp heaven's bright forever,
Amid the shadows of earth's "little while."
2 "A little while" for patient vigil keeping,
To face the storm and wrestle with the strong;
"A little while" to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest song.
3 "A little while" the earthen pitcher taking,
'To wayside brooks, from far-off fountains fed;
Then the parched lip its thirst forever slaking
Beside the fulness of the Fountain-head.
4 "A little while" to keep the oil from failing.
"A little while" faith's flickering lamp to trim;
And then the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing,
We'll haste to meet him with the bridal hymn.
Mrs. Jane Crewdson.

107

L. M.

HE COMES, he comes, the Judge severe!
The seventh trumpet speaks him near;
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll;
How welcome to the faithful soul!
2 From heaven angelic voices sound;
See the almighty Jesus crowned,
Girt with omnipotence and grace!
And glory decks the Savior's face.
3 Descending on his great white throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord.

THE HOLY SPIRIT

4 Shout, all the people of the sky,
And all the saints of the most High;
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
Forever and forever reigns.

Charles Wesley.

108

8. 7. 61.

SAINTS of God! the dawn is brightening,
Token of our coming Lord;
O'er the earth the field is whitening;
Louder rings the Master's word:
Pray for reapers, pray for reapers
In the harvest of the Lord.

2 Now, O Lord, fulfil thy pleasure,
Breathe upon thy chosen band,
And, with Pentecostal measure,
Send forth reapers o'er our land;
Faithful reapers, faithful reapers,
Gathering sheaves for thy right hand.

3 Broad the shadow of our nation,
Eager millions hither roam;
Lo! they wait for thy salvation:
Come, Lord Jesus! quickly come!
By thy Spirit, by thy Spirit
Bring thy ransomed people home.

4 Soon shall end the time of weeping,
Soon the reaping time will come;
Heaven and earth together keeping
God's eternal harvest-home.
Saints and angels, saints and angels
Shout the world's great harvest-home.

Mary Maxwell.

The Holy Spirit

109

O SPREAD the tidings 'round, wherever man is
found,
Wherever human hearts and human woes abound;
Let every Christian tongue proclaim the joyful sound:
The Comforter has come!

THE HOLY SPIRIT

CHORUS

The Comforter has come,
The Comforter has come!
The Holy Ghost from heaven,
The Father's promise given;
O spread the tidings 'round,
Wherever man is found—
The Comforter has come!

2 The long, long night is past, the morning breaks at
last,
And hushed the dreadful wail and fury of the blast,
As o'er the golden hills the day advances fast!
The Comforter has come!

3 Lo, the great King of kings, with healing in his
wings,
To every captive soul a full deliverance brings;
And through the vacant cells the song of triumph
rings:
The Comforter has come!

4 O boundless love divine! how shall this tongue of
mine
To wondering mortals tell the matchless love divine—
That I, a child of hell, should in his image shine!
The Comforter has come!

5 Sing, till the echoes fly above the vaulted sky,
And all the saints above to all below reply,
In strains of endless love the song that ne'er will die:
The Comforter has come!

F. Bottome.

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110

8. 7.

HOVER o'er me, Holy Spirit,
Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
Fill me with thy hallowed presence;
Come, O come and fill me now.

CHORUS

Fill me now, fill me now,
Jesus, come and fill me now;
Fill me with thy hallowed presence;
Come, O come and fill me now.

THE HOLY SPIRIT

- 2 Thou canst fill me, gracious Spirit,
Though I can not tell thee how ;
But I need thee, greatly need thee ;
Come, O come and fill me now.
- 3 I am weakness, full of weakness,
At thy sacred feet I bow ;
Blest, divine, eternal Spirit,
Fill with power and fill me now.
- 4 Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me,
Bathe, O bathe my heart and brow ;
Thou art comforting and saving,
Thou art sweetly filling now. E. H. Stokes.

111

C. M.

- E**NTHRONED on high, almighty Lord,
The Holy Ghost send down ;
Fulfil in us thy faithful word,
And all thy mercies crown.
- 2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous powers impart,
Grant, Savior, what we more desire—
Thy Spirit in our heart.
- 3 Spirit of life and light and love,
Thy heavenly influence give ;
Quicken our souls, our guilt remove,
That we in Christ may live.
- 4 To our benighted minds reveal
The glories of his grace,
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of his face.
- 5 His love within us shed abroad,
Life's ever-springing well,
Till God in us, and we in God,
In love eternal dwell. T. Haweis.

112

7. D.

- H**OLY Spirit, faithful Guide,
Ever near the Christian's side ;
Gently lead us by the hand,
Pilgrims in a desert land ;

THE HOLY SPIRIT

Weary souls fore'er rejoice,
While they hear that sweetest voice,
Whispering softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear;
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood,
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

Marcus M. Wells.

113

L. M.

LORD, we believe to us and ours
The apostolic promise given;
We wait the pentecostal powers,
The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

2 Assembled here with one accord,
Calmly we wait the promised grace,
The purchase of our dying Lord;
Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place.

3 If every one that asks may find,
If still thou dost on sinners fall,
Come as a mighty rushing wind;
Great grace be now upon us all.

4 Ah! leave us not to mourn below,
Or long for thy return to pine;
Now, Lord, the Comforter bestow,
And fix in us the Guest divine.

Charles Wesley.

THE HOLY SPIRIT

114

L. M.

O COME, Creator, Spirit blest !
Within these souls of thine to rest ;
Come, with thy grace and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which thou hast made.

2 Come, Holy Spirit, now descend !
Most blessed gift which God can send ;
Thou Fire of love, and Fount of life !
Consume our sins and calm our strife.

3 With patience firm and purpose high,
The weakness of our flesh supply ;
Kindle our senses from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with love.

4 Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us thy true peace instead ;
So shall we not, with thee to guide,
Turn from the paths of life aside.

Gregory the Great.

115

L. M.

O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all thy plentitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word ;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light ;
Confusion—order, in thy path ;
Souls without strength inspire with might,
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Baptize the nations ; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record ;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord.

James Montgomery.

THE HOLY SPIRIT

116

L. M.

FOR that flame of living fire,
Which shone so bright in saints of old ;
Which bade their souls to heaven aspire,
Calm in distress, in danger bold.

2 Where is that Spirit, Lord, which dwelt
In Abraham's breast, and sealed him thine ?
Which made Paul's heart with sorrow melt,
And glow with energy divine ?

3 That Spirit which from age to age
Proclaimed thy love and taught thy ways ?
Brightened Isaiah's vivid page,
And breathed in David's hallowed lays ?

4 Is not thy grace as mighty now
As when Elijah felt its power ;
When glory beamed from Moses' brow,
Or Job endured the trying hour ?

5 Remember, Lord, the ancient days ;
Renew thy work ; thy grace restore ;
And while to thee our hearts we raise,
On us thy Holy Spirit pour.

William H. Bathurst.

117

7.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine !
Let thy light within me shine ;
All my guilty fears remove ;
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me ;
Set the burdened sinner free ;
Lead me to the Lamb of God ;
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart ;
Seal salvation on my heart ;
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray ;
Keep me in the narrow way ;
Fill my soul with joy divine ;
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

John Stocker.

THE HOLY SPIRIT

118

7.

HOLY Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away;
Turn my darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart;
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne;
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

Andrew Reed.

119

S. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine,
And on this poor, benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.

2 O melt this frozen heart;
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew!

3 The profit will be mine,
But thine shall be the praise;
And unto thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

Benjamin Beddome

120

S. M.

LORD God, the Holy Ghost!
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power.

THE HOLY SPIRIT

- 2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.
- 3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind ;
One soul, one feeling breathe.
- 4 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above ;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray and praise and love.
- 5 Spirit of light, explore,
And chase our gloom away,
With luster shining more and more,
Unto the perfect day.
- 6 Spirit of truth, be thou
In life and death our guide ;
O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified.

James Montgomery.

121

6. 6. 6. 4

COME, Holy Ghost, in love,
Descend, celestial Dove ;
Shed on us from above,
Thine own bright ray :
Divinely good thou art ;
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart ;
O come to-day.

2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
Grant to us peace and rest,
With soothing power :
Rest, which the weary know ;
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow ;
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow ;
Cheer us, this hour.

THE HOLY SPIRIT

3 Come, Light serene, and still
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Make us to know thy will;
Dwell in each breast:
We know no dawn but thine;
Send forth thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest.

4 Come, all the faithful bless;
Dressed in his righteousness,
Let all who Christ confess,
His praise employ:
Give virtue's rich reward;
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy.

Robert II., King of France, tr. by R. Palmer.

122

H. M.

SINNERS, lift up your hearts,
The promise to receive;
Jesus himself imparts;
He comes in man to live:
The Holy Ghost to man is given;
Rejoice in God sent down from heaven.

2 Jesus is glorified,
And gives the Comforter,
His Spirit, to reside
In all his members here:
The Holy Ghost to man is given;
Rejoice in God sent down from heaven.

3 To make an end of sin,
And Satan's works destroy,
He brings his kingdom in,
Peace, righteousness and joy:
The Holy Ghost to man is given;
Rejoice in God sent down from heaven.

4 From heaven he shall once more
Triumphantly descend,
And all his saints restore
To joys that never end:
Then, then, when all our joys are given,
Rejoice in God, rejoice in heaven.

Charles Wesley.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES

123

8. 7.

HOLY Ghost ! dispel our sadness ;
Pierce the clouds of nature's night ;
Come, thou Source of joy and gladness,
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light.

2 From the height which knows no measure,
As a gracious shower descend,
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, or God can send.

3 Hear, O hear our supplication,
Blessed Spirit ! God of peace !
Rest upon this congregation
With the fulness of thy grace.

4 Author of our new creation,
May we all thine influence prove ;
Make our souls thy habitation,
Shed abroad the Savior's love.

5 Source of sweetest consolation,
Breathe thy peace on all below ;
Bless, O bless this congregation ;
On each soul thy grace bestow.

P. Gerhardt, alt. by Toplady.

The Holy Scriptures

124

C. M.

HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given ;
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears ;
And life and light and joy imparts,
And banishes our fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

John Fawcett.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES

125

C. M.

WHAT glory gilds the sacred page!
Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

2 The power that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

3 Lord, everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 Our souls rejoicingly pursue
The steps of him we love,
Till glory breaks upon our view,
In brighter worlds above.

William Cowper.

126

C. M.

THY law is perfect, Lord of light;
Thy testimonies sure;
The statutes of thy realm are right,
And thy commandment pure.

2 Let these, O God, my soul convert,
And make thy servant wise;
Let these be gladness to my ears,
The day-spring to mine eyes.

3 By these may I be warned betimes;
Who knows the guile within?
Lord, save me from presumptuous crimes;
Cleanse me from secret sin.

4 So may the words my lips express,
The thoughts that throng my mind,
O Lord, my strength and righteousness,
With thee acceptance find.

James Montgomery.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES

127

C. M.

COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire ;
Let us thine influence prove ;
Source of the old prophetic fire ;
Fountain of life and love.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by thee
The prophets wrote and spoke ;
Unlock the truth, thyself the key ;
Unseal the sacred book.

3 Expand thy wings, Celestial Dove ;
Brood o'er our nature's night ;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.

4 God, through himself, we then shall know,
If thou within us shine ;
And sound, with all thy saints below,
The depths of love divine. Charles Wesley.

128

C. M.

FATHER of all, in whom alone
We live and move and breathe :
One bright, celestial ray dart down,
And cheer thy sons beneath.

2 While in thy word we search for thee,—
We search with trembling awe,—
Open our eyes and let us see
The wonders of thy law.

3 Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear ;
Now the revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.

4 Before us make thy goodness pass,
Which here by faith we know ;
Let us in Jesus see thy face,
And die to all below. Charles Wesley.

129

7. 6. D.

O WORD of God incarnate,
O Wisdom from on high,
O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
O Light of our dark sky !

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES

We praise thee for the radiance
That from the hallowed page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age.

2 The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored;
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ the living Word.

3 O make thy Church, dear Savior,
A lamp of burnished gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light as of old;
O teach thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see thee face to face.

William W. How.

130

L. M.

NOW let my soul, eternal King,
To thee its grateful tribute bring;
My knee, with humble homage, bow;
My tongue perform its solemn vow.

2 All nature sings thy boundless love,
In worlds below, and worlds above;
But in thy blessed word I trace
Diviner wonders of thy grace.

3 There, what delightful truths I read!
There, I behold the Savior bleed:
His name salutes my listening ear,
Revives my heart, and checks my fear.

4 There, Jesus bids my sorrows cease,
And gives my laboring conscience peace;
Raises my grateful thoughts on high,
And points to mansions in the sky.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES

5 For love like this, O let my song
Through endless years thy praise prolong ;
Let distant climes thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.

Ottiwell Heginbotham.

131

L. M. 61.

WHEN quiet in my house I sit,
Thy book be my companion still ;
My joys thy sayings to repeat,
Talk o'er the records of thy will,
And search the oracles divine,
Till every heart-felt word be mine.

2 O may the gracious words divine,
Subject of all my converse be ;
So will the Lord his follower join,
And walk and talk himself with me :
So shall my heart his presence prove,
And burn with everlasting love.

3 Oft as I lay me down to rest,
O may the reconciling word
Sweetly compose my weary breast ;
While on the bosom of my Lord
I sink in blissful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day.

4 Rising to sing my Savior's praise,
Thee may I publish all day long,
And let thy precious word of grace
Flow from my heart and fill my tongue :
Fill all my life with purest love,
And join me to the church above.

Charles Wesley.

132

L. M. 61.

SPIRIT of Truth, essential God,
Who didst thine ancient saints inspire,
Shed in their hearts thy love abroad,
And touch their hallowed lips with fire :
Our God from all eternity,
World without end we worship thee.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES

2 Still we believe, almighty Lord,
Whose presence fills both earth and heaven,
The meaning of the written word
Is by thy inspiration given ;
Thou only dost thyself explain
The secret mind of God to man.

3 Come, then, divine Interpreter,
The scriptures to our hearts apply ;
And, taught by thee, we God revere ;
Him in three persons magnify,
And still the triune God adore,
Who was, and is, forevermore.

Charles Wesley.

133

L. M.

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord ;
In every star thy wisdom shines ;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days, thy power confess ;
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand :
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run ;
Till Christ has all the nations blessed,
That see the light or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light :
Thy gospel makes the simple wise ;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven :
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

Isaac Watts.

Institutions of Christianity

The Church

134

7. 6. D.

THE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord ;
She is his new creation
By water and the word :
From heaven he came and sought her,
To be his holy bride ;
With his own blood he bought her,
And for her life he died.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation,
One Lord, one Faith, one Birth ;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppressed,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distressed ;
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace forevermore ;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God, the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won.

THE CHURCH

O happy ones and holy !
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with thee.

S. J. Stone.

135

S. M.

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy Church, O God !
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall ;
For her my prayers ascend ;
To her my cares and toils be given
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways ;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Timothy Dwight.

136

C. M.

DAUGHTER of Zion, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head ;
Again in thy Redeemer trust ;
He calls thee from the dead.

2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array ;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

INSTITUTIONS OF CHRISTIANITY

- 3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth :
Say to the south, "Give up thy charge!"
And, "Keep not back, O north!"
- 4 They come, they come! thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.
- 5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God his works destroy,
With songs thy ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy.

James Montgomery.

137

8. 7. 4.

ZION stands with hills surrounded,
Zion, kept by power divine :
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine :
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine !

- 2 Every human tie may perish ;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove ;
Mothers cease their own to cherish ;
Heaven and earth at last remove—
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.
- 3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee ;
Thou art precious in his sight :
God is with thee,
God, thine everlasting light.

Thomas Kelly.

138

L. M.

GREAT Source of being and of love !
Thou waterest all the worlds above ;
And all the joys which mortals know,
From thine exhaustless fountain flow.

THE CHURCH

2 A sacred spring, at thy command,
From Zion's mount, in Canaan's land,
Beside thy temple cleaves the ground,
And pours its limpid stream around.

3 Close by its banks, in order fair,
The blooming trees of life appear;
Their blossoms fragrant odors give,
And on their fruit the nations live.

4 Flow, wondrous stream! with glory crowned,
Flow on to earth's remotest bound;
And bear us, on thy gentle wave,
To him who all thy virtues gave.

Philip Doddridge.

139

8. 7. D.

G LORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode;
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Still supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows our thirst to assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:
He who gives us daily manna,
He who listens when we cry,
Let him hear the loud Hosanna
Rising to his throne on high.

John Newton.

INSTITUTIONS OF CHRISTIANITY

140

L. M.

TRUMPHANT Zion, lift thy head
From dust and darkness and the dead ;
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Savior's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known ;
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread ;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God from on high hath heard thy prayer,
His hand thy ruin shall repair ;
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

Philip Doddridge.

141

L. M.

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake !
Thine own immortal strength put on !
With terror clothed, hell's kingdom shake,
And cast thy foes with fury down.

2 As in the ancient days appear !
The sacred annals speak thy fame ;
Be now omnipotently near,
To endless ages still the same.

3 By death and hell pursued in vain,
To thee the ransomed seed shall come ;
Shouting, their heavenly Zion gain,
And pass through death triumphant home.

4 The pain of life shall then be o'er,
And anguish and distracting care ;
There sighing grief shall weep no more,
And sin shall never enter there.

Charles Wesley.

THE MINISTRY

142

L. M.

JESUS, from whom all blessings flow,
Great Builder of thy Church below :
If now thy Spirit move my breast,
Hear, and fulfil thine own request.

2 The few that truly call thee Lord,
And wait thy sanctifying word,
And thee their utmost Savior own :
Unite and perfect them in one.

3 O let them all thy mind express,
Stand forth thy chosen witnesses ;
Thy power unto salvation show !
And perfect holiness below.

4 In them let all mankind behold
How Christians lived in days of old ;
Mighty their envious foes to move,
A proverb of reproach and love.

5 Call them into thy wondrous light,
Worthy to walk with thee in white :
Make up thy jewels, Lord, and show
Thy glorious, spotless Church below.

6 From every sinful wrinkle free,
Redeemed from all iniquity,
The fellowship of saints make known,
And, O my God, may I be one !

Charles Wesley.

The Ministry

143

C. M.

LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take the alarm they give ;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their awful charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import,
The pastor's care demands ;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Savior's hands.

INSTITUTIONS OF CHRISTIANITY

3 They watch for souls for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego;
For souls, which must forever live
In raptures, or in woe.

4 May they in Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

Philip Doddridge.

144

C. M.

JESUS, the word of mercy give,
And let it swiftly run;
And let the priests themselves believe,
And put salvation on.

2 Ready thy promise to embrace,
May all thy people prove
The plenitude of gospel grace,
The joy of perfect love.

3 Jesus, let all thy servants shine
Illustrious as the sun;
And, bright with borrowed rays divine,
Their glorious circuit run.

4 Beyond the reach of mortals, spread
Their light where'er they go;
And heavenly influences shed
On all the world below.

5 As giants may they run their race,
Exulting in their might;
As burning luminaries chase
The gloom of hellish night.

6 As the bright Sun of righteousness,
Their healing wings display;
And let their luster still increase
Unto the perfect day.

Charles Wesley.

145

S. M.

SOW in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.

THE MINISTRY

2 Thou knowest not which shall thrive,
The late or early sown ;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown.

3 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

4 Thou canst not toil in vain :
Cold, heat, and moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garnerers in the sky.

5 Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven shout, "Harvest home!"

James Montgomery.

146

8. 7. D.

MEN of God, go, take your stations ;
Darkness reigns throughout the earth ;
Go, proclaim among the nations
Joyful news of heavenly birth :
Bear the tidings, bear the tidings
Of the Savior's matchless worth.

2 What, though earth and hell united,
Should oppose our Savior's plan ?
Plead his cause, nor be affrighted ;
Fear ye not the face of man :
Vain their tumult, vain their tumult ;
Kill his work they never can.

3 When exposed to fearful dangers,
Jesus will his own defend ;
Borne afar midst foes and strangers,
Jesus will appear your friend :
And his presence, and his presence
Shall be with you to the end.

Thomas Kelly.

147

L. M.

SHALL I, for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's course in me restrain?
Or, undismayed in deed and word,
Be a true witness of my Lord?

2 Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God most high?
How then before thee shall I dare
To stand, or how thine anger bear?

3 Shall I, to soothe the unholy throng,
Softener thy truth, or smooth my tongue,
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The cross endured, my Lord, by thee?

4 What then is he whose scorn I dread,
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?
A man! an heir of death! a slave
To sin! a bubble on the wave!

5 Yea, let men rage, since thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head;
Since in all pain thy tender love
Will still my sure refreshment prove.

John J. Winkler, tr. by John Wesley.

148

L. M.

SAVIOR of men, thy searching eye
Doth all mine inmost thoughts descry;
Doth aught on earth my wishes raise,
Or the world's pleasures, or its praise?

2 The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wandering souls of men;
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
To snatch them from the gaping grave.

3 For this let men revile my name;
No cross I shun, I fear no shame:
All hail, reproach, and welcome pain;
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.

4 My life, my blood, I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent;
Fulfil thy sovereign counsel, Lord;
Thy will be done, thy name adored.

THE MINISTRY

5 Give me thy strength, O God of power :
Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,
Thy faithful witness will I be :
'Tis fixed ; I can do all through thee.

John J. Winkler, tr. by John Wesley.

149

L. M.

DRAW near, O Son of God, draw near ;
Us with thy flaming eye behold ;
Still in thy Church do thou appear,
And let our candlestick be gold.

2 Still hold the stars in thy right hand,
And let them in thy luster glow,
The lights of a benighted land,
The angels of thy Church below.

3 Make good their apostolic boast ;
Their high commission let them prove ;
Be temples of the Holy Ghost,
And filled with faith and hope and love.

4 Give them an ear to hear thy word ;
Thou speakest to the churches now ;
And let all tongues confess their Lord ;
Let every knee to Jesus bow.

Charles Wesley.

150

S. M.

HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal !

2 How charming is their voice,
So sweet the tidings are !
Zion, behold thy Savior King ;
He reigns and triumphs here.

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear the joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found !

INSTITUTIONS OF CHRISTIANITY

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Savior and their God.

Isaac Watts.

151

8. 8. 6.

EXCEPT the Lord conduct the plan,
The best concerted schemes are vain,
And never can succeed:
We spend our wretched strength for naught;
But if our works in thee be wrought,
They shall be blest indeed.

2 Lord, if thou didst thyself inspire
Our souls with this intense desire,
Thy goodness to proclaim;
Thy glory if we now intend,
O let our deeds begin and end
Complete in Jesus' name.

3 In Jesus' name behold we meet,
Far from an evil world retreat,
And all its frantic ways;
One only thing resolved to know,
And square our useful lives below,
By reason and by grace.

4 Now, Jesus, now thy love impart,
To govern each devoted heart,
And fit us for thy will;
Deep founded in the truth of grace,
Build up thy rising Church, and place
The city on the hill.

THE MINISTRY

5 O let our love and faith abound ;
O let our lives, to all around,
 With purest luster shine ;
That all around our works may see,
And give the glory, Lord, to thee,
 The heavenly light divine.

Charles Wesley.

152

C. M.

JESUS, thou all-redeeming Lord,
Thy blessing we implore ;
Open the door to preach thy word,
 The great, effectual door.

2 Gather the outcasts in, and save
 From sin and Satan's power ;
And let them now acceptance have,
 And know their gracious hour.

3 Lover of souls ! thou knowest to prize
 What thou hast bought so dear :
Come, then, and in thy people's eyes
 With all thy wounds appear.

4 Appear, as when of old confessed,
 The suffering Son of God ;
And let us see thee in thy vest,
 But newly dipped in blood.

5 The hardness of our hearts remove,
 Thou who for all hast died ;
Show us the tokens of thy love,
 Thy feet, thy hands, thy side.

6 Thy side an open fountain is,
 Where all may freely go
And drink the living streams of bliss,
 And wash them white as snow.

7 Ready thou art the blood to apply,
 And prove the record true ;
And all thy wounds to sinners cry,
 "I suffered this for you !"

Charles Wesley.

INSTITUTIONS OF CHRISTIANITY

153

C. M.

JESUS, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls he speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace;
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb!

Charles Wesley.

Baptism

154

C. M.

SEE, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands
With all-engaging charms;
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."

BAPTISM

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

Philip Doddridge.

155

L. M. D.

ARM these thy soldiers, mighty Lord,
With shield of faith, and Spirit's sword;
Forth to the battle may they go,
And boldly fight against the foe,
With banner of the cross unfurled,
And by it overcome the world;
And so at last receive from thee
The palm and crown of victory.

2 Come, ever-blessed Spirit, come,
And make thy servants' hearts thy home;
May each a living temple be
Hallowed forever, Lord, to thee;
Enrich that temple's holy shrine
With sevenfold gifts of grace divine:
With wisdom, light and knowledge bless,
Strength, counsel, fear and godliness.

3 O Trinity in unity,
One only God, and persons three,
In whom, through whom, by whom we live,
To thee we praise and glory give;
O grant us so to use thy grace,
That we may see thy glorious face,
And ever with the heavenly host
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Christopher Wordsworth.

156

C. M.

BEHOLD what condescending love
Jesus on earth displays!
To babes and sucklings he extends
The riches of his grace.

2 He still the ancient promise keeps,
To our forefathers given;
Young children in his arms he takes
And calls them heirs of heaven.

INSTITUTIONS OF CHRISTIANITY

3 Forbid them not, whom Jesus calls,
Nor dare the claim resist,
Since his own lips to us declare
Of such will heaven consist.

4 With flowing tears and thankful hearts,
We give them up to thee;
Receive them, Lord, into thine arms;
Thine may they ever be.

John Peacock and Augustus M. Toplady.

157

S. M.

OUR children thou dost claim,
O Lord our God, as thine:
Ten thousand blessings to thy name,
For goodness so divine.

2 Thee let the fathers own,
Thee let the sons adore;
Joined to the Lord in solemn vows,
To be forgot no more.

3 How great thy mercies, Lord!
How plenteous is thy grace,
Which, in the promise of thy love,
Includes our rising race.

4 Our offspring, still thy care,
Shall own their father's God;
To latest times thy blessings share,
And sound thy praise abroad.

Benjamin Williams.

158

L. M.

COME, Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Honor the means ordained by thee;
Make good our apostolic boast,
And own thy glorious ministry.

2 We now thy promised presence claim:
Sent to disciple all mankind,
Sent to baptize into thy name,
We now thy promised presence find.

BAPTISM

3 Father, in these reveal thy Son ;
In these, for whom we seek thy face,
The hidden mystery make known,
The inward, pure, baptizing grace.

4 Jesus, with us thou always art ;
Effectual make the sacred sign ;
The gift unspeakable impart,
And bless the ordinance divine.

5 Eternal Spirit, from on high,
Baptizer of our spirits thou,
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now.

Charles Wesley.

159

7.

JESUS, thy disciples see,
As to-day they follow thee,
And the solemn covenant vow
Take upon them here and now.

2 As its sacred sign and seal
Now they take, do thou reveal
Unto each anew thy grace,
And thy signet on them place.

3 With thee let them buried be
Unto death—from sin made free ;
Quickened then, may they arise,
Thee to follow to the skies.

4 Risen and renewed by grace,
Give them to behold thy face,
Till, transformed by power divine,
They shall in thine image shine.

5 Clothe them with thy righteousness
As their constant heavenly dress ;
Stamp them with thy purity,
And from sin e'er keep them free.

6 Then, made perfect in thy love,
Ready here for worlds above,
Let them all thy mind express,
Be thy faithful witnesses.

INSTITUTIONS OF CHRISTIANITY

7 With thy Spirit all baptize,
That they may obtain the prize,
Make their own election sure,
And the crown of life secure.

Wilson T. Hogue.

The Lord's Supper

160

L. M.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God ;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down :
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts.

161

C. M.

ALAS! and did my Savior bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.

THE LORD'S SUPPER

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears ;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe :
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

Isaac Watts.

162

C. M.

THE King of heaven his table spreads,
And blessings crown the board ;
Not paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given,
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed
To raise our souls to heaven.

3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here :
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

4 All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak excuses frame ;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

Philip Doddridge.

163

C. M.

JESUS, at whose supreme command,
We now approach to God,
Before us in thy vesture stand,
Thy vesture dipped in blood.

2 Now, Savior, now thyself reveal,
And make thy nature known ;
Affix thy blessed Spirit's seal,
And stamp us for thine own.

INSTITUTIONS OF CHRISTIANITY

- 3 The tokens of thy dying love,
O let us all receive,
And feel the quickening Spirit move,
And sensibly believe.
- 4 The cup of blessing, blest by thee,
Let it thy blood impart;
The bread thy mystic body be,
To cheer each languid heart.
- 5 The living bread sent down from heaven,
In us vouchsafe to be:
Thy flesh for all the world is given,
And all may live by thee.

Charles Wesley.

164

7. 6 l.

TILL he come:" O let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that—"Till he come."

2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast?
Hush, be every murmur dumb;
It is only—"Till he come."

3 See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and break the bread;
Sweet memorials—till the Lord
Call us round his heavenly board;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only—"Till he come."

Edward H. Bickersteth.

165

8. 7. D.

JESUS spreads his banner o'er us,
Cheers our famished souls with food;
He the banquet spreads before us,
Of his mystic flesh and blood.

THE LORD'S SUPPER

Precious banquet, bread of heaven,
Wine of gladness flowing free ;
May we taste it, kindly given,
In remembrance, Lord, of thee.

2 In thy holy incarnation,
When the angels sang thy birth ;
In thy fasting and temptation,
In thy labors on the earth,
In thy trial and rejection,
In thy sufferings on the tree,
In thy glorious resurrection,
May we, Lord, remember thee.

Roswell Park.

166

C. M.

ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be ;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget ?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee ?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember thee !

5 Remember thee and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me ;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

James Montgomery.

INSTITUTIONS OF CHRISTIANITY

The Lord's Day

167

C. M.

WITH joy we hail the sacred day
Which God has called his own;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at his throne.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
As here thy servants throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the grateful song.

3 Spirit of grace, O deign to dwell
Within thy church below!
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite
To spread with holy zeal around
Her clear and shining light.

5 Great God, we hail the sacred day
Which thou hast called thine own;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at thy throne.

Harriet Auber.

168

H. M.

WELCOME, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest!
I hail thy kind return;
Lord, make these moments blest:
From low delights and mortal toys
I soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy scepter, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

THE LORD'S DAY

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers ;
Disclose a Savior's love
And bless these sacred hours ;
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be indulged in vain.
Thomas Hayward.

169

L. M.

L ORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house ;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy temple rise.
2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our laboring souls aspire,
With ardent hope and strong desire.
3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell, shall reach the place ;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues ;
4 No rude alarms of raging foes ;
No cares to break the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
5 O long-expected day, begin ;
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin :
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

Philip Doddridge.

170

L. M.

R ETURN, my soul, enjoy thy rest ;
Improve the day thy God hath blest :
Another six days' work is done ;
Another Sabbath is begun.
2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies,
And draw from Christ that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows !

INSTITUTIONS OF CHRISTIANITY

3 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest
Which for the Church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties, let the day,
In holy comforts, pass away ;
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end !

Joseph Stennett.

171

L. M.

SWEET is the sunlight after rain,
And sweet the sleep that follows pain,
And sweetly steals the Sabbath rest
Upon the world's work-wearied breast.

2 Of heaven the sign, of earth the calm ;
The poor man's birthright, and his balm ;
God's witness of celestial things ;
A sun with healing in its wings.

3 New rising in this gospel time,
And in its sevenfold light sublime ;
Blest day of God ! we hail its dawn,
To gratitude and worship drawn.

4 O naught of gloom and naught of pride
Should with the sacred hours abide ;
At work for God, in loved employ,
We lose the duty in the joy.

5 Breathe on us, Lord ! our sins forgive,
And make us strong in faith to live ;
Our utmost, sorest need supply,
And make us strong in faith to die.

W. M. Punshon.

172

C. M.

COME, let us join with one accord
In hymns around the throne ;
This is the day our rising Lord
Hath made and called his own.

THE LORD'S DAY

2 This is the day which God hath blest,
The brightest of the seven,
Type of that everlasting rest
The saints enjoy in heaven.

3 Then let us in his name sing on,
And hasten to that day
When our Redeemer shall come down,
And shadows pass away.

4 Not one, but all our days below,
Let us in hymns employ ;
And, in our Lord rejoicing, go
To his eternal joy.

Charles Wesley.

173

L. M.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing ;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth by night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast ;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word :
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
How deep thy counsels, how divine !

4 When grace has purified my heart,
Then shall I share a glorious part ;
And fresh supplies of joy be shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see and hear and know
All I desired or wished below ;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

Isaac Watts.

174

7. G. D.

O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright :

INSTITUTIONS OF CHRISTIANITY

- On thee, the high and lowly,
Through ages joined in tune,
Sing "Holy, holy, holy,"
To the great God Triune.
- 2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.
- 3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.
- 4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

Christopher Wordsworth.

175

7. 61.

- SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day:
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.
- 2 While we pray for pardoning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciléd face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

THE LORD'S DAY

3 Here we come thy name to praise ;

May we feel thy presence near ;

May thy glory meet our eyes,

While we in thy house appear :

Here afford us, Lord, a taste

Of our everlasting feast.

4 May thy gospel's joyful sound

Conquer sinners, comfort saints ;

Make the fruits of grace abound,

Bring relief for all complaints :

Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,

Till we join the church above.

John Newton.

176

7. 61.

HOLY Sabbath, day of rest,
Day of days supremely blest ;

Wondrous boon on man bestowed

Where the light of Eden glowed ;

And, to man from Eden driven,

Still the antepast of heaven.

2 Holy Sabbath, hail thy dawn !

Let all worldly cares be gone ;

Let unhallowed pleasures cease,

And may holy, heavenly peace

Fill all hearts, as now we raise

Our united songs of praise.

3 Holy Sabbath, breathe thy balm,

And each troubled spirit calm,

Who before the mercy-seat

As an ever blest retreat,

Heavy-laden and oppressed,

Seeks for mercy, peace and rest.

4 Holy Sabbath of the Lord,

Hallowed by Jehovah's word,

Gladden every soul to-day

Toiling up the heavenward way :

Unto all God's peace impart,

With his joy fill every heart.

5 Holy Sabbath, day of days,

With loud anthems would we praise

THE GOSPEL

Him who sanctified and blest
Thee as man's sweet day of rest :
Laud him, all ye sons of men ;
Angels shout, Amen ! Amen !

Wilson T. Hogue.

The Gospel

Salvation Needed

177

C. M.

COME, O thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known ;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break these hearts of stone.

2 O that we all might now begin
Our foolishness to mourn,
And turn at once from every sin,
And to the Savior turn.

3 Give us ourselves and thee to know,
In this our gracious day ;
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.

4 Convince us first of unbelief,
And freely then release ;
Fill every soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.

Charles Wesley.

178

C. M.

THOU Son of God, whose flaming eyes
Our inmost thoughts perceive,
Accept the grateful sacrifice
Which now to thee we give.

2 We bow before thy gracious throne,
And think ourselves sincere ;
But show us, Lord, is every one
Thy real worshiper ?

SALVATION NEEDED

- 3 Is here a soul that knows thee not,
Nor feels his need of thee ;
A stranger to the blood which bought
His pardon on the tree ?
- 4 Convince him now of unbelief,
His desperate state explain ;
And fill his heart with sacred grief,
And penitential pain.
- 5 Speak with that voice that wakes the dead
And bids the sleeper rise,
And bid his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.

Charles Wesley.

179

S. M.

- H**OW helpless nature lies,
Unconscious of her load !
The heart unchanged can never rise
To happiness and God.
- 2 Can aught but power divine
The stubborn will subdue ?
'Tis thine, eternal Spirit, thine
To form the heart anew ;
- 3 The passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise ;
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes.
- 4 O change these hearts of ours,
And give them life divine ;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

Anne Steele, alt.

180

L. M.

- L**ORD, we are vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean ;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.

THE GOSPEL

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defiled in every part.

3 Behold, we fall before thy face;
Our only refuge is thy grace;
No outward forms can make us clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.

4 Nor bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

5 Jesus, thy blood, thy blood alone,
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make us white as snow;
No Jewish types could cleanse us so.

6 While guilt disturbs and breaks our peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease;
Lord, let us hear thy pardoning voice,
And make these broken hearts rejoice.

Isaac Watts.

181

L. M.

DEEP are the wounds which sin has made;
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas! is nature's aid;
The work exceeds her utmost power.

2 But can no sovereign balm be found,
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope forever fly?

3 There is a great Physician near;
Look up, O fainting soul, and live;
See, in his heavenly smiles appear
Such help as nature cannot give.

4 See, in the Savior's dying blood,
Life, health and bliss, abundant flow;
And in that sacrificial flood
A balm for all thy grief and woe.

Anne Steele, alt.

SALVATION NEEDED

182

L. M.

JESUS, a word, a look from thee,
Can turn my heart and make it clean;
Purge out the inbred leprosy,
And save me from my bosom sin.

2 Lord, if thou wilt, I do believe
Thou canst the saving grace impart:
Thou canst this instant now forgive,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 My heart which now to thee I raise,
I know thou canst this moment cleanse;
The deepest stains of sin efface,
And drive the evil spirit hence.

4 Be it according to thy word;
Accomplish now thy work in me;
And let my soul, to health restored,
Devote its deathless powers to thee.

Charles Wesley.

183

S. M.

GOD'S holy law transgressed,
Speaks nothing but despair;
Convinced of guilt, with grief oppressed,
We find no comfort there.

2 Not all our groans and tears,
Nor works which we have done,
Nor vows, nor promises, nor prayers,
Can e'er for sin atone.

3 Relief alone is found
In Jesus' precious blood:
'Tis this that heals the mortal wound,
And reconciles to God.

4 This is salvation's source;
And all our hopes arise
From him, who, hanging on the cross,
A spotless victim dies.

Benjamin Beddome.

THE GOSPEL

Warnings and Invitations

184

8. 7. D.

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power:
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.

CHORUS

Turn to the Lord and seek salvation,
Sound the praise of his dear name;
Glory, honor and salvation:
Christ the Lord is come to reign.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh;
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry, before he dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

Joseph Hart.

WARNINGS AND INVITATIONS

185

L. M.

WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found and peace is given,
But soon, ah, soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave;
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Savior call you to the skies.

5 Now God invites; how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

Timothy Dwight.

186

L. M.

BEHOLD a Stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

CHORUS

Oh, let the dear Savior come in,
He'll cleanse your heart from sin;
Oh, keep him no more out at the door,
But let the dear Savior come in.

2 O lovely attitude! he stands
With melting heart and open hands;
O matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

THE GOSPEL

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will—the very friend you need;
The friend of sinners? Yes, 'tis he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

5 Admit him, ere his anger burn;
His feet, departed, ne'er return;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand
You'll at his door rejected stand.

Joseph Grigg,

187

L. M.

SINNERS, obey the gospel word;
Haste to the supper of my Lord;
Be wise to know your gracious day;
All things are ready, come away.

2 Ready the Father is to own
And kiss his late-returning son;
Ready your loving Savior stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 Ready the Spirit of his love,
Just now the stony to remove;
To apply and witness with the blood,
And wash and seal the sons of God.

4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate;
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

5 The Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Are ready, with their shining host:
All heaven is ready to resound,
"The dead's alive! the lost is found!"

Charles Wesley.

WARNINGS AND INVITATIONS

188

L. M.

HO! EVERY one that thirsts, draw nigh :
'Tis God invites the fallen race :

Mercy and free salvation buy ;

Buy wine and milk and gospel grace.

2 In search of empty joys below,

Ye toil with unavailing strife :

Whither, ah, whither would ye go?

I have the words of endless life.

3 Come to the living waters, come !

Sinners, obey your Maker's call ;

Return, ye weary wanderers, home,

And find his grace is free for all.

4 See from the Rock a fountain rise !

For you a healing stream it rolls ;

Money ye need not bring, nor price,

Ye laboring, burdened, sin-sick souls.

5 Nothing ye in exchange shall give ;

Leave all you have and are behind ;

Frankly the gift of God receive ;

Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

Charles Wesley.

189

C. M.

JESUS, Redeemer of mankind,

Display thy saving power ;

Thy mercy let the sinner find,

And know his gracious hour.

2 Who thee beneath their feet have trod,

And crucified afresh,

Touch with thine all-victorious blood,

And turn the stone to flesh.

3 Open their eyes thy cross to see,

Their ears, to hear thy cries :

Sinner, thy Savior weeps for thee ;

For thee he weeps and dies.

4 All the day long he meekly stands,

His rebels to receive ;

And shows his wounds, and spreads his hands,

And bids you turn and live.

THE GOSPEL

5 Turn, and your sins of deepest dye
He will with blood efface;
E'en now he waits the blood to apply;
Be saved, be saved by grace.

Charles Wesley.

190

C. M.

WHY should we boast of time to come,
Though but a single day?
This hour may fix our final doom,
Though strong and young and gay.

2 The present we should now redeem;
This only is our own;
The past, alas! is all a dream;
The future is unknown.

3 O think what vast concerns depend
Upon a moment's space,
When life and all its cares shall end
In vengeance or in grace!

4 O for that power which melts the heart,
And lifts the soul on high!
Where sin and grief and death depart,
And pleasures never die.

5 There we with ecstasy shall fall
Before Immanuel's feet,
And hail him as our all in all,
In happiness complete.

M. Wilks.

191

C. M.

VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear;
Repent, thine end is nigh;
Death, at the farthest, can't be far:
O think before thou die.

2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save;
Thy sins, how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dark account?

WARNINGS AND INVITATIONS

- 3 Death enters, and there's no defense;
His time there's none can tell;
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven, or down to hell.
- 4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy greatest care,
Shall into dust consume;
But, ah! destruction stops not there;
Sin kills beyond the tomb. Joseph Hart.

192

C. M.

- S**INNERS, the voice of God regard;
'Tis mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you by his sacred word
From sin's destructive way.
- 2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.
- 3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell:
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair?
- 4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reach eternal woe.
- 5 But he that turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace:
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek his face.
- 6 Bow to the scepter of his word,
Renouncing every sin;
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine. John Fawcett.

193

7.

- H**ASTEN, sinner, to be wise!
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

THE GOSPEL

- 2 Hasten, mercy to implore!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.
- 3 Hasten, sinner, to return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.
- 4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

Thomas Scott.

194

C. M. D.

- COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:
- 2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Like mountains round me close;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.
- 3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him, I'm a wretch undone
Without his sovereign grace.
- 4 I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose scepter pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.
- 5 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.
- 6 I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try,
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

Edmund Jones.

WARNINGS AND INVITATIONS

195

C. M.

RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek thy Father's face;
Those new desires which in thee burn
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return;
He hears thy humble sigh:
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, return;
Thy Savior bids thee live:
Come to his cross, and, grateful, learn
How freely he'll forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe the falling tear:
Thy Father calls, no longer mourn;
'Tis love invites thee near.

5 Return, O wanderer, return;
Begin thy long-sought rest:
The Savior's melting mercies yearn
To clasp thee to his breast.

William B. Collyer, alt.

196

C. M.

COME, every soul by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord,
And he will surely give you rest,
By trusting in his word.

CHORUS

Only trust him, only trust him,
Only trust him now;
He will save you, he will save you,
He will save you now.

2 For Jesus shed his precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson flood
That washes white as snow.

THE GOSPEL

3 Yes, Jesus is the truth, the way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

4 Come, then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land,
Where joys immortal flow.

John H. Stockton.

197

H. M.

LET earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be joined,
To celebrate with me
The Savior of mankind;
To adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesus' name.

2 Jesus! transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heaven;
No other help is found,
No other name is given,
By which we can salvation have;
But Jesus came the world to save.

3 Jesus! harmonious name!
It charms the hosts above;
They evermore proclaim
And wonder at his love:
'Tis all their happiness to gaze—
'Tis heaven to see our Jesus' face.

4 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free;
'Tis music in his ears;
'Tis life and victory;
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

5 O unexampled love!
O all-redeeming grace!
How swiftly didst thou move
To save a fallen race!
What shall I do to make it known
What thou for all mankind hast done?

WARNINGS AND INVITATIONS

6 O for a trumpet voice,
On all the world to call!
To bid their hearts rejoice
In him who died for all!
For all my Lord was crucified;
For all, for all my Savior died.

Charles Wesley.

198

C. M.

BENEATH our feet, and o'er our head,
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven.

2 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

3 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.

4 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly to the tomb;
And shall earth still our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come?

5 Turn, mortal, turn; thy danger know:
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee by her dead.

6 Turn, mortal, turn; thy soul apply
To truths divinely given:
The dead who underneath thee lie,
Shall live for hell or heaven.

Reginald Heber.

199

L. M.

BEHOLD me standing at the door,
And hear me pleading evermore,
With gentle voice, O heart of sin,
May I come in? may I come in?

THE GOSPEL

CHORUS

Behold me standing at the door,
And hear me pleading evermore;
Say, weary heart, oppressed with sin,
May I come in? may I come in?

2 I bore the cruel thorns for thee;
I waited long and patiently;
Say, weary heart, oppressed with sin,
May I come in? may I come in?

3 I would not plead with thee in vain,
Remember all my grief and pain!
I died to ransom thee from sin,
May I come in? may I come in?

4 I bring thee joy from heaven above;
I bring thee pardon, peace and love;
Say, weary heart, oppressed with sin,
May I come in? may I come in?

Fanny J. Crosby.

200

6. 4. 6. 4.

TO-DAY the Savior calls!
Ye wanderers, come;
O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

CHORUS

Come home, come home,
Thy Father calls, come home;
Come home, come home,
Thy Father calls, come home!

2 To-day the Savior calls;
Oh, hear him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Savior calls;
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day;
Yield to his power;
Oh, grieve him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour.

Samuel F. Smith, alt.

WARNINGS AND INVITATIONS

201

6. 5. 6. 4.

IN THE land of strangers,
Whither thou art gone,
Hear a far voice calling,
"My son! my son!"

REFRAIN

"Welcome! wanderer, welcome!
Welcome back to home!
Thou hast wandered far away:
Come home! come home!"

2 "From the land of hunger,
Fainting, famished, lone,
Come to love and gladness,
My son! my son!"

3 "Leave the haunts of riot,
Wasted, woe-begone,
Sick at heart and weary,
My son! my son!"

4 "See the door still open!
Thou art still my own;
Eyes of love are on thee,
My son! my son!"

5 "Far off thou hast wandered;
Wilt thou farther roam?
Come, and all is pardoned,
My son! my son!"

6 "See the well-spread table,
Unforgotten one!
Here is rest and plenty,
My son! my son!"

7 "Thou art friendless, homeless,
Hopeless and undone;
Mine is love unchanging,
My son! my son!"

Horatius Bonar.

202

L. M.

BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler.

THE GOSPEL

2 "Deny thyself and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain the heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Shall be esteemed no more a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all our hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new:
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false professors never knew.

Isaac Watts.

203

11.

DELAY not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Savior is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is open, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For Mercy still lingers and calls thee to-day;
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace
Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

5 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand,
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade,
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall
stand—

What power then, O sinner, will lend thee its aid!

Thomas Hastings.

WARNINGS AND INVITATIONS

204

C. M.

LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind:

3 Eternal Wisdom hath prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day:
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

Isaac Watts.

205

WILL you come, will you come, with your poor
broken heart,
Burdened and sin-oppressed?
Lay it down at the feet of your Savior and Lord,
Jesus will give you rest.

CHORUS

O happy rest, sweet, happy rest!
Jesus will give you rest;
O why won't you come in simple, trusting faith?
Jesus will give you rest.

THE GOSPEL

- 2 Will you come, will you come? there is mercy for
you,
Balm for your aching breast;
Only come as you are, and believe on his name,
Jesus will give you rest.
- 3 Will you come, will you come? you have nothing to
pay;
Jesus who loves you best,
By his death on the cross purchased life for your soul,
Jesus will give you rest.
- 4 Will you come, will you come? how he pleads with
you now!
Fly to his loving breast,
And whatever your sin or your sorrow may be,
Jesus will give you rest.

Fanny J. Crosby.

206

ALMOST persuaded," now to believe;
"Almost persuaded" Christ to receive:
Seems now some soul to say,
"Go, Spirit, go thy way,
Some more convenient day
On thee I'll call."

2 "Almost persuaded," come, come to-day;
"Almost persuaded," turn not away;
Jesus invites you here,
Angels are lingering near,
Prayers rise from hearts so dear;
"O wanderer, come!"

3 "Almost persuaded," harvest is past!
"Almost persuaded," doom comes at last!
"Almost" cannot avail:
"Almost" is but to fail!
Sad, sad that bitter wail—
"Almost—but lost!"

Philip P. Bliss.

207

S. M.

O WONDROUS love divine!
The love of Christ to me;
That I, undone and lost by sin,
Should find salvation free.

WARNINGS AND INVITATIONS

CHORUS

I'm glad salvation's free!
I'm glad salvation's free!
Salvation's free for you and me,
I'm glad salvation's free!

2 Oppressed with sin and guilt,
And none to care for me,
I cast my soul on Jesus' blood,
And found salvation free.

3 With nothing in my hand,
No gift, no price, no plea,
Through Jesus' boundless love alone
I've found salvation free.

4 O brethren, help me sing
One song of victory,
For without money, without price,
I've found salvation free.

5 I feel it burning now,
Like fire all through my soul,
Salvation free, as free as heaven,
Salvation free and full.

6 Forever—evermore,
This my glad song shall be,
Salvation's free! salvation's free!
I'm glad salvation's free!

Joseph McCreery.

208

7. D.

SINNERS, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why;
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands;
Asks the work of his own hands,
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Savior, asks you why;
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself, that ye might live.

THE GOSPEL

Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why;
He, who all your lives hath strove,
Urged you to embrace his love;
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye forever die?

Charles Wesley.

209

S. 7. 3.

HARK! the Savior's voice from heaven
Speaks a pardon full and free;
Come, and thou shalt be forgiven;
Boundless mercy flows for thee,
Even thee!

2 See the healing fountain springing
From the Savior on the tree,
Pardon, peace and cleansing bringing:
Lo, the loved one, 'tis for thee,
Even thee!

Ye Jesus his love and mercy speaking,
Earnestly and lay thy soul on me:
Calli'ven thy heart for sin be breaking,
Have rest and peace for thee,

2 Why Even thee!"
Plea

Why sinner, come to Jesus; flying
From thy sin and woe, be free;
Burdened, guilty, wounded, dying,
Gladly will he welcome thee,
Even thee!

5 Every sin shall be forgiven;
Thou, through grace, a child shalt be,
Child of God, and heir of heaven;
Yes, a mansion waits for thee,
Even thee!

WARNINGS AND INVITATIONS

6 Then in love forever dwelling,
Jesus all thy joy shall be;
And thy song shall still be telling
All his mercy did for thee,
Even thee!

James Montgomery.

210

L. M.

COME, sinners, to the gospel feast;
Let every soul be Jesus' guest;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:
Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou,
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wanderers after rest;
Ye poor and maimed and halt and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live:
O let his love your hearts constrain;
Nor suffer him to die in vain.

5 See him set forth before your eyes
That precious, bleeding sacrifice!
His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

6 This is the time; no more delay;
This is the Lord's appointed day;
Come in this moment at his call,
And live for him who died for all.

Charles W.

211

WHY do you wait, dear brother,
Oh, why do you tarry so long?
Your Savior is waiting to give you
A place in his sanctified throng.

THE GOSPEL

CHORUS

Why not, why not?

Why not come to him now?

Why not, why not?

Why not come to him now?

2 What do you hope, dear brother,

To gain by a further delay?

There's no one to save you but Jesus,

There's no other way but his way.

3 Do you not feel, dear brother,

His Spirit now striving within?

Oh, why not accept his salvation,

And throw off thy burden of sin?

4 Why do you wait, dear brother?

The harvest is passing away,

Your Savior is longing to bless you,

There's danger and death in delay.

George F. Root.

212

SOFTLY and tenderly Jesus is calling,
Calling for you and for me;

See, on the portals he's waiting and watching,

Watching for you and for me.

CHORUS

Come home, come home,

Who are weary, come home;

Tenderly, tenderly Jesus is calling,

O sinner, come home!

Should we tarry when Jesus is pleading,

Waiting for you and for me?

Should we linger and heed not his mercies,

Mercies for you and for me?

3 Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing,

Passing from you and from me;

Shadows are gathering, death-beds are coming,

Coming for you and for me.

4 Oh! for the wonderful love he has promised,

Promised for you and for me;

Though we have sinned, he has mercy and pardon,

Pardon for you and for me.

Will L. Thompson.

213

7. 61.

WEARY souls, that wander wide
From the central point of bliss,
Turn to Jesus crucified;
Fly to those dear wounds of his:
Sink into the purple flood;
Rise into the life of God.

2 Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown;
By his pain he gives you ease,
Life by his expiring groan:
Rise, exalted by his fall,
Find in Christ your all in all.

3 O believe the record true,
God to you his Son hath given;
Ye may now be happy too,
Find on earth the life of heaven:
Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love.

4 This the universal bliss,
Bliss for every soul designed;
God's original promise this,
God's great gift to all mankind:
Blest in Christ this moment be,
Blest to all eternity.

Charles Wesley.

214

O DO not let the word depart,
And close thine eyes against the light;
Poor sinner, harden not your heart,
Be saved, O to-night.

CHORUS

O why not to-night?
O why not to-night?
Wilt thou be saved?
Then why not to-night?

2 To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long-deluded sight;
This is the time, O then be wise,
Be saved, O to-night.

THE GOSPEL

3 Our Lord in pity lingers still,
And wilt thou thus his love requite?
Renounce at once thy stubborn will,
Be saved, O to-night.

4 Our blessed Lord refuses none
Who would to him their souls unite;
Believe, obey, the work is done,
Be saved, O to-night.

Elizabeth Reed.

215

COME home! come home!
You are weary at heart,
For the way has been dark,
And so lonely and wild;
O prodigal child,
Come home! oh, come home!
Come home, come home,
Come, oh, come home!

2 Come home! come home!
For we watch and we wait,
And we stand at the gate,
While the shadows are piled;
O prodigal child,
Come home! oh, come home!
Come home, come home,
Come, oh, come home!

3 Come home! come home!
From the sorrow and blame,
From the sin and the shame,
And the tempter that smiled,
O prodigal child,
Come home! oh, come home!
Come home, come home,
Come, oh, come home!

4 Come home! come home!
There is bread, and to spare,
And a warm welcome there;
Then, to friends reconciled,
O prodigal child,
Come home! oh, come home!
Come home, come home,
Come, oh, come home!

Ellen H. Gates.

WARNINGS AND INVITATIONS

216

11.

O TURN ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, "Come,"
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
O how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will ye not come?
'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.

3 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?
To bear up your spirit when summoned to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

4 Why will you be starving, and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.

Samson Occum.

217

8. 7.

THERE'S a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.

2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Savior;
There is healing in his blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Frederick W. Faber.

THE GOSPEL

218

7.

O HOW long will men refuse
Christ, their only hope, to choose?
O how long the Spirit plead
Ere his tender voice they heed?

CHORUS

Haste, return, haste, return;
Lest your lamp should cease to burn—
Enter now the narrow gate,
Soon for you 'twill be too late!

2 O how long shall mercy cry,
Hungry souls, why will ye die?
Will ye starve and perish here,
And your Father's house so near?

3 O how long shall Jesus say,
Come to me, I am the way;
Weary, burdened souls, oppressed,
Take my yoke, I'll give you rest.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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219

9. 8. D.

SAY, where is thy refuge, poor sinner,
And what is thy prospect to-day?
Why toil for the wealth that will perish,
The treasures that rust and decay?
Oh! think of thy soul, that forever
Must live on eternity's shore,
When thou in the dust art forgotten,
When pleasure can charm thee no more.

CHORUS

'Twill profit thee nothing, but fearful the cost,
To gain the whole world, if thy soul should be lost!

2 The Master is calling thee, sinner,
In tones of compassion and love,
To feel that sweet rapture of pardon,
And lay up thy treasures above;
Oh! kneel at the cross where he suffered,
To ransom thy soul from the grave;
The arm of his mercy will hold thee,
The arm that is mighty to save.

REPENTANCE AND FAITH

3 As summer is waning, poor sinner,
Repent, ere the season is past;
God's goodness to thee is extended,
As long as the day-beam shall last;
Then slight not the warning repeated
With all the bright moments that roll,
Nor say, when the harvest is ended,
That no one hath cared for thy soul.

Fanny J. Crosby.

220

10. 8. 11. 8.

HOW sad it would be, if, when thou didst call,
All hopeless and unforgiven,
The angel that stands at the beautiful gate,
Should answer, No room in heaven!

REFRAIN

Sad, sad, sad would it be!
No room in heaven for thee!
No room, no room,
No room in heaven for thee!
No room, no room,
No room in heaven for thee!

2 How sad it would be, the harvest all past,
The bright summer days all over,
To know that the reapers had gathered the grain,
And left thee alone forever!

3 Oh, haste thee, and fly, while mercy is near,
Remember the love that he gave thee;
The love that has sought thee is seeking thee still,
And Jesus now waits to save thee.

William O. Cushing.

Repentance and Faith

221

L. M.

STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

THE GOSPEL

2 Though I have steeled my stubborn heart,
And shaken off my guilty fears;
And vexed, and urged thee to depart,
For many long, rebellious years:

3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen;
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved:

4 Yet, oh! the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
To exclude me from thy people's rest.

Charles Wesley.

222

L. M.

SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;
S Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean!
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offenses pain my eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just, in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

Isaac Watts.

REPENTANCE AND FAITH

223

S. M.

- O** THAT I could repent,
With all my idols part,
And to thy gracious eye present
An humble, contrite heart ;
- 2 A heart with grief oppressed,
For having grieved my God ;
A troubled heart, that cannot rest
Till sprinkled with thy blood.
- 3 Jesus, on me bestow
The penitent desire ;
With true sincerity of woe
My aching breast inspire.
- 4 With softening pity look,
And melt my hardness down ;
Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone.

Charles Wesley.

224

L. M.

- W**HEREWITH, O Lord, shall I draw near,
And bow myself before thy face?
How in thy purer eyes appear?
What shall I bring to gain thy grace?
- 2 Will gifts delight the Lord Most High?
Will multiplied oblations please?
Thousands of rams his favor buy,
Or slaughtered hecatombs appease?
- 3 Can these avert the wrath of God?
Can these wash out my guilty stain?
Rivers of oil, and seas of blood,
Alas! they all must flow in vain.
- 4 Who would himself to thee approve,
Must take the path thyself hast showed;
Justice pursue, and mercy love,
And humbly walk by faith with God.
- 5 But though my life henceforth be thine,
Present for past can ne'er atone;
Though I to thee the whole resign,
I only give thee back thine own.

THE GOSPEL

6 Guilty I stand before thy face;
On me I feel thy wrath abide;
'Tis just the sentence should take place;
'Tis just, but, oh, thy Son hath died!

Charles Wesley.

225

L. M.

JESUS, the sinner's friend, to thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee,
Weary of earth, myself, and sin;
Open thine arms, and take me in.

2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul;
'Tis thou alone canst make me whole;
Dark, till in me thine image shine,
And lost, I am, till thou art mine.

3 At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for thee:
Here, then, to thee I all resign;
Thine is the work, and only thine.

4 What shall I say thy grace to move?
Lord, I am sin, but thou art love:
I give up every plea beside—
Lord, I am lost but thou hast died.

Charles Wesley.

226

8. 7. D.

COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise:
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of thy redeeming love!

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

REPENTANCE AND FAITH

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

Robert Robinson.

227

8. 5. 8. 3.

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
"Come to me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest."

2 Hath he marks to lead me to him,
If he be my Guide?
"In his feet and hands are wound-prints,
And his side."

3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That his brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety;
But of thorns."

4 If I find him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

6 If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is he sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes."

St. Stephen the Sabaite, tr. by John M. Neale.

THE GOSPEL

228

8. 5.

PASS me not, O gentle Savior,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others thou art smiling,
Do not pass me by.

2 Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.

3 Trusting only in thy merit,
Would I seek thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by thy grace.

4 Thou the Spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside thee?
Whom in heaven but thee?

Fanny J. Crosby.

229

H. M.

COME, my fond, fluttering heart;
Come, thou must now be free;
Thou and the world must part,
However hard it be:
My weeping passions own 'tis just,
Yet cling still closer to the dust.

2 Ye tempting sweets, forbear,
Ye dearest idols, fall;
My love ye can not share,
For Jesus must have all.
'Tis bitter pain, 'tis cruel smart,
But, oh, thou must consent, my heart.

3 Ye fair, enchanting throng,
Ye golden dreams, farewell;
Earth has prevailed too long,
Now I must break the spell.
Go, cherished joys of early years:
Jesus, forgive these parting tears.

REPENTANCE AND FAITH

4 Welcome, thou bleeding cross,
Thou only way to God :
My former gains were loss ;
My path was folly's road ;
At last my heart is undeceived,
The world is given and God received.

Jane Taylor.

230

L. M.

LORD, I despair myself to heal ;
I see my sin, but cannot feel ;
I cannot, till thy Spirit blow
And bid the obedient waters flow.

2 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give ;
Thy gifts I only can receive ;
Here, then, to thee I all resign ;
To draw, redeem and seal, are thine.

3 With simple faith, on thee I call,
My light, my life, my Lord, my all :
I wait the moving of the pool ;
I wait the word that speaks me whole.

4 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,
Make my infected nature pure ;
Peace, righteousness and joy impart,
And pour thyself into my heart.

Charles Wesley.

231

C. M. D.

HOW oft have I the Spirit grieved,
Since first with me he strove ;
How obstinately disbelieved,
And trampled on his love !
How have I sinned against the light,
Broken from his embrace,
And would not, when I freely might,
Be justified by grace !

2 But after all that I have done
To drive him from my heart,
The Spirit leaves me not alone,
He doth not yet depart ;

THE GOSPEL

He will not give the sinner o'er,
Ready e'en now to save,
He bids me come as heretofore,
That I his grace may have.

3 I take thee at thy gracious word ;
My foolishness I mourn,
And unto my redeeming Lord,
However late, I turn :
Savior, I yield, I yield at last ;
I hear thy speaking blood ;
Myself, with all my sins, I cast
On thy atoning God.

Charles Wesley.

232

L. M.

FOR a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn heart away,
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine !

2 The rocks can rend ; the earth can quake ;
The seas can roar ; the mountains shake :
Of feeling, all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
O Lord, an adamant would melt :
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgments, too, which devils fear,
Amazing thought ! unmoved I hear ;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5 But power divine can do the deed,
And, Lord, that power I greatly need :
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt and change this heart of mine.

Joseph Hart.

233

SAVIOR, in whose name I pray,
Thou the life, the truth, the way ;
At the cross of Calvary,
Is there room for me ?

REPENTANCE AND FAITH

CHORUS

Yes, there's room for me ;
Yes, there's room for me ;
Savior, on thy loving breast
Let me sweetly rest.

2 At the sprinkled mercy-seat
Let me find acceptance sweet ;
Thousands there for refuge flee ;
Is there room for me ?

3 Many in thy life below
Sought thee, pressed by want or woe ;
Many now are seeking thee ;
Is there room for me ?

4 In the city built on high,
Far beyond this changeful sky,
Loved ones now thy beauty see ;
Is there room for me ?

Eliza E. Hewitt.

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234

8. 7. 3.

LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free ;
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing ;
Let some drops now fall on me,
Even me.

2 Pass me not, O God, my Father,
Sinful though my heart may be ;
Thou mightest leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me,
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Savior,
Let me live and cling to thee ;
I am longing for thy favor ;
Whilst thou art calling, O call me,
Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see ;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,
Even me.

THE GOSPEL

- 5 Have I long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
O forgive and rescue me!
Even me.
- 6 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ, so rich and free,
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me,
Even me.
- 7 Pass me not, thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee;
Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, O bless me,
Even me.

Elizabeth Codner.

235

8. 5.

I'VE wandered far away from God,
Now I'm coming home;
The paths of sin too long I've trod,
Lord, I'm coming home.

CHORUS

Coming home, coming home,
Nevermore to roam;
Open wide thine arms of love,
Lord, I'm coming home.

2 I've wasted many precious years,
Now I'm coming home;
I now repent with bitter tears,
Lord, I'm coming home.

3 I'm tired of sin and straying, Lord,
Now I'm coming home;
I'll trust thy love, believe thy word,
Lord, I'm coming home.

4 My soul is sick, my heart is sore,
Now I'm coming home;
My strength renew, my hope restore,
Lord, I'm coming home.

REPENTANCE AND FAITH

5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home,
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need his cleansing blood, I know,
Now I'm coming home;
Oh, wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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236

S. M. D.

AH! WHITHER should I go,
Burdened and sick and faint?
To whom should I my trouble show,
And pour out my complaint?
My Savior bids me come;
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay.

2 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part,
Which will not let the Savior take
Possession of my heart?
Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.

3 I now believe, in thee
Compassion reigns alone;
According to my faith, to me
O let it, Lord, be done!
In me is all the bar,
Which thou wouldst fain remove;
Remove it, and I shall declare
That God is only love. Charles Wesley.

237

S. M.

AND can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive?

THE GOSPEL

- 2 Nay, but I yield, I yield ;
I can hold out no more ;
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror.
- 3 Though late, I all forsake ;
My friends, my all, resign :
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine.
- 4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove ;
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.
- 5 My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know,
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.
- 6 My life, my portion thou ;
Thou all-sufficient art ;
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
Enter and keep my heart.

Charles Wesley.

238

S. M.

DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see !
Be thou astonished, O my soul ;
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep ;
Each sin demands a tear :
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

Benjamin Beddome.

239

L. M.

JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !

REPENTANCE AND FAITH

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am, thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Charlotte Elliott.

240

C. M.

HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word:
Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust a faithful Lord.

3 My soul obeys the gracious call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord;
O help my unbelief!

4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my guilty soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

THE GOSPEL

5 A guilty, weak and helpless worm,
Into thine arms I fall ;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Savior, and my all. Isaac Watts.

241

8. 7.

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and, by thyself revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath.

2 Thou, new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise,
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes.

3 Still we wait for thine appearing ;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart.

4 Come, extend thy wonted favor
To our ruined, guilty race ;
Come, thou blest, exalted Savior ;
Come, apply thy saving grace.

5 By thine all-atoning merit,
Every burdened soul release ;
By the teachings of thy Spirit,
Guide us into perfect peace. Charles Wesley.

242

7. 61.

BY THY birth, and by thy tears ;
By thy human griefs and fears ;
By thy conflict in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power,
Savior, look with pitying eye ;
Savior, help me, or I die.

2 By the tenderness that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept ;
By the bitter tears that flowed
Over Salem's lost abode,
Savior, look with pitying eye ;
Savior, help me, or I die.

REPENTANCE AND FAITH

3 By thy lonely hour of prayer ;
By the fearful conflict there ;
By thy cross and dying cries ;
By thy one great sacrifice,
Savior, look with pitying eye ;
Savior, help me, or I die.

4 By thy triumph o'er the grave ;
By thy power the lost to save ;
By thy high, majestic throne ;
By the empire all thine own,
Savior, look with pitying eye ;
Savior, help me, or I die.

Robert Grant.

243

7. 61.

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save and thou alone :
In my hand no price I bring ;
Simply to the cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

Augustus M. Toplady, alt.

244

C. M.

FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee ;
No other help I know ;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah ! whither shall I go ?

THE GOSPEL

CHORUS

I do believe, I now believe,
That Jesus died for me,
And that he shed his precious blood
From sin to set me free.

2 What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath !
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death !

3 O Jesus, could I this believe
I now should feel thy power,
And all my wants thou wouldst relieve,
In this accepted hour.

4 Author of faith ! to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes :
O let me now receive that gift ;
My soul without it dies.

5 Surely thou canst not let me die ;
O speak, and I shall live ;
And here will I unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.

6 How would my fainting soul rejoice,
Could I but see thy face ;
Now let me hear thy quickening voice,
And taste thy pardoning grace.

Charles Wesley.

Provisions and Promises

245

C. M.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

PROVISIONS AND PROMISES

- 3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Are saved to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave. William Cowper.

246

C. M.

THE gospel! oh, what endless charms
Dwell in that blissful sound;
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads delight around.

2 Here pardon, life and joy divine,
In rich effusion flow
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doomed to endless woe.

3 The almighty Former of the skies
Stoops to our vile abode,
While angels view with wondering eyes,
And hail the incarnate God.

4 How rich the depths of love divine,
Of bliss a boundless store!
Redeemer, let me call thee mine,
Thy fulness I implore.

5 On thee alone my hope relies;
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Savior, and my all!

Anne Steele.

247

C. M.

WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who knows the joyful sound.

THE GOSPEL

- 2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls
Are freely welcome here;
Salvation, like a river, rolls
Abundant, free and clear.
- 3 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds;
Your every burden bring:
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep, celestial spring.
- 4 Whoever will, O gracious word!
May of this stream partake;
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
And drink for Jesus' sake.
- 5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore and bless.

Samuel Medley, alt.

248

L. M.

OF HIM who did salvation bring,
I could forever think and sing;
Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve;
Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive.

2 Ask but his grace, and, lo, 'tis given;
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven:
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins he blushed in blood;
He closed his eyes to show us God:
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God such love can show.

4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan;
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry:
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves can love enough?

Bernard of Clairvaux, tr. by Anthony W. Boehm.

PROVISIONS AND PROMISES

249

C. M.

- W**HAT shall I do my God to love?
My loving God to praise?
The length and breadth and height to prove,
And depth of sovereign grace?
- 2 Thy sovereign grace to all extends,
Immense and unconfined;
From age to age it never ends;
It reaches all mankind.
- 3 Throughout the world its breadth is known,
Wide as infinity:
So wide it never passed by one,
Or it had passed by me.
- 4 My trespass was grown up to heaven;
But, far above the skies,
Through Christ abundantly forgiven,
I see thy mercies rise.
- 5 The depth of all-redeeming love,
What angel tongue can tell?
O may I to the utmost prove
The gift unspeakable.

Charles Wesley.

250

C. M.

- H**OW great the wisdom, power and grace,
Which in redemption shine!
The heavenly host with joy confess
The work is all divine.
- 2 Before his feet they cast their crowns,
Those crowns which Jesus gave,
And, with ten thousand thousand tongues,
Proclaim his power to save.
- 3 They tell the triumphs of his cross,
The sufferings which he bore;
How low he stooped, how high he rose,
And rose to stoop no more.
- 4 With them let us our voices raise,
And still the song renew;
Salvation well deserves the praise
Of men and angels too.

Benjamin Beddome.

THE GOSPEL

251

C. M.

THY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.

2 Thou waitest to be gracious still;
Thou dost with sinners bear;
That, saved, we may thy goodness feel,
And all thy grace declare.

3 Thy goodness and thy truth to me,
To every soul, abound;
A vast, unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.

4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough forevermore.

5 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are,
A rock that cannot move:
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure;
And while the truth of God remains,
His goodness must endure. Charles Wesley.

252

L. M.

HAPPY the man who finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race,
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.

2 Happy, beyond description, he
Who knows "the Savior died for me!"
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.

3 Wisdom divine! who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.

PROVISIONS AND PROMISES

4 Her hands are filled with length of days,
True riches and immortal praise,
Riches of Christ on all bestowed,
And honor that descends from God.

5 To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace.

6 Happy the man who wisdom gains;
Thrice happy, who his guest retains:
He owns, and shall forever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven, are one.

Charles Wesley.

253

S. M.

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

CHORUS

Sing hallelujah, praise Jehovah!
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hallelujah, praise ye the Lord!

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.

Philip Doddridge.

254

C. M.

SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

THE GOSPEL

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

Isaac Watts.

255

7. 6. D

FROM Sinai's cloud of darkness
The vivid lightnings play,
They serve the God of vengeance,
The Lord who shall repay.
Each fault must bring its penance,
Each sin the avenging blade;
For God upholds in justice
The laws that he hath made.

2 But Calvary stands to ransom
The earth from utter loss,
In shade than light more glorious,
The shadow of the cross:
To heal a sick world's trouble,
To soothe its woe and pain,
On Calvary's sacred summit
The paschal Lamb was slain.

3 The boundless might of heaven
Its law in mercy furled,
As once the bow of promise
O'erarched a drowning world:
The law said, As you keep me
It shall be done to you;
But Calvary prays, Forgive them,
They know not what they do.

4 Almighty God! direct us
To keep thy perfect law!
O blessed Savior, help us
Nearer to thee to draw;
Let Sinai's thunders aid us
To guard our feet from sin,
And Calvary's light inspire us
The love of God to win.

John Hay.

JUSTIFICATION AND REGENERATION

The Christian Life

Justification and Regeneration

256

L. M.

O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Savior and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHORUS

Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day;
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart!
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With him of every good possessed.

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

Philip Doddridge.

257

C. M. D.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast!"

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he hath made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink and live!"
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise
And all thy day be bright!"
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my star, my sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till all my journey's done.

Horatius Bonar.

258

C. M.

MY GOD, my God, to thee I cry;
Thee only would I know:
Thy purifying blood apply,
And wash me white as snow.

2 Touch me, and make the leper clean;
Purge my iniquity:
Unless thou wash my soul from sin,
I have no part in thee.

3 But art thou not already mine?
Answer, if mine thou art:
Whisper within, thou Love divine,
And cheer my drooping heart.

4 Behold, for me the Victim bleeds,
His wounds are open wide;
For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,
And speaks me justified.

Charles Wesley.

JUSTIFICATION AND REGENERATION

259

C. M.

AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!

I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

John Newton.

260

C. M.

LOVERS of pleasure more than God,
For you he suffered pain;
For you the Savior spilt his blood:
And shall he bleed in vain?

2 Sinners, his life for you he paid;
Your basest crimes he bore;
Your sins were all on Jesus laid,
That you might sin no more.

3 To earth the great Redeemer came,
That you might come to heaven;
Believe, believe in Jesus' name,
And all your sin's forgiven.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

4 Believe in him who died for thee,
And, sure as he hath died,
Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,
And thou art justified. Charles Wesley.

261

C. M.

IN HOPE, against all human hope,
Self-desperate, I believe;
Thy quickening word shall raise me up;
Thou wilt thy Spirit give.

2 The thing surpasses all my thought,
But faithful is my Lord;
Through unbelief I stagger not,
For God hath spoke the word.

3 Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, "It shall be done!"

4 To thee the glory of thy power
And faithfulness I give;
I shall in Christ, at that glad hour,
And Christ in me shall live.

5 Obedient faith, that waits on thee,
Thou never wilt reprove;
But thou wilt form thy Son in me,
And perfect me in love. Charles Wesley.

262

S. M. D.

A GOODLY formal saint,
I long appeared in sight,
By self and Satan taught to paint
My tomb, my nature, white.
The Pharisee within
Still undisturbed remained,
The strong man, armed with guilt of sin,
Safe in his palace reigned.

2 But, oh, the jealous God
In my behalf came down;
Jesus himself the stronger showed,
And claimed me for his own.

JUSTIFICATION AND REGENERATION

My spirit he alarmed,
And brought into distress;
He shook and bound the strong man, armed
In his self-righteousness.

3 Faded my virtuous show,
My form without the power;
The sin-convincing Spirit blew,
And blasted every flower.
My mouth was stopped, and shame
Covered my guilty face;
I fell on the atoning Lamb,
And I was saved by grace.

Charles Wesley.

263

C. M.

IN EVIL long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career.

2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look:
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there.

5 Alas! I knew not what I did!
But now my tears are vain:
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain!

6 A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely shall forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou mayst live."

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

7 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

John Newton.

264

L. M. D.

JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.
The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

2 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.
The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Savior say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

3 Lo! glad I come: and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.
Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Savior I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

John Cennick.

265

L. M.

LET not the wise their wisdom boast,
The mighty glory in their might,
The rich in flattering riches trust,
Which take their everlasting flight.

2 The rush of numerous years bears down
The most gigantic strength of man;
And where is all his wisdom gone,
When, dust, he turns to dust again?

JUSTIFICATION AND REGENERATION

- 3 One only gift can justify
The boasting soul that knows his God ;
When Jesus doth his blood apply,
I glory in his sprinkled blood.
- 4 The Lord my righteousness I praise,
I triumph in the love divine ;
The wisdom, wealth and strength of grace,
In Christ to endless ages mine.

Charles Wesley.

266

L. M. 61.

- AND can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Savior's blood ?
Died he for me, who caused his pain ?
For me, who him to death pursued ?
Amazing love ! how can it be
That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me ?
- 2 'Tis mystery all ! the Immortal dies !
Who can explore his strange design ?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine ;
'Tis mercy all ! let earth adore :
Let angel minds inquire no more.
- 3 He left his Father's throne above,
So free, so infinite his grace !
Emptied himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race ;
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out me !
- 4 Long my imprisoned spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and nature's night ;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray ;
I woke ; the dungeon flamed with light :
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed thee.
- 5 No condemnation now I dread,
Jesus, with all in him, is mine ;
Alive in him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ, my own.

Charles Wesley.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

267

L. M.

AUTHOR of faith, eternal Word,
Whose Spirit breathes the active flame,
Faith, like its finisher and Lord,
To-day, as yesterday, the same ;

2 To thee our humble hearts aspire,
And ask the gift unspeakable ;
Increase in us the kindled fire,
In us the work of faith fulfil.

3 By faith we know thee strong to save ;
Save us, a present Savior thou :
Whate'er we hope, by faith we have ;
Future and past subsisting now.

4 To him that in thy name believes,
Eternal life with thee is given ;
Into himself he all receives,
Pardon and holiness and heaven.

5 The things unknown to feeble sense,
Unseen by reason's glimmering ray,
With strong, commanding evidence,
Their heavenly origin display.

6 Faith lends its realizing light ;
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly ;
The Invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye.

Charles Wesley.

268

9. 8.

I STAND all bewildered with wonder,
And gaze on the ocean of love ;
And over its waves to my spirit,
Comes peace like a heavenly dove.

CHORUS

The cross now covers my sins ;
The past is under the blood ;
I'm trusting in Jesus for all ;
My will is the will of my God.

JUSTIFICATION AND REGENERATION

2 I struggled and wrestled to win it,—
The blessing that setteth me free;
But, when I had ceased from my struggles,
His peace Jesus gave unto me.

3 He laid his hand on me and healed me,
And bade me be every whit whole;
I touched but the hem of his garment,
And glory came thrilling my soul.

4 The Prince of my peace is now passing,
The light of his face is on me;
But listen, beloved, he speaketh:
"My peace I now give unto thee."

W. Craft.

269

L. M. 61.

NOW I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain—
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin,
Before the world's foundation slain:
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

2 Father, thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far:
Thy heart still melts with tenderness;
Thine arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste and live.

3 O Love, thou bottomless abyss,
My sins are swallowed up in thee!
Covered is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries.

4 By faith I plunge me in this sea:
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee;
I look into my Savior's breast:
Away, sad doubt and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that's written there.

Johann A. Rothe, tr. by John Wesley.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

270

L. M. 61.

THOUGH waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength and health and friends be gone,
Though joys be withered all, and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn;
On this my steadfast soul relies,
Father, thy mercy never dies.

2 Fixed on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away;
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting Love.

Johann A. Rothe, tr. by John Wesley.

271

7.

HARK, my soul, it is the Lord!
'Tis thy Savior, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a mother's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of faith is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee and adore:
O for grace to love thee more!

William Cowper.

JUSTIFICATION AND REGENERATION

272

8. 7.

ALL my life long I had panted
For a draught from some cool spring
That I hoped would quench the burning
Of the thirst I felt within.

CHORUS

Hallelujah! I have found him—
Whom my soul so long has craved!
Jesus satisfies my longings;
Through his blood I now am saved.

2 Feeding on the husks around me,
Till my strength was almost gone,
Longed my soul for something better,
Only still to hunger on.

3 Poor I was, and sought for riches,
Something that would satisfy,
But the dust I gathered round me
Only mocked my soul's sad cry.

4 Well of water, ever springing,
Bread of life, so rich and free,
Untold wealth that never faileth,
My Redeemer is to me.

Clara Tear Williams.

273

L. M. 61.

MY HOPE is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.
On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness seems to veil his face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.
On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

3 His oath, his covenant, his blood,
Support me in the whelming flood ;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.
On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand ;
All other ground is sinking sand.

4 When he shall come with trumpet sound,
O may I then in him be found ;
Dressed in his righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne !
On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand ;
All other ground is sinking sand.

Edward Mote, alt.

274

THERE is a spot to me more dear
Than native vale and mountain ;
A spot for which affection's tear
Springs grateful from its fountain.
'Tis not where kindred souls abound,
Though that is almost heaven ;
But where I first my Savior found,
And felt my sins forgiven.

2 Hard was my toil to reach the shore,
Long tossed upon the ocean ;
Above me was the thunder's roar,
Beneath, the waves' commotion ;
Darkly the pall of night was thrown
Around me, faint with terror :
In that dark hour how did my groan
Ascend for years of error !

3 Sinking and panting as for breath,
I knew not help was near me,
And cried, "Oh ! save me, Lord, from death,
Immortal Jesus, hear me."
Then quick as thought I felt him mine,
My Savior stood before me,
I saw his brightness round me shine,
And shouted, "Glory ! Glory !"

4 O sacred hour ! O hallowed spot !
Where love divine first found me ;
Wherever falls my distant lot,
My heart shall linger round thee ;

JUSTIFICATION AND REGENERATION

And when from earth I rise to soar
Up to my home in heaven,
Down will I cast my eyes once more,
Where I was first forgiven.

William Hunter.

275

L. M.

WE HAVE no outward righteousness,
No merits or good works, to plead;
We only can be saved by grace;
Thy grace, O Lord, is free indeed.

2 Save us by grace, through faith alone,
A faith thou must thyself impart;
A faith that would by works be shown;
A faith that purifies the heart;

3 A faith that doth the mountains move;
A faith that shows our sins forgiven;
A faith that sweetly works by love,
And ascertains our claim to heaven.

4 This is the faith we humbly seek,
The faith in thy all-cleansing blood;
That faith which doth for sinners speak,
O let it speak us up to God!

Charles Wesley.

276

6. 6. 9.

O HOW happy are they,
Who the Savior obey,
And have laid up their treasures above!
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I received through the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed,
What a joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus's name!

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song:
O that all his salvation might see!
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem even rebels like me.

5 I then rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat;
My glad soul mounted higher
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.

6 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Savior possessed,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fulness of God.

Charles Wesley.

277

S. M. D.

I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold,
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled;
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child,
He followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild;

WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT

He found me nigh to death,
Famished and faint and lone;
He bound me with the bands of love,
He saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is;
'Twas he that loved my soul,
'Twas he that washed me in his blood,
'Twas he that made me whole;
'Twas he that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'Twas he that brought me to the fold,
'Tis he that still doth keep.

4 No more a wandering sheep,
I love to be controlled,
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
I love the peaceful fold;
No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam;
I love my heavenly Father's voice,
I love, I love his home!

Horatius Bonar.

Witness of the Spirit

278

C. M.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall,
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Isaac Watts.

279

S. M. D.

SPIRIT of faith, come down,
 Reveal the things of God ;
 And make to us the Godhead known,
 And witness with the blood :
 'Tis thine the blood to apply,
 And give us eyes to see,
 That he who did for sinners die,
 Hath surely died for me.

2 No man can truly say
 That Jesus is the Lord,
 Unless thou take the veil away,
 And breathe the living word :
 Then, only then, we feel
 Our interest in his blood,
 And cry, with joy unspeakable,
 "Thou art my Lord, my God!"

3 O that the world might know
 The all-atoning Lamb !
 Spirit of faith, descend and show
 The virtue of his name :
 The grace which all may find,
 The saving power, impart ;
 And testify to all mankind,
 And speak in every heart.

4 Inspire the living faith,
 Which whosoe'er receives,
 The witness in himself he hath,
 And consciously believes ;
 The faith that conquers all,
 And doth the mountains move,
 And saves whoe'er on Jesus call,
 And perfects them in love.

Charles Wesley.

280

C. M.

WHY should the children of a King
 Go mourning all their days ?
 Great Comforter, descend and bring
 The tokens of thy grace.

WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT

2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
May thy blest wings, celestial Dove,
Convey me safely home.

Isaac Watts.

281

H. M.

ARISE, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me:
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son;
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

5 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

Charles Wesley.

282

C. M.

SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim;
Nor while, unworthy, I draw nigh,
Disdain a Father's name.

2 My Father, God! that gracious word
Dispels my guilty fear;
Not all the notes by angels heard
Could so delight my ear.

3 Come, Holy Ghost, thyself impress
On my expanding heart;
And show that in the Father's grace
I share a filial part.

4 Cheered by that witness from on high,
Unwavering, I believe;
And Abba, Father, humbly cry;
Nor can the sign deceive.

Philip Doddridge.

283

L. M. 6 l.

WHEN shall I hear the inward voice,
Which only faithful souls can hear?
Pardon and peace and heavenly joys,
Attend the promised Comforter.
O come, and righteousness divine,
And Christ, and all with Christ, are mine.

2 O that the Comforter would come,
Nor visit as a transient guest;
But fix in me his constant home,
And keep possession of my breast;
And make my soul his loved abode,
The temple of indwelling God.

WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT

3 Come, Holy Ghost, my heart inspire;
Attest that I am born again;
Come, and baptize me now with fire,
Nor let thy former gifts be vain:
I cannot rest in sins forgiven;
Where is the earnest of my heaven?

4 Where the indubitable seal,
That ascertains the kingdom mine?
The powerful stamp I long to feel,
The signature of love divine?
O shed it in my heart abroad,
Fulness of love, of heaven, of God!

Charles Wesley.

284

L. M.

LORD, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin;
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.

2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away;
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

4 How oft they look to the heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasure grow;
And longing hopes, and cheerful smiles,
Sit undisturbed upon their brow.

5 They scorn to seek earth's golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the night,
In numbering o'er the richer joys
That Heaven prepares for their delight.

Isaac Watts.

285

S. M.

HOW can a sinner know
His sins on earth forgiven?
How can my gracious Savior show
My name inscribed in heaven?

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

- 2 What we have felt and seen
With confidence we tell;
And publish to the sons of men,
The signs infallible.
- 3 We who in Christ believe
That he for us hath died,
We all his unknown peace receive,
And feel his blood applied.
- 4 Exults our rising soul,
Disburdened of her load,
And swells unutterably full
Of glory and of God.
- 5 His love, surpassing far
The love of all beneath,
We find within our hearts, and dare
The pointless darts of death.
- 6 Stronger than death or hell
The sacred power we prove;
And, conquerors of the world, we dwell
In heaven, who dwell in love.

Charles Wesley.

286

BLESSED assurance, Jesus is mine!
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of his Spirit, washed in his blood.

CHORUS

This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Savior all the day long;
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Savior all the day long.

2 Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture now burst on my sight;
Angels, descending, bring from above,
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

3 Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Savior am happy and blest;
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with his goodness, lost in his love.

Fanny J. Crosby.

ASPIRATION AND HOPE

Aspiration and Hope

287

L. M. .

ARISE, my soul, on wings sublime,
Above the vanities of time;
Let faith now pierce the veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

2 Born by a new, celestial birth,
Why should I grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at vain and fleeting toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3 Shall aught beguile me on the road,
The narrow road that leads to God?
Or can I love this earth so well,
As not to long with God to dwell?

4 To dwell with God, to taste his love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above:
The glorious expectation now
Is heavenly bliss begun below.

Thomas Gibbons, alt.

288

L. M.

YE FAITHFUL souls who Jesus know,
If risen indeed with him ye are,
Superior to the joys below,
His resurrection's power declare.

2 Your faith by holy tempers prove,
By actions show your sins forgiven,
And seek the glorious things above,
And follow Christ, your Head, to heaven.

3 There your exalted Savior see,
Seated at God's right hand again,
In all his Father's majesty,
In everlasting pomp to reign.

4 To him continually aspire,
Contending for your native place,
And emulate the angel choir,
And only live to love and praise.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

5 For who by faith your Lord receive,
Ye nothing seek or want beside ;
Dead to the world and sin ye live,
Your creature-love is crucified.

6 Your real life, with Christ concealed,
Deep in the Father's bosom lies ;
And glorious as your Head revealed,
Ye soon shall meet him in the skies.

Charles Wesley.

289

L. M.

AWAKE, our souls ! away, our fears !
Let every trembling thought be gone !
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
But they forget the mighty God
That feeds the strength of every saint.

3 O mighty God, thy matchless power
Is ever new, and ever young ;
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the ever-flowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply ;
While such as trust their native strength,
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as the eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode ;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire along the heavenly road.

Isaac Watts.

290

L. M. 6 l.

JESUS, thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare :
O knit my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there :
Thine wholly, thine alone I am ;
Be thou alone my constant flame.

ASPIRATION AND HOPE

2 O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but thy pure love alone :
O may thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure and my crown :
Strange flames far from my heart remove,
My every act, word, thought, be love.

3 Unwearied may I this pursue ;
Dauntless to the high prize aspire ;
Hourly within my soul renew
This holy flame, this heavenly fire :
And day and night, be all my care
To guard the sacred treasure there.

4 In suffering be thy love my peace ;
In weakness be thy love my power ;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death as life be thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

Paul Gerhardt, tr. by John Wesley.

291

10. 11.

O TELL me no more of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er ;
A country I've found where true joys abound,
To dwell I'm determined on that happy ground.

2 The souls that believe in paradise live,
And me in that number will Jesus receive :
My soul, don't delay ; he calls thee away ;
Rise, follow thy Savior, and bless the glad day.

3 Great spoils I shall win from death, hell and sin,
'Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ within ;
And when I'm to die, "Receive me," I'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why.

4 But this I do find, we two are so joined,
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind.
So this is the race I'm running through grace,
Henceforth, till admitted to see my Lord's face.

John Gambold.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

292

P. M.

COME, let us ascend,
My companion and friend,
To a taste of the banquet above :
If thy heart be as mine,
If for Jesus it pine,
Come up into the chariot of love.

2 Who in Jesus confide,
We are bold to outride
The storms of affliction beneath ;
With the prophet we soar
To the heavenly shore,
And outfly all the arrows of death.

3 By faith we are come
To our permanent home ;
By hope we the rapture improve :
By love we still rise,
And look down on the skies,
For the heaven of heavens is love.

4 Who on earth can conceive
How happy we live,
In the palace of God the great King ?
What a concert of praise,
When our Jesus' grace
The whole heavenly company sing !

5 "Hallelujah," they cry,
To the King of the sky,
To the great, everlasting I AM ;
To the Lamb that was slain,
And that liveth again—
"Hallelujah to God and the Lamb !"

Charles Wesley.

293

L. M.

GREAT God, indulge my humble claim ;
Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest ;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engaged to make me blest.

ASPIRATION AND HOPE

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God ;
And I am thine by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.

3 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As travelers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

4 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise :
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And fill the remnant of my days.

Isaac Watts.

294

8. 8. 6.

COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel ;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode :
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear
And by his side sit down ;
To patient faith the prize is sure,
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope !
It lifts the fainting spirits up,
It brings to life the dead :
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

5 That great, mysterious Deity,
We soon with open face shall see;
The beatific sight
Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.

Charles Wesley.

295

6. 5. D.

SAVIOR, blessed Savior,
Listen while we sing,
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King:
All we have to offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul and spirit,
All, we yield to thee.

REFRAIN

Savior, blessed Savior,
Listen while we sing,
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King.

2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to thee,
Deep in adoration,
Bending low the knee:
Thou for our redemption
Camest on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

3 Clearer still, and clearer,
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sins forgiven;
Life has lost its shadows;
Pure the light within;
Thou hast shed thy radiance
On a world of sin.

4 Brighter still, and brighter,
Glow the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done;

ASPIRATION AND HOPE

Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past,
May we, blessed Savior,
Find a rest at last!

5 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God:
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

6 Higher, then, and higher,
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgetting,
Savior, to its goal;
Where in joys unthought of,
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary, raising
Praises to their King.

Godfrey Thring.

296

WE ARE pilgrims looking home,
Sad and weary, oft we roam,
But we know 'twill all be well in the morning;
When, our anchor safely cast,
Every stormy wave is past,
And we gather safe at last in the morning.

CHORUS

When we all meet again in the morning,
On the sweet, blooming hills in the morning;
Nevermore to say good night
In that sunny region bright,
When we hail the blessed light of the morning.

2 O these tender broken ties,
How they dim our aching eyes,
But like jewels they will shine in the morning;
When our victor palms we bear,
And our robes immortal wear,
We shall know each other there in the morning.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

3 When our fettered souls are free,
Far beyond the narrow sea,
And we hear the Savior's voice in the morning;
When our golden sheaves we bring
To the feet of Christ our King,
What a chorus we shall sing in the morning!

4 Through our pilgrim journey here,
Though the night is sometimes drear,
Let us watch and persevere till the morning;
Then our highest tribute raise
For the love that crowns our days,
And to Jesus give the praise in the morning.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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297

7.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing;
Sing our Savior's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are traveling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banished seed, be glad;
Christ our Advocate is made:
Us to save our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light;
Zion's city is in sight;
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand,
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.

6 Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

John Cennick.

298

8. D.

I LONG to behold him arrayed
 With glory and light from above;
 The King in his beauty displayed,
 His beauty of holiest love:
 I languish and sigh to be there,
 Where Jesus hath fixed his abode;
 O when shall we meet in the air,
 And fly to the mountain of God?

2 With him I on Zion shall stand,
 For Jesus hath spoken the word,
 The breadth of Immanuel's land
 Survey by the light of my Lord:
 But when, on thy bosom reclined,
 Thy face I am strengthened to see,
 My fulness of rapture I find,
 My heaven of heavens in thee.

3 How happy the people that dwell
 Secure in the city above!
 No pain the inhabitants feel,
 No sickness or sorrow shall prove.
 Physician of souls, unto me
 Forgiveness and holiness give;
 And then from the body set free,
 And then to the city receive.

Charles Wesley.

299

11. 10.

WE WOULD see Jesus—for the shadows lengthen
 Across this little landscape of our life;
 We would see Jesus our weak faith to strengthen,
 For the last weariness—the final strife.

2 We would see Jesus—the great rock foundation,
 Whereon our feet were set with sovereign grace;
 Not life, nor death, with all their agitation,
 Can thence remove us, if we see his face.

3 We would see Jesus—other lights are paling,
 Which for long years we have rejoiced to see:
 The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing,
 We would not mourn them, for we go to thee.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

4 We would see Jesus—this is all we're needing,
Strength, joy and willingness come with the sight;
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading,
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night.
Anna B. Warner.

300

8. D.

THOU Shepherd of Israel, and mine,
The joy and desire of my heart,
For closer communion I pine;
I long to reside where thou art.
The pasture I languish to find,
Where all, who their Shepherd obey,
Are fed, on thy bosom reclined,
And screened from the heat of the day.

2 Ah! show me that happiest place,
The place of thy people's abode,
Where saints in ecstasy gaze,
And hang on a crucified God.
Thy love for a sinner declare,
Thy passion and death on the tree;
My spirit to Calvary bear,
To suffer and triumph with thee.

3 'Tis there, with the lambs of thy flock,
There only, I covet to rest;
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy breast:
'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart,
Concealed in the cleft of thy side,
Eternally held in thy heart.

Charles Wesley.

301

8. D.

WHAT now is my object and aim?
What now is my hope and desire?
To follow the heavenly Lamb,
And after his image aspire:
My hope is all centered in thee;
I trust to recover thy love;
On earth thy salvation to see,
And then to enjoy it above.

GROWTH IN GRACE

2 I thirst for a life-giving God,
For Christ who on Calvary died,
A fountain of water and blood,
Which gushed from Immanuel's side!
I gasp for the stream of thy love,
The Spirit of rapture unknown:
And then to re-drink it above,
Eternally fresh from the throne.

Charles Wesley.

302

MY DAYS are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Though full of toil and danger.

CHORUS

For, oh, we stand on Jordan's strand,
And soon we'll all pass over;
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever,
Our King says come, and there's our home
Forever, oh, forever!

David Nelson.

Growth in Grace

303

TAKE time to be holy,
Speak oft with thy Lord;
Abide in him always,
And feed on his word;

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

Make friends of God's children,
Help those who are weak,
Forgetting in nothing
His blessing to seek.

2 Take time to be holy,
The world rushes on;
Spend much time in secret
With Jesus alone;
By looking to Jesus,
Like him thou shalt be;
Thy friends in thy conduct
His likeness shall see.

3 Take time to be holy,
Let him be thy guide,
And run not before him,
Whatever betide;
In joy or in sorrow,
Still follow thy Lord,
And, looking to Jesus,
Still trust in his word.

4 Take time to be holy,
Be calm in thy soul;
Each thought and each motive
Beneath his control;
Thus led by his Spirit
To fountains of love,
'Thou soon shalt be fitted
For service above.

W. D. Longstaff.

304

C. M.

WALK in the light! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love;
His Spirit only can bestow
Who reigns in light above.

2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly his
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that Light hath on thee shone,
In which is perfect day.

GROWTH IN GRACE

4 Walk in the light ! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear ;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

5 Walk in the light ! and thine shall be
A path, though thorny, bright ;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.

Bernard Barton.

305

L. M. 61.

LEADER of faithful souls, and guide
Of all that travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, e'en us, abide,
Who would on thee alone rely ;
On thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth, we know, is not our place ;
But hasten through the vale of woe,
And, restless to behold thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.

3 We've no abiding city here,
But seek a city out of sight ;
Thither our steady course we steer,
Aspiring to the plains of light,
Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
Whose founder is the living God.

4 Patient the appointed race to run,
This weary world we cast behind ;
From strength to strength we travel on,
The New Jerusalem to find :
Our labor this, our only aim,
To find the New Jerusalem.

5 Raised by the breath of love divine,
We urge our way with strength renewed ;
The church of the first-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God :
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Savior in the skies.

Charles Wesley.

THE 'CHRISTIAN LIFE

306

8. 7. 4.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee. William Williams.

307

C. M. D.

O SUN of Righteousness, arise,
And drive the mists away;
The light shall cheer our longing eyes,
And usher in the day.

O lift our souls to clearer skies,
And give the faith that sings;

O Sun of Righteousness, arise
With healing in thy wings.

2 O Sun of Righteousness, arise,
We need thy wondrous light
While pressing onward toward the prize,
It strengthens for the fight.

Like flowers we need the sunny skies,
And in the darkness pine;

O Sun of Righteousness, arise
And let thy glory shine.

3 O Sun of Righteousness, arise,
The hosts of sin annoy;

O bind our hearts in stronger ties,
And bid us sing for joy.

CONSECRATION

Like carrier dove that homeward flies,
We'll wing our way to thee;
O Sun of Righteousness, arise,
And every cloud will flee.

Mary B. Wingate.

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308

L. M. 61.

I THANK thee, uncreated Sun,
That thy bright beams on me have shined;
I thank thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and healed my wounded mind;
I thank thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

2 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet, with steady pace
Still to press forward in thy way;
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Fill, satiate, with thy heavenly light.

3 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears;
Give to my heart chaste, hallowed fires;
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

4 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love, beneath thy frown
Or smile, thy scepter or thy rod.
What though my flesh and heart decay;
Thee shall I love in endless day.

Johann A. Scheffler, tr. by John Wesley.

Consecration

309

S. 7. D.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee,
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence my all shalt be.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

Perish every fond ambition ;
All I've sought, and hoped, and known ;
Yet how rich is my condition !
God and heaven are still my own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Savior, too ;
Human hearts and looks deceive me ;
Thou art not, like man, untrue.
And, while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me ;
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go, then, early fame and treasure !
Come, disaster, scorn and pain !
In thy service, pain is pleasure ;
With thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called thee, "Abba Father ;"
I have set my heart on thee :
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast ;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me ;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

5 Know, my soul, thy full salvation ;
Rise o'er sin and fear and care ;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee ;
What a Father's smile is thine ;
What a Savior died to win thee :
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine ?

6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer ;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.

CONSECRATION

Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Henry F. Lyte.

310

L. M.

LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine would I be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace:
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live—thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.

4 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

5 Do thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

Samuel Davies.

311

L. M.

JESUS, our best beloved Friend,
Draw out our souls in sweet desire;
Jesus, in love to us descend,
Baptize us with thy Spirit's fire.

2 On thy redeeming name we call,
Poor and unworthy though we be;
Pardon and sanctify us all,
Let each thy full salvation see.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

- 3 Our souls and bodies we resign,
To fear and follow thy commands;
O take our hearts, our hearts are thine;
Accept the service of our hands.
- 4 Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer,
Our Master's voice will we obey;
Toil in the vineyard here, and bear
The heat and burden of the day.
- 5 Yet, Lord, for us a resting-place,
In heaven, at thy right hand, prepare;
And till we see thee face to face,
Be all our conversation there.

James Montgomery.

312

L. M.

- O LOVE, thy sovereign aid impart,
And guard the gift thyself hast given;
My portion, thou, my treasure art,
My life and happiness and heaven.
- 2 Would aught on earth my wishes share?
Though dear as life the idol be,
The idol from my breast I'll tear,
Resolved to seek my all in thee.
- 3 Whate'er I fondly counted mine,
To thee, my Lord, I here restore;
Gladly I all to thee resign;
Give me thyself, I ask no more.

Charles Wesley.

313

L. M. 6 l.

- AND did my Lord on earth endure
Sorrow and hardship and distress,
That I might sit me down secure,
And rest in self-indulgent ease,
His delicate disciple, I
Like him might neither live, nor die?
- 2 Master, I have not learned thee so;
Thy yoke and burden I receive,
Resolve in all thy steps to go,
And bless the cross by which I live,
And curse the wisdom from beneath,
That strives to rob me of thy death.

CONSECRATION

- 3 Thy holy will be done, not mine ;
Be suffered all thy holy will,
I dare not, Lord, the cross decline ;
I will not lose the slightest ill,
Or lay the heaviest burden down,
The richest jewel of my crown.
- 4 Sorrow is solid joy, and pain
Is pure delight, endured for thee ;
Reproach and loss are glorious gain,
And death is immortality ;
And who for thee their all have given,
Have nobly bartered earth for heaven.
- 5 Saved is the life for Jesus lost,
Hidden from earth, but found in God ;
To suffer is to triumph most,
The highest gift on man bestowed ;
Seal of my sure election this—
Seal of my everlasting bliss.

Charles Wesley.

314

6. 4. 6.

MORE love to thee, O Christ,
More love to thee !

Hear thou the prayer I make,
On bended knee ;

This is my earnest plea,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee !

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest ;

Now thee alone I seek,
Give what is best :

This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee !

3 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper thy praise ;

This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise :

This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee !

Elizabeth P. Prentiss.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

315

S. M.

LORD, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to thee.

2 Thy ransomed servant, I
Restore to thee thine own;
And from this moment live or die,
To serve my God alone.

Charles Wesley.

316

S. D.

O JESUS, delight of my soul!
How can I thy goodness proclaim?
'Twas thou that didst make my heart whole,
All honor be unto thy name.
Thou didst light up my spirit within,
Proclaiming salvation so free,
When burdened with sorrow and guilt,
And vileness was all I could see.

2 I gave thee my poor fainting heart,
And soon thy salvation I found;
Nor can I, nor will I depart
From One whose great love doth abound.
O seal me and keep me thine own,
And wash me and make me like thee,
That I upon thee may recline,
From sinning be evermore free.

3 This poor, faithless world shall all go,
Forever I turn from it now;
For none but my Jesus I'll know,
Recorded on high is my vow.
I am thine, blessed Jesus, all thine!
The witness impart unto me;
The death that I die is to sin,
The life that I live is to thee.

4 The current of life warmly flows
Upon me from Jesus' side:
'Tis cleansing as onward it goes;
In Jesus 'tis sweet to abide.

CONSECRATION

Salvation is full and all free,
I glory alone in the cross;
From the world it has now set me free,
Its claims I can see are but dross.

5 Go friends, that would keep me from him!
Go joys, that would share with his love!
Go hopes, that would draw me to sin!
Go all, that from him would remove.
Come sorrow, if only in thee
I shall cling to my Savior and God;
Come scorn, and reproach, if left free
To be drawn evermore to my Lord.

Louis Hartsough.

317

6. 61.

I GAVE my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou mightst ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
I gave my life for thee,
What hast thou done for me?

2 I spent long years for thee
In weariness and woe,
That an eternity
Of joy thou mightest know.
I spent long years for thee;
Hast thou spent one for me?

3 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell.
I've borne it all for thee;
What hast thou borne for me?

4 And I have brought to thee,
Down from my house above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love.
Great gifts I brought to thee;
What hast thou brought to me?

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

5 Oh, let thy life be given,
Thy years for me be spent,
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent.
I gave myself for thee;
Give thou thyself to me!

Frances R. Havergal.

318

S. M. D.

JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care;
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer;
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On thee—almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down, and casts behind,
The baits of pleasing ill;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,
A quick, discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care;
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

Charles Wesley.

319

7. 61.

FATHER, Son and Holy Ghost,
One in Three and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done;
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

CONSECRATION

2 Vilest of the sinful race,
Lo! I answer to thy call;
Meanest vessel of thy grace,
Grace divinely free for all;
Lo! I come to do thy will,
All thy counsel to fulfil.

3 If so poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive;
Claim me for thy service, claim
All I have, and all I am.

4 Take my soul and body's powers;
Take my memory, mind and will;
All my goods, and all my hours;
All I know, and all I feel;
All I think, or speak, or do;
Take my heart, but make it new.

5 Now, O God, thine own I am;
Now I give thee back thine own;
Freedom, friends and health and fame,
Consecrate to thee alone:
Thine I live, thrice happy I!
Happier still if thine I die.

Charles Wesley.

320

C. M.

LET worldly minds the world pursue;
It has no charms for me:
Once I admired its trifles, too,
But grace hath set me free.

2 Its pleasures can no longer please,
Nor happiness afford:
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord.

3 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is revealed.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

4 Creatures no more divide my choice ;
I bid them all depart :
His name, his love, his gracious voice,
Have fixed my roving heart.

John Newton.

321

C. M.

HOW vain are all things here below ;
How false, and yet how fair !
Each pleasure hath its poison, too,
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flattering light ;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How thy divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God.

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense !
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 My Savior, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food ;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

Isaac Watts.

322

C. M.

LET him to whom we now belong,
His sovereign right assert ;
And take up every thankful song,
And every loving heart.

2 He justly claims us for his own,
Who bought us with a price :
The Christian lives to Christ alone ;
To Christ alone he dies.

CONSECRATION

3 Jesus, thine own at last receive ;
Fulfil our hearts' desire :
And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cause expire.

4 Our souls and bodies we resign ;
With joy we render thee
Our all—no longer ours, but thine
To all eternity.

Charles Wesley.

323

L. M.

MY GRACIOUS Lord, I own thy right,
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates, and obey.

2 What is my being but for thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end ?
'Tis my delight thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a friend.

3 I would not sigh for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good ;
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'Tis to my Savior I would live,
To him who for my ransom died ;
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more ;
And my last hour of life confess
His saving love, his glorious power.

Philip Doddridge.

324

P. M.

VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature good ;
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood ;

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

All thy pleasures I forego;
I trample on thy wealth and pride;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

2 Other knowledge I disdain,
'Tis all but vanity;
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
He tasted death for me:
Me to save from endless woe
The sin-atonement Victim died;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

3 Here will I set up my rest;
My fluctuating heart
From the haven of his breast
Shall nevermore depart;
Whither should a sinner go?
His wounds for me stand open wide;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

4 Him to know is life and peace
And pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend;
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his faith abide;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

5 O that I could all invite,
This saving truth to prove;
Show the length, the breadth, the height,
And depth of Jesus' love!
Fain I would to sinners show
The blood by faith alone applied;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

Charles Wesley.

325

7. 6

O WHO'LL stand up for Jesus,
The lowly Nazarene?
And raise the blood-stained banner
Amid the hosts of sin?

CONSECRATION

CHORUS

The cross for Christ I'll cherish,
Its crucifixion bear;
All hail! reproach and sorrow,
If Jesus leads me there.

2 O who will follow Jesus
Amid reproach and shame?
Where others shrink and falter
Who'll glory in his name?

3 Though fierce may rage the battle,
And wild the storms may blow,
Though friends may go forever,
I will with Jesus go.

4 My all to Christ I've given,
My talents, time and voice,
Myself, my reputation;
The lone way is my choice.

5 O Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
My all-sufficient friend!
Come, fold me to thy bosom,
E'en to the journey's end.

Louis Hartsough.

326

8. 7. D.

ALL for Jesus, all for Jesus!
All my being's ransomed powers;
All my thoughts and words and doings,
All my days and all my hours.
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
All my days and all my hours.

2 Let my hands perform his bidding,
Let my feet run in his ways—
Let my eyes see Jesus only,
Let my lips speak forth his praise.
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Let my lips speak forth his praise.

3 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all beside;
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the Crucified.
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Looking at the Crucified.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

4 Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of kings,
Deigns to call me his beloved,
Lest me rest beneath his wings.
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Resting now beneath his wings.

Mary D. James.

327

L. M.

JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own her star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend;
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Savior slain;
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

Joseph Grigg.

328

L. M. 61.

MASTER, I own thy lawful claim;
Thine, wholly thine, I long to be;
Thou seest at last, I willing am,
Where'er thou goest to follow thee;
Myself in all things to deny;
Thine, wholly thine, to live and die.

CONSECRATION

2 Whate'er my sinful flesh requires,
For thee I cheerfully forego;
My covetous and vain desires,
My hopes of happiness below;
My senses' and my passions' food,
And all my thirst for creature-good.

3 Pleasure and wealth and praise no more
Shall lead my captive soul astray;
My fond pursuits I all give o'er;
Thee, only thee, resolved to obey:
My own in all things to resign,
And know no other will but thine.

4 Wherefore to thee I all resign;
Being thou art and love and power:
Thy only will be done, not mine!
Thee, Lord, let heaven and earth adore!
Flow back the rivers to the sea,
And let our all be lost in thee!

Charles Wesley.

329

L. M. 61.

O GOD, what offering shall I give
To thee, the Lord of earth and skies?
My spirit, soul and flesh receive,
A holy, living sacrifice.
Small as it is, 'tis all my store,
More shouldst thou have, if I had more.

2 Now then, my God, thou hast my soul,
No longer mine, but thine I am:
Guard thou thine own, possess it whole;
Cheer it with hope, with love inflame.
Thou hast my spirit; there display
Thy glory to the perfect day.

3 Thou hast my flesh, thy hallowed shrine,
Devoted solely to thy will:
Here let thy light forever shine;
This house still let thy presence fill.
O source of life! live, dwell, and move
In me, till all my life be love.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

4 Send down thy likeness from above,
And let this my adorning be;
Clothe me with wisdom, patience, love,
With lowliness and purity:
Than gold and pearls more precious far,
And brighter than the morning star.

5 Lord, arm me with thy Spirit's might,
Since I am called by thy great name;
In thee let all my thoughts unite;
Of all my works be thou the aim:
Thy love attend me all my days,
And my sole business be thy praise.

Joachim Lange, tr. by John Wesley.

330

7.

TAKE my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

2 Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of thy love;
Take my feet and let them be
Swift to ever follow thee.

3 Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my intellect and use
Every power as thou shalt choose.

4 Take my voice and let me sing
Always, only, for my King;
Take my lips and let them be
Filled with messages from thee.

5 Take my will and make it thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is thine own,
It shall be thy royal throne.

6 Take my love, my Lord—I pour
At thy feet its treasure store;
Take myself and I will be,
Ever, only, all for thee.

Frances R. Havergal.

CONSECRATION

331

G. 4. 6.

LORD, keep my inmost heart,
Only for thee,
Choosing the better part,
Only for thee.
Thou hast my ransom bought,
Now be my life in-wrought
With this restraining thought,
Only for thee.

2 Use thou each gift and power,
Only for thee;
Hallow the passing hour,
Only for thee.
So shall my joy-filled days,
Spent in thy gracious ways,
Show forth thy matchless praise,
Only for thee.

3 Uplift my purest love,
Only for thee,
Drawn to its source above,
Only for thee.
Through my petitions, still,
Breathing thy holy will,
Thy blessed grace fulfil,
Only for thee.

4 Savior, thy gold refine,
Only for thee;
Thy beauty in me shine,
Only for thee:
Then, when thou giv'st the crown,
At thy dear feet laid down
All glory and renown,
Only for thee.

Eliza E. Hewitt.

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332

P. M.

WE MAY spread our couch with roses,
And sleep through the summer day;
But the soul that in sloth reposes
Is not in the narrow way.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

If we follow the chart that is given,
We need not be at a loss,
For the only way to heaven
Is the royal way of the cross.

2 To one who is reared in splendor,
The cross is a heavy load;
And the feet that are soft and tender
Will shrink from the thorny road;
But the chains of the soul must be riven,
And wealth must be as dross,
For the only way to heaven
Is the royal way of the cross.

3 We say we will walk to-morrow
The path we refuse to-day;
And still with our lukewarm sorrow
We shrink from the narrow way.
What heeded the chosen eleven
How the fortunes of life might toss,
As they followed their Master to heaven
By the royal way of the cross?

Unknown.

Entire Sanctification

333

L. M.

HE WILLS that I should holy be;
That holiness I long to feel;
That full divine conformity
To all my Savior's righteous will.

2 See, Lord, the travail of thy soul
Accomplished in the change of mine;
And plunge me, every whit made whole,
In all the depths of love divine.

3 On thee, O God, my soul is stayed,
And waits to prove thine utmost will;
The promise by thy mercy made,
Thou canst, thou wilt, in me fulfil.

4 No more I stagger at thy power,
Or doubt thy truth, which cannot move;
Hasten the long-expected hour,
And bless me with thy perfect love.

Charles Wesley.

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION

334

L. M.

O THAT my load of sin were gone;
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down;
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.

2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Savior of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove;
The cross all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

6 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot-wheels delay;
Appear, in my poor heart appear!
My God, my Savior, come away!

Charles Wesley.

335

L. M.

O GOD, most merciful and true,
Thy nature to my soul impart;
'Stablish with me the covenant new,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

2 To real holiness restored,
O let me gain my Savior's mind,
And in the knowledge of my Lord,
Fulness of life eternal find!

3 Then every murmuring thought, and vain,
Expires, in sweet confusion lost:
I cannot of my cross complain,
I cannot of my goodness boast.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

4 O'erwhelmed with thy stupendous grace,
I shall not in thy presence move,
But breathe unutterable praise,
And rapturous awe, and silent love.

Charles Wesley.

336

C. M.

WHAT is our calling's glorious hope,
But inward holiness?
For this to Jesus I look up;
I calmly wait for this.

2 I wait till he shall touch me clean,
Shall life and power impart,
Give me the faith that casts out sin,
And purifies the heart.

3 This is the dear redeeming grace
For every sinner free;
Surely it shall on me take place,
The chief of sinners—me.

4 From all iniquity, from all,
He shall my soul redeem;
In Jesus I believe, and shall
Believe myself to him.

5 When Jesus makes my heart his home,
My sin shall all depart;
And, lo! he saith, "I quickly come,
To fill and rule thy heart."

6 Be it according to thy word;
Redeem me from all sin:
My heart would now receive thee, Lord;
Come in, my Lord, come in! Charles Wesley.

337

C. M.

O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within :

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine ;
Perfect and right and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;
Come quickly from above,
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

Charles Wesley.

338

C. M.

IF THOU impart thyself to me,
No other good I need :
If thou, the Son, shalt make me free,
I shall be free indeed.

2 I cannot rest till in thy blood
I full redemption have ;
But thou, through whom I come to God,
Canst to the utmost save.

3 From sin—the guilt, the power, the pain,
Thou wilt redeem my soul :
Lord, I believe, and not in vain ;
My faith shall make me whole.

4 I, too, with thee, shall walk in white,
With all thy saints shall prove
The length and depth and breadth and height
Of everlasting love.

Charles Wesley.

339

C. M.

JESUS, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad ;
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

2 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow ;
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow !

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

- 3 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come.
- 4 Refining fire, go through my heart;
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.
- 5 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move,
While Christ is all the world to me,
And all my heart is love.

Charles Wesley.

340

C. M.

FOREVER here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Savior died.

- 2 My dying Savior, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 The atonement of thy blood apply
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

Charles Wesley.

341

L. M. 6 l.

COME, O thou Traveler unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee:
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION

2 I need not tell thee who I am,
My sin and misery declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name,
Look on thy hands, and read it there :
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain thou strugglest to get free ;
I never will unloose my hold :
Art thou the Man that died for me ?
The secret of thy love unfold :
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name ?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell ;
To know it now resolved I am :
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

5 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long ?
I rise superior to my pain :
When I am weak, then am I strong,
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.

Charles Wesley.

342

L. M. 61.

YIELD to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair ;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
Be conquered by my instant prayer :
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name be Love.

2 'Tis Love ! 'tis Love ! thou diedst for me ;
I hear thy whisper in my heart ;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee ;
Pure, universal Love thou art :
To me, to all, thy mercies move ;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

3 My prayer hath power with God ; the grace
Unspeaking I now receive ;
Through faith I see thee face to face ;
I see thee face to face, and live !
In vain I have not wept and strove ;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

4 I know thee, Savior, who thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend ;
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end :
Thy mercies never shall remove ;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

Charles Wesley.

343

L. M. 61.

THE Sun of Righteousness on me
Hath risen with healing in his wings :
Withered my nature's strength, from thee
My soul its life and succor brings :
My help is all laid up above ;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

2 Contented now, upon my thigh
I halt, till life's short journey end :
All helplessness, all weakness, I
On thee alone for strength depend :
Nor have I power from thee to move ;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

3 Lame as I am, I take the prey ;
Hell, earth and sin, with ease o'ercome,
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And, as a bounding hart, fly home,
Through all eternity to prove
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

Charles Wesley.

344

L. M. 61.

THOU hidden Love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose ;
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in thee.

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION

2 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there;
Then shall my heart from earth be free
When it hath found repose in thee.

3 O hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live;
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive:
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek, but thee.

4 O Love, thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there;
Make me thy duteous child, that I,
Ceaseless, may Abba, Father, cry.

5 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy love, thy God, thy all!"
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

Gerhard Tersteegen, tr. by John Wesley.

345

L. M. 61.

COME, Holy Ghost, all-quickenings fire,
Come, and in me delight to rest;
Drawn by the lure of strong desire,
O come and consecrate my breast:
The temple of my soul prepare,
And fix thy sacred presence there.

2 If now thine influence I feel,
If now in thee begin to live,
Still to my heart thyself reveal;
Give me thyself, forever give:
A point my good, a drop my store,
Eager I ask, I pant for more.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

3 Eager for thee I ask and pant,
So strong the principle divine
Carries me out with sweet constraint,
Till all my hallowed soul is thine:
Plunged in the Godhead's deepest sea,
And lost in thy immensity.

4 My peace, my life, my comfort thou,
My treasure and my all thou art,
True witness of my sonship now
Engraving pardon on my heart:
Seal of my sins in Christ forgiven,
Earnest of love, and pledge of heaven.

Charles Wesley.

346

C. M. D.

O JOYFUL sound of gospel grace.
Christ shall in me appear;
I, even I, shall see his face,
I shall be holy here.
This heart shall be his constant home;
I hear his Spirit's cry;
"Surely," he saith, "I quickly come;"
He saith, who cannot lie.

2 The glorious crown of righteousness
To me reached out, I view;
Conqueror through him, I soon shall seize,
And wear it as my due.
The promised land, from Pisgah's top,
I now exult to see;
My hope is full, O glorious hope!
Of immortality.

3 With me, I know, I feel thou art;
But this cannot suffice,
Unless thou plantest in my heart
A constant paradise.
My earth thou waterest from on high,
But make it all a pool;
Spring up, O Well, I ever cry;
Spring up within my soul.

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION

4 Come, O my God, thyself reveal;
Fill all this mighty void;
Thou only canst my spirit fill;
Come, O my God, my God.
Fulfil, fulfil my large desires,
Large as infinity;
Give, give me all my soul requires,
All, all that is in thee.

Charles Wesley.

347

H. M.

YE RANSOMED sinners, hear,
The prisoners of the Lord,
And wait till Christ appear,
According to his word:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me;
We shall from all our sins be free.

2 Let others hug their chains,
For sin and Satan plead,
And say, from sin's remains
They never can be freed:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me;
We shall from all our sins be free.

3 In God we put our trust;
If we our sins confess,
Faithful is he and just,
From all unrighteousness
To cleanse us all, both you and me;
We shall from all our sins be free.

4 Surely in us the hope
Of glory shall appear;
Sinners, your heads lift up,
And see redemption near:
Again I say, Rejoice with me;
We shall from all our sins be free.

5 Who Jesus' sufferings share,
My fellow-prisoners now,
Ye soon the crown shall wear
On your triumphant brow:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me;
We shall from all our sins be free.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

- 6 The word of God is sure,
And never can remove ;
We shall in heart be pure,
And perfected in love :
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me ;
We shall from all our sins be free.
- 7 Then let us gladly bring
Our sacrifice of praise :
Let us give thanks and sing,
And glory in his grace :
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me ;
We shall from all our sins be free.

Charles Wesley.

348

C. M.

- L ORD, I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known,
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone :
- 2 A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above,
Where fear and sin and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.
- 3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in ;
Now, Savior, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.
- 4 Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove ;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of thy love. Charles Wesley.

349

C. M.

- C OME, O my God, the promise seal,
This mountain, sin, remove ;
Now in my waiting soul reveal
The virtue of thy love.
- 2 I want thy life, thy purity,
Thy righteousness, brought in :
I ask, desire and trust in thee
To be redeemed from sin.

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION

- 3 For this, as taught by thee, I pray,
My inbred sin cast out :
Thou wilt, in me, thy power display ;
I can no longer doubt.
- 4 Let anger, sloth, desire and pride,
This moment be subdued,
Be cast into the crimson tide
Of my Redeemer's blood.
- 5 Savior, to thee my soul looks up,
My present Savior thou !
In all the confidence of hope
I claim the blessing now.
- 6 'Tis done ; thou dost this moment save—
With full salvation bless ;
Redemption through thy blood I have,
And spotless love and peace.
- Charles Wesley.

350

C. M.

- J**ESUS hath died that I might live,
Might live to God alone ;
In him eternal life receive,
And be in spirit one.
- 2 Savior, I thank thee for the grace,
The gift unspeakable ;
And wait with arms of faith to embrace,
And all thy love to feel.
- 3 My soul breaks out in strong desire
The perfect bliss to prove ;
My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolved in love.
- 4 Give me thyself ; from every boast,
From every wish set free ;
Let all I am in thee be lost,
But give thyself to me.
- 5 Thy gifts, alas ! cannot suffice,
Unless thyself be given ;
Thy presence makes my paradise,
And where thou art is heaven.
- Charles Wesley.

351

C. M.

JESUS, the sinner's rest thou art,
From guilt and fear and pain;
While thou art absent from the heart
We look for rest in vain.

2 O when wilt thou my Savior be?
O when shall I be clean?
The true eternal Sabbath see,
A perfect rest from sin?

3 The consolations of thy word
My soul have long upheld;
The faithful promise of the Lord
Shall surely be fulfilled.

4 I look to my incarnate God
Till he his work begin,
And wait till his redeeming blood
Shall cleanse me from all sin.

5 Thy blood shall over all prevail,
And sanctify the unclean;
The grace that saves the soul from hell,
Will save from present sin.

Augustus M. Toplady.

352

8. 7. D.

YE WHO know your sins forgiven,
And are happy in the Lord,
Have you read the precious promise,
Which is left upon record?
I will sprinkle you with water,
I will cleanse you from all sin,
Sanctify and make you holy,
I will dwell and reign within.

2 Though you have much peace and comfort,
Greater things you yet may find,
Freedom from unholy tempers,
Freedom from the carnal mind:
To procure your perfect freedom,
Jesus suffered, groaned and died,
On the cross the healing fountain
Gushéd from his wounded side.

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION

3 Be as holy and as happy,
And as useful here below,
As it is your Father's pleasure—
Jesus, only Jesus know :
Spread, O spread the holy fire,
Tell, O tell what God has done,
Till the nations are conforméd
To the image of his Son.

4 Wake up, brother, wake up, sister,
Seek, O seek this holy state,
None but holy ones can enter
Through the pure, celestial gate :
Can you bear the thought of losing
All the joys that are above?
No, my brother, no, my sister,
God will perfect you in love.

5 May a mighty sound from heaven,
Suddenly come rushing down,
Cloven tongues like as of fire,
May they sit on all around :
O may every soul be filléd
With the Holy Ghost to-day ;
He is coming, he is coming,
O prepare, prepare the way.

Walter H. Talcott(?).

353

O FOR a heart that is whiter than snow !
Kept, ever kept 'neath the life-giving flow ;
Cleansed from all passion, self-seeking and pride,
Washed in the fountain of Calvary's tide.

CHORUS

O for a heart whiter than snow !
Savior divine, to whom else can I go ?
Thou who didst die, loving me so,
Give me a heart that is whiter than snow.

2 O for a heart that is whiter than snow !
Calm in the peace that he loves to bestow ;
Daily refreshed by the heavenly dews,
Ready for service whene'er he shall choose.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

3 O for a heart that is whiter than snow !
With the pure flame of the Spirit aglow ;
Filled with the love that is true and sincere,
Love that is able to banish all fear.

4 O for a heart that is whiter than snow !
Then in his grace and his knowledge to grow ;
Growing like him who my pattern shall be,
Till in his beauty my King I shall see.

Eliza E. Hewitt.

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354

L. M.

O JESUS, full of truth and grace,
O all-atoning Lamb of God,
I wait to see thy glorious face ;
I seek redemption in thy blood.

2 Thou art the anchor of my hope ;
The faithful promise I receive :
Surely thy death shall raise me up,
For thou hast died that I might live.

3 Satan with all his arts, no more
Me from the gospel hope can move ;
I shall receive the gracious power,
And find the pearl of perfect love.

4 Though nature gives my God the lie,
I all his truth and grace shall know ;
I shall, the helpless creature, I
Shall perfect holiness below.

5 My flesh, which cries, "It cannot be,"
Shall silence keep before the Lord ;
And earth and hell and sin shall flee
At Jesus' everlasting word.

Charles Wesley.

355

8.

ALL glory to Jesus be given,
That life and salvation are free ;
And all may be washed and forgiven,
And Jesus can save even me.

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION

CHORUS

Yes, Jesus is mighty to save,
And all his salvation may know;
On his bosom I lean,
And his blood makes me clean,
For his blood can wash whiter than snow.

2 From darkness and sin and despair,
Out into the light of his love,
He has brought me and made me an heir
To kingdoms and mansions above.

3 The rapturous heights of his love,
The measureless depths of his grace,
My soul all his fulness would prove,
And live in his loving embrace.

4 In him all my wants are supplied;
His love makes my heaven below,
And freely his blood is applied,
His blood that makes whiter than snow.
Annie Wittenmyer.

356

8. 7

O THIS uttermost salvation,
'Tis a fountain full and free,
Pure, exhaustless, ever-flowing,
Wondrous grace! it reaches me.

REFRAIN

It reaches me, it reaches me;
Wondrous grace! it reaches me;
Pure, exhaustless, ever-flowing,
Wondrous grace! it reaches me.

2 How amazing, God's compassion,
That so vile a worm should prove
This stupendous bliss of heaven,
This unmeasured wealth of love.

3 Jesus, Savior, I adore thee!
How thy love I will proclaim;
I will tell the blessed story,
I will magnify thy name.

Mary D. James.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

357

L. M.

JESUS, in whom the Godhead's rays
Beam forth with mildest majesty ;
I see thee full of truth and grace,
And come for all I want to thee.

2 Save me from pride, the plague expel ;
Jesus, thine humble self impart :
O let thy mind within me dwell ;
O give me lowliness of heart.

3 Enter thyself and cast out sin ;
Thy spotless purity bestow :
Touch me, and make the leper clean ;
Wash me, and I am white as snow.

4 Sprinkle me, Savior, with thy blood,
And all thy gentleness is mine ;
And plunge me in the purple flood,
Till all I am is lost in thine.

Charles Wesley.

358

L. M.

O THOU, who hast at thy command
The hearts of all men in thy hand,
Our wayward, erring hearts incline
To have no other will but thine.

2 Our wishes, our desires, control ;
Mold every purpose of the soul ;
O'er all may we victorious prove
That stands between us and thy love.

3 Thrice blest will all our blessings be,
When we can look through them to thee ;
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love and gratitude and praise.

4 And while we to thy glory live,
May we to thee all glory give,
Until the final summons come,
That calls thy willing servants home.

Mrs. M. J. Cotterill.

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION

359

L. M.

COME, Savior, Jesus, from above,
Assist me with thy heavenly grace;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.

2 O let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free!
Which pants to have no other will,
But night and day to feast on thee.

3 While in this region here below,
No other good will I pursue:
I'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glittering snares, adieu.

4 That path with humble speed I'll seek,
In which my Savior's footsteps shine;
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,
Of any other love but thine.

5 Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul;
Possess it, thou who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

6 Nothing on earth do I desire,
But thy pure love within my breast:
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.

Antoinette Bourignon, tr. by John Wesley.

360

L. M. 6 l.

HUMBLE and teachable and mild,
O may I, as a little child,
My lowly Master's steps pursue!
Be anger to my soul unknown;
Hate, envy, jealousy, be gone;
In love create thou all things new.

2 Let earth no more my heart divide;
With Christ may I be crucified;
To thee with my whole heart aspire:
Dead to the world and all its toys,
Its idle pomp, and fading joys,
Be thou alone my one desire.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

3 My will be swallowed up in thee ;
Light in thy light still may I see,
Beholding thee with open face,
Called the full power of faith to prove,
Let all my hallowed heart be love,
And all my spotless life be praise.

4 Come, Holy Ghost, all-quickenings fire,
My consecrated heart inspire,
Sprinkled with the atoning blood :
Still to my soul thyself reveal ;
Thy mighty working may I feel,
And know that I am one with God.

Charles Wesley.

361

L. M.

GOD of all power and truth and grace,
Which shall from age to age endure,
Whose word, when heaven and earth shall pass,
Remains and stands forever sure ;

2 That I thy mercy may proclaim,
That all mankind thy truth may see,
Hallow thy great and glorious name,
And perfect holiness in me.

3 Give me a new, a perfect heart,
From doubt and fear and sorrow free ;
The mind which was in Christ impart,
And let my spirit cleave to thee.

4 O that I now, from sin released,
Thy word may to the utmost prove ;
Enter into the promised rest,
The Canaan of thy perfect love !

Charles Wesley.

362

L. M. 6 l.

ALL things are possible to him
That can in Jesus' name believe :
Lord, I no more thy truth blaspheme ;
Thy truth I lovingly receive ;
I can, I do believe in thee,
All things are possible to me.

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION

2 When thou the work of faith hast wrought,
I here shall in thine image shine,
Nor sin in deed, or word, or thought:

Let men exclaim, and fiends repine,
They cannot break the firm decree,
All things are possible to me.

3 Thy mouth, O Lord, hath spoke, hath sworn,
That I shall serve thee without fear,
Shall find the pearl which others spurn,

Holy and pure and perfect here:
The servant as his Lord shall be;
All things are possible to me.

4 All things are possible to God,
To Christ, the power of God in man,
To me, when I am all renewed,

When I in Christ am formed again,
And witness, from all sin set free,
All things are possible to me.

Charles Wesley.

363

L. M.

HOLY and true and righteous Lord,
I wait to prove thy perfect will:
Be mindful of thy gracious word,
And stamp me with thy Spirit's seal.

2 Open my faith's interior eye;
Display thy glory from above,
And all I am shall sink and die,
Lost in astonishment and love.

3 Confound, o'erpower me by thy grace;
I would be by myself abhorred;
All might, all majesty, all praise,
All glory be to Christ my Lord.

4 Now let me gain perfection's height;
Now let me into nothing fall,
As less than nothing in thy sight,
And feel that Christ is all in all.

Charles Wesley.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

364

L. M.

O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee;
O burst these bonds, and set it free.

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

4 Savior, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee;
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

5 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil and grief and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm and joy and peace.

Gerhard Tersteegen, tr. by John Wesley.

365

L. M.

THY loving Spirit, Lord, alone,
Can lead me forth, and make me free,
The bondage break in which I groan,
And set my heart at liberty.

2 Now let thy Spirit bring me in,
And give thy servant to possess
The land of rest from inbred sin,
The land of perfect holiness.

3 Lord, I believe thy power the same,
The same thy truth and grace endure;
And in thy blessed hands I am,
And trust thee for a perfect cure.

4 Come, Savior, come, and make me whole,
Entirely all my sins remove;
To perfect health restore my soul,
To perfect holiness and love.

Charles Wesley.

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION

366

L. M.

I THIRST, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee;
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side,
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live!

4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quickening Spirit breathe?
Thou givest the power thy grace to move:
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

5 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown?

6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

Nicolaus L. Zinzendorf, tr. by John Wesley.

367

9.

FROM the cross there flows a hallowed stream,
Full of power, sinners to redeem;
Let the world the blessed tidings know,
That this stream can wash as white as snow.

CHORUS

Oh, this stream of crimson flood!
Oh, this hallowed saving blood!
Let the world the blessed tidings know,
That Jesus' blood can wash as white as snow.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

2 Millions there have washed away their sin;
Millions more may freely enter in;
To this fountain let the sin-sick go,
And its stream will wash as white as snow.

3 Peace and pardon, life and love it brings,
Till the soul in holy rapture sings
In the strains that swift and praiseful flow,
"Jesus' blood can wash as white as snow."

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Elisha A. Hoffman.

368

P. M.

NONE is like Jeshurun's God,
So great, so strong, so high;
Lo! he spreads his wings abroad,
He rides upon the sky:
Israel is his first-born son;
God, the Almighty God, is thine;
See him to thy help come down,
The excellence divine.

2 Thee the great Jehovah deigns
To succor and defend;
Thee the eternal God sustains,
Thy Maker and thy Friend:
Israel, what hast thou to dread?
Safe from all impending harms,
Round thee and beneath are spread
The everlasting arms.

3 God is thine; disdain to fear
The enemy within;
God shall in thy flesh appear,
And make an end of sin;
God the man of sin shall slay,
Fill thee with triumphant joy;
God shall thrust him out, and say,
"Destroy them all, destroy!"

4 All the struggle then is o'er,
And wars and fightings cease;
Israel then shall sin no more,
But dwell in perfect peace:
All his enemies are gone;
Sin shall have in him no part;
Israel now shall dwell alone,
With Jesus in his heart.

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION

- 5 In a land of corn and wine
His lot shall be below ;
Comforts there, and blessings join,
And milk and honey flow :
Jacob's well is in his soul,
Gracious dews his heavens distil,
Fill his soul, already full,
And shall forever fill.
- 6 Blest, O Israel, art thou !
What people is like thee ?
Saved from sin by Jesus now
Thou art and still shalt be :
Jesus is thy seven-fold shield ;
Jesus is thy flaming sword,
Earth and hell and sin shall yield
To God's almighty word. Charles Wesley.

369

S. M.

- HAD I the gift of tongues,
Great God, without thy grace,
My loudest words, my loftiest songs,
Would be but sounding brass.
- 2 Though thou shouldst give me skill
Each mystery to explain,
Without a heart to do thy will,
My knowledge would be vain.
- 3 Had I such faith in God,
As mountains to remove,
No faith could work effectual good,
That did not work by love.
- 4 Grant, then, this one request,
Whatever be denied,
That love divine may rule my breast,
And all my actions guide. Samuel Stennett.

370

S. M.

- THE thing my God doth hate,
That I no more may do,
Thy creature, Lord, again create,
And all my soul renew.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

- 2 My soul shall then, like thine,
Abhor the thing unclean,
And, sanctified by love divine,
Forever cease from sin.
- 3 That blessed law of thine,
Jesus, to me impart;
The Spirit's law of life divine,
O write it on my heart!
- 4 Implant it deep within,
Whence it may ne'er remove,
The law of liberty from sin,
The perfect law of love.
- 5 Thy nature be my law,
Thy spotless sanctity;
And sweetly every moment draw
My happy soul to thee.
- 6 Soul of my soul, remain!
Who didst for all fulfil,
In me, O Lord, fulfil again
Thy heavenly Father's will.

Charles Wesley.

371

S. M.

O COME, and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within!
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear and sin.

2 The seed of sin's disease,
Spirit of health, remove,
Spirit of finished holiness,
Spirit of perfect love.

3 Hasten the joyful day
Which shall my sins consume,
When old things shall be done away,
And all things new become.

4 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right,
According to thy will and word,
Well pleasing in thy sight.

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION

5 I ask no higher state ;
Indulge me but in this,
And soon or later then translate
To my eternal bliss.

Charles Wesley.

372

C. M.

JESUS, my life, thyself apply ;
Thy Holy Spirit breathe ;
My vile affections crucify ;
Conform me to thy death.

2 Conqueror of hell and earth and sin,
Still with the rebel strive ;
Enter my soul and work within,
And kill and make alive.

3 More of thy life, and more I have,
As the old Adam dies ;
Bury me, Savior, in thy grave,
That I with thee may rise.

4 Reign in me, Lord ; thy foes control,
Who would not own thy sway ;
Diffuse thine image through my soul ;
Shine to the perfect day.

5 Scatter the last remains of sin,
And seal me thine abode ;
O make me glorious all within,
A temple built by God !

Charles Wesley.

373

7.

LORD of mercy, God of might,
Dwelling in effulgence bright,
Shed thy gracious beams on me,
In thy freedom make me free.

2 Lord of life and light and power,
Guide me, guard me, every hour ;
Gird me for life's toilsome way,
Turn its darkness into day.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

3 Lord of grace and truth and love,
Fit me here for worlds above;
Let me lose my will in thine,
In thine image let me shine.

4 Lord of earth and heaven above,
Fill me now with perfect love;
Sanctify by power divine,
And from dross my heart refine.

5 Lord of angels and of men,
Coming soon to earth again,
For that day my soul prepare,
In that glory let me share.

Wilson T. Hogue.

374

L. M. 61.

COME, O thou universal Good,
Balm of the wounded conscience, come!
The hungry, dying spirit's food,
The weary, wandering pilgrim's home;
Haven to take the shipwrecked in;
My everlasting rest from sin.

2 Come, O my comfort and delight,
My strength and health, my shield and sun,
My boast and confidence and might,
My joy, my glory and my crown,
My gospel hope, my calling's prize,
My tree of life, my paradise.

3 The secret of the Lord thou art,
The mystery so long unknown,
Christ in a pure and perfect heart,
The name inscribed on the white stone,
The life divine, the little leaven,
My precious pearl, my present heaven.

Charles Wesley.

375

7. D.

JESUS, plant and root in me
All the mind that was in thee;
Settled peace I then shall find;
Jesus' is a quiet mind.

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION

Anger I no more shall feel,
Always even, always still;
Meekly on my God reclined;
Jesus' is a gentle mind.

2 I shall suffer and fulfil
All my Father's gracious will;
Be in all alike resigned;
Jesus' is a patient mind.
When 'tis deeply rooted here,
Perfect love shall cast out fear;
Fear doth servile spirits bind;
Jesus' is a noble mind.

3 I shall nothing know beside
Jesus, and him crucified;
Perfectly to him be joined;
Jesus' is a loving mind.
I shall triumph evermore;
Gratefully my God adore;
God so good, so true, so kind;
Jesus' is a thankful mind.

4 Lowly, loving, meek and pure,
I shall to the end endure;
Be no more to sin inclined;
Jesus' is a constant mind.
I shall fully be restored
To the image of my Lord,
Witnessing to all mankind,
Jesus' is a perfect mind.

Charles Wesley.

376

8. 8. 6.

O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?

I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see,
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, the height.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

3 God only knows the love of God ;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart :
For love I sigh, for love I pine ;
This only portion, Lord, be mine ;
Be mine this better part.

4 O that I could forever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet !
Be this my happy choice ;
My only care, delight and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

5 O that I could, with favored John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast :
From care and sin and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest.

Charles Wesley.

377

7.

SAVIOR of the sin-sick soul,
Give me faith to make me whole ;
Finish thy great work of grace ;
Cut it short in righteousness.

2 Speak the second time, "Be clean !"
Take away my inbred sin ;
Every stumbling-block remove ;
Cast it out by perfect love.

3 Nothing less will I require ;
Nothing more can I desire :
None but Christ to me be given ;
None but Christ in earth or heaven.

4 O that I might now decrease !
O that all I am might cease !
Let me into nothing fall ;
Let my Lord be all in all !

Charles Wesley.

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION

378

8. 8. 6.

O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love !
It lifts me up to things above ;
It bears on eagles' wings ;
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain-top
See all the land below :
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise
In endless plenty grow.

3 A land of corn and wine and oil,
Favored with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest ;
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

4 O that I might at once go up ;
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess ;
This moment end my legal years,
Sorrows and sins and doubts and fears,
A howling wilderness !

5 Now, O my Joshua, bring me in !
Cast out thy foes ; the inbred sin,
The carnal mind remove ;
The purchase of thy death divide,
And, oh, with all the sanctified
Give me a lot of love !

Charles Wesley.

379

C. M.

I WOULD be thine ; O take my heart,
And fill it with thy love ;
Thy sacred image, Lord, impart,
And seal it from above.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

- 2 I would be thine ; but while I strive
To give myself away,
I feel rebellion still alive,
And wander while I pray.
- 3 I would be thine ; but, Lord, I feel
Evil still lurks within :
Do thou thy majesty reveal,
And overcome my sin.
- 4 I would be thine ; I would embrace
The Savior, and adore ;
Inspire with faith, infuse thy grace,
And now my soul restore.

Andrew Reed.

380

7.

JESUS comes with all his grace,
Comes to save a fallen race ;
Object of our glorious hope,
Jesus comes to lift us up.

2 Let the living stones cry out ;
Let the sons of Abraham shout ;
Praise we all our lowly King ;
Give him thanks, rejoice and sing.

3 We are now his lawful right ;
Walk as children of the light ;
We shall soon obtain the grace,
Pure in heart to see his face.

4 We shall gain our calling's prize ;
After God we all shall rise,
Filled with joy and love and peace,
Perfected in holiness.

5 Let us then rejoice in hope ;
Steadily to Christ look up ;
Trust to be redeemed from sin ;
Wait till he appear within.

6 Hasten, Lord, the perfect day ;
Let thy every servant say,
I have now obtained the power,
Born of God to sin no more.

Charles Wesley.

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION

381

C. M.

- I** KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me;
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.
- 2 I find him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.
- 3 He wills that I should holy be;
What can withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfil.
- 4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.
- 5 When God is mine, and I am his,
Of paradise possessed,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.

Charles Wesley.

382

C. M.

- O** SUN of Righteousness, arise
With healing in thy wing;
To my diseased, my fainting soul,
Life and salvation bring.
- 2 These clouds of pride and sin dispel
By thy all-piercing beam;
Lighten mine eyes with faith; my heart
With holy hope inflame.
- 3 My mind, by thy all-quicken power,
From low desires set free;
Unite my scattered thoughts, and fix
My love entire on thee.
- 4 Father, thy long-lost son receive;
Savior, thy purchase own;
Blest Comforter, with peace and joy
Thy new-made creature crown.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

5 Eternal, undivided Lord,
Coequal One in Three,
On thee all faith, all hope be placed ;
All love be paid to thee.

John Wesley(?).

383

S. 7. D.

LOVE divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling ;
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art ;
Visit us with thy salvation ;
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast :
Let us all in thee inherit ;
Let us find that second rest.
Take away our bent to sinning ;
Alpha and Omega be ;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive ;
Suddenly return, and never,
Nevermore thy temples leave :
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finish then thy new creation ;
Pure and spotless let us be ;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee :
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

Charles Wesley.

384

8. 7. D.

I AM dwelling on the mountain,
 Where the golden sunlight gleams
 O'er a land whose wondrous beauty
 Far exceeds my fondest dreams;
 Where the air is pure, ethereal,
 Laden with the breath of flowers,
 That are blooming by the fountain,
 'Neath the amaranthine bowers.

CHORUS

Is not this the land of Beulah,
 Blessed, blessed land of light,
 Where the flowers bloom forever,
 And the sun is always bright?

2 I can see far down the mountain,
 Where I wandered weary years,
 Often hindered in my journey
 By the ghosts of doubts and fears;
 Broken vows and disappointments
 Thickly sprinkled all the way,
 But the Spirit led, unerring,
 To the land I hold to-day.

3 I am drinking at the fountain,
 Where I ever would abide;
 For I've tasted life's pure river,
 And my soul is satisfied;
 There's no thirsting for life's pleasures,
 Nor adorning rich and gay,
 For I've found a richer treasure,
 One that fadeth not away.

4 Tell me not of heavy crosses,
 Nor of burdens hard to bear,
 For I've found this great salvation
 Makes each burden light appear;
 And I love to follow Jesus,
 Gladly counting all but dross,
 Worldly honors all forsaking
 For the glory of the cross.

5 O the cross has wondrous glory!
 Oft I've proved this to be true;

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

When I'm in the way so narrow,
I can see a pathway through;
And how sweetly Jesus whispers:
Take the cross, thou needst not fear,
For I've trod this way before thee,
And the glory lingers near.

Harriet W. ReQua.

385

L. M.

THOUGH eighteen hundred years are past
Since Christ did in the flesh appear,
His tender mercies ever last,
And still his healing power is here.

2 Would he the body's health restore,
And not regard the sin-sick soul?
The sin-sick soul he loves much more,
And surely he will make it whole.

3 All my disease, my every sin,
To thee, O Jesus, I confess:
In pardon, Lord, my cure begin,
And perfect it in holiness.

4 That token of thine utmost good,
Now, Savior, now, on me bestow;
And purge my conscience with thy blood,
And wash my nature white as snow.

Charles Wesley.

386

7.

WHEN, my Savior, shall I be
Perfectly resigned to thee?
Poor and vile in my own eyes,
Only in thy wisdom wise?

2 Only thee content to know,
Ignorant of all below?
Only guided by thy light?
Only mighty in thy might?

3 So I may thy Spirit know,
Let him as he listeth blow;
Let the manner be unknown,
So I may with thee be one.

ACTIVITY AND ZEAL

4 Fully in my life express
All the heights of holiness ;
Sweetly let my spirit prove,
All the depths of humble love.

Charles Wesley.

387

Activity and Zeal

TRUE-HEARTED, whole-hearted, faithful and loyal,
King of our lives, by thy grace we will be ;
Under the standard exalted and royal,
Strong in thy strength we will battle for thee.

CHORUS

Peal out the watchword ! silence it never !
Song of our spirits, rejoicing and free ;
Peal out the watchword ! loyal forever !
King of our lives, by thy grace we will be.

2 True-hearted, whole-hearted, fullest allegiance
Yielding henceforth to our glorious King ;
Valiant endeavor and loving obedience,
Freely and joyously now would we bring.

3 True-hearted, whole-hearted, Savior all-glorious !
Take thy great power and reign there alone,
Over our wills and affections victorious,
Freely surrendered and wholly thine own.

Frances R. Havergal.

388

H. M.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound !
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come !
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made ;
Ye weary spirits, rest ;
Ye mournful souls, be glad :
The year of jubilee is come !
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption through his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Receive it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Savior's face:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Charles Wesley.

389

S. M.

LABORERS of Christ, arise,
And gird you for the toil!
The dew of promise from the skies
Already cheers the soil.

2 Go where the sick recline,
Where mourning hearts deplore,
And where the sons of sorrow pine,
Dispense your hallowed store.

3 Be faith, which looks above,
With prayer, your constant guest,
And wrap the Savior's changeless love
A mantle round your breast.

ACTIVITY AND ZEAL

4 So shall you share the wealth
That earth may ne'er despoil,
And the blest gospel's saving health
Repay your arduous toil.

Lydia H. Sigourney.

390

7. 6. 7. 5.

WORK, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours ;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers :
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun ;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work in the sunny noon ;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store ;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies ;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more ;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

4 Work, for the night is coming—
Soon must thy work be done,
Or 'twill be left unfinished,
All thou hast begun.
Work ere thy strength shall fail thee,
And thou canst work no more ;
Work, for life's day is ending,
And will soon be o'er.

Annie L. Walker.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

391

C. M.

WORKMAN of God, O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And on the darkest battle-field

Thou shalt know where to strike.

2 Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell

That God is on the field, when he
Is most invisible.

3 Blest, too, is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

4 Then learn to scorn the praise of men,
And learn to lose with God;

For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee his road.

Frederick W. Faber.

392

C. M.

O IT is hard to work for God,
To rise and take his part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart.

2 He hides himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad;

3 Or he deserts us in the hour
The fight is all but lost;
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need him most.

4 It is not so, but so it looks;
And we lose courage then;
And doubts will come if God hath kept
His promises to men.

5 But right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;

To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin. Frederick W. Faber.

ACTIVITY AND ZEAL

393

C. M.

A WAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on ;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis he whose hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey ;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

4 Blest Savior ! introduced by thee,
Our race have we begun ;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
We'll lay our trophies down.

Philip Doddridge.

394

C. M. D.

BEHOLD ! I come with joy to do
The Master's blessed will ;
My Lord in outward works pursue,
And serve his pleasure still.
Thus faithful to my Lord's commands,
I choose the better part,
And serve with careful Martha's hands,
But loving Mary's heart.

2 Though careful, without care I am,
Nor feel my happy toil ;
Preserved in peace by Jesus' name,
Supported by his smile :
Rejoicing thus my faith to show,
His service my reward ;
While every work I do below,
I do it to the Lord.

3 O that the world the art might know
Of living thus to thee ;
And find their heaven begun below,
And here thy glory see ;

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

Walking in all the works prepared
To exercise their grace,
They gain at last their full reward,
And see thy glorious face.

Charles Wesley.

395

L. M.

LORD, speak to me that I may speak
In living echoes of thy tone ;
As thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children, lost and lone.

2 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wayward feet ;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

3 O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the rock and strong in thee,
I may reach out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

4 O fill me with thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word
Thy love to tell, thy praise to show.

5 O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as thou wilt, and when and where ;
Until thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, thy joy, thy glory share.

Frances R. Havergal.

396

L. M.

GO FORWARD, is the great command ;
The threatening dangers all will yield
To them with earnest heart and hand,
Who mean to die or win the field.

CHORUS

It is the Captain's great command,
Go forward, and the land possess ;
Lo, I will be at thy right hand,
To aid, defend, to guide and bless.

ACTIVITY AND ZEAL

- 2 The clouds may darken and obscure
The path that leads to victory;
Yet from that path, if naught allure,
Thou shalt emerge triumphantly.
- 3 Go forward, e'en though mountains rise,
And interpose their forms sublime;
Scale thou their summits, and thine eyes
Shall see from thence that brighter clime.
- 4 If ocean's wild, tempestuous gales
Dash angry waves against thy bark,
With steady helm and well-trimmed sails,
Go forward still straight to the mark.
- 5 Though prospects all be blasted quite,
Though friends desert, and hopes decay,
Beyond the darkest cloud there's light;
Go forward, and behold the day.
- William H. Clark.

397

L. M. 61.

- F** AITH of our fathers! living still
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword:
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word:
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!
- 2 Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free:
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, could die for thee!
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!
- 3 Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife;
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life:
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

Frederick W. Faber.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

398

8. 7. D.

JESUS calls me ; I am going
Where he opens up my way,
To the toiling of his vineyard,
Shrinking not a single day.
Friends may shun me, toil await me,
Care and sorrow be my lot ;
But I've chosen Christ my Savior,
I am going, call me not.

2 Jesus calls me ; I am going
To the life prepared for me ;
This poor world can't fill the aching
Of my heart, or set it free.
O what anxious, bitter sorrow,
Does the world give with its strife ;
But with Jesus—O what glory !
Ending in eternal life.

3 Jesus calls me ; I am going
To the washing of his blood,
Healing now and purifying
All who test the crimson flood.
Flesh may cry, Not now—to-morrow ;
Idols rise with wonted power ;
Jesus, help me, come and help me !
Jesus, take me hour by hour.

4 Jesus calls me ; I am going ;
Friends and neighbors, come with me ;
Hasten now and gain salvation,
For the fountain's full and free ;
Test the grace that Christ now offers,
Know the worth of this new life :
Rise to all the bliss immortal,
Far beyond this world of strife.

Louis Hartsough.

399

8. 7. D.

LET me stay ; I fain would labor
In the vineyard of the Lord ;
For the fields are ready, whitening,
Jesus says so in his word.

ACTIVITY AND ZEAL

Let me thrust the Spirit's sickle,
In the fields already white;
Let me blow the gospel trumpet;
Let me do with all my might.

2 Let me stay and wear the armor
That my Father doth supply;
Let me cheer the broken-hearted,
Help the pilgrim on his way;
Let me point the poor and needy
To a boundless store of grace,
To a mansion in the heavens,
Where the weary are at rest.

3 Let me stay and warn poor sinners
Of the danger they are in,
While by Christ they're unprotected,
Foes without and fears within.
Let me tell how Jesus loved them
When he died upon the tree,
When he cried in grief and anguish,
"Why hast thou forsaken me?"

4 Let me stay a little longer,
Gathering for the garner great,
Golden sheaves, oh, precious jewels,
Stars in Jesus' crown complete.
Let me finish all my labor;
Then my armor I'll lay down,
And with Jesus Christ, my Savior,
Ever wear a starry crown.

5 Then I'll range the fields of heaven,
And with angels ever sing,
Hallelujah! glory! glory!
Hallelujah to my King!
Then with white-robed seraphs worship
'Round the Father's great white throne,
Always crying, Thou art worthy!
O my God, and thou alone! Morse V. Clute.

400

8. 7.

NOW, the sowing and the weeping,
Working hard and waiting long;
Afterward, the golden reaping,
Harvest-home and grateful song.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

2 Now, the long and toilsome duty,
Stone by stone to carve and bring;
Afterward, the perfect beauty
Of the palace of the King.

3 Now, the spirit conflict-riven,
Wounded heart, and painful strife;
Afterward, the triumph given,
And the victor's crown of life.

4 Now, the training, hard and lowly,
Weary feet and aching brow;
Afterward, the service holy,
And the Master's, "Enter thou!"

Frances R. Havergal.

401

L. M.

HELP us, O Lord, thy yoke to wear,
H Delighting in thy perfect will;
Each other's burdens learn to bear,
And thus thy law of love fulfil.

2 He that hath pity on the poor,
Lendeth his substance to the Lord;
And, lo! his recompense is sure,
For more than all shall be restored.

3 Teach us, with glad, ungrudging heart,
As thou hast blest our various store,
From our abundance to impart
A liberal portion to the poor.

4 To thee our all devoted be,
In whom we breathe and move and live;
Freely we have received from thee;
Freely may we rejoice to give.

5 And while we thus obey thy word,
And every call of want relieve,
O may we find it, gracious Lord,
More blest to give than to receive.

Thomas Cotterill.

CONFLICT AND VICTORY

Conflict and Victory

402

C. M.

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die:
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine,
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

Isaac Watts.

403

S. M.

ARISE, ye saints, arise!
The Lord our leader is;
The foe before his banner flies,
And victory is his.

2 We follow thee, our guide,
Our Savior, and our King;
We follow thee, through grace supplied
From heaven's eternal spring.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

- 3 We soon shall see the day
When all our toils shall cease,
When we shall cast our arms away
And dwell in endless peace.
- 4 This hope supports us here ;
It makes our burdens light ;
'Twill serve our drooping hearts to cheer,
Till faith shall end in sight :
- 5 Till, of the prize possessed,
We hear of war no more ;
And ever with our Leader rest,
On yonder peaceful shore.

Thomas Kelly.

404

L. M.

- A**RM me with thy whole armor, Lord ;
Support my weakness with thy might ;
Gird on my thigh thy conquering sword,
And shield me in the threatening fight :
- 2 From faith to faith, from grace to grace,
So in thy strength shall I go on ;
Till heaven and earth flee from thy face,
And glory end what grace begun.

John Wesley.

405

L. M.

- O** KING of glory, thy rich grace
Our feeble thought surpasses far ;
Yea, e'en our crimes, though numberless,
Less numerous than thy mercies are.
- 2 Still, Lord, thy saving health display,
And arm our souls with heavenly zeal ;
So, fearless, shall we urge our way
Through all the powers of earth and hell.

John Wesley.

406

S. M.

- E**QUIP me for the war,
And teach my hands to fight ;
My simple, upright heart prepare,
And guide my words aright.

CONFLICT AND VICTORY

2 Control my every thought;
My whole of sin remove;
Let all my works in thee be wrought;
Let all be wrought in love.

3 O arm me with the mind,
Meek Lamb, that was in thee;
And let my knowing zeal be joined
With perfect charity.

4 With calm and tempered zeal
Let me enforce thy call,
And vindicate thy gracious will,
Which offers life to all.

5 O may I love like thee,
In all thy footsteps tread;
Thou hatest all iniquity,
But nothing thou hast made.

6 O may I learn the art,
With meekness to reprove;
To hate the sin with all my heart,
But still the sinner love.

Charles Wesley.

407

S. M.

URGE on your rapid course,
Ye blood-besprinkled bands;
The heavenly kingdom suffers force;
'Tis seized by violent hands:

2 See there the starry crown
That glitters through the skies;
Satan, the world, and sin, tread down
And take the glorious prize.

3 Through much distress and pain,
Through many a conflict here,
Through blood, ye must the entrance gain,
Yet, oh, disdain to fear:

4 "Courage," your Captain cries,
Who all your toil foreknew,
"Toil ye shall have, yet all despise;
I have o'ercome for you."

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

5 The world cannot withstand
Its ancient Conqueror;
The world must sink beneath the Hand
Which arms us for the war.

6 This is the victory—
Before our faith they fall;
Jesus hath died for you and me;
Believe, and conquer all.

Charles Wesley.

408

S. M.

MY SOUL, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch and fight and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Then persevere till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

George Heath.

409

9. 7. 8. 7.

CONQUERING now and still to conquer,
Rideth a King in his might,
Leading the host of all the faithful
Into the midst of the fight;
See them with courage advancing,
Clad in their brilliant array,
Shouting the name of their Leader,
Hear them exultingly say:

CONFLICT AND VICTORY

CHORUS

Not to the strong is the battle,
Not to the swift is the race,
Yet to the true and the faithful
Victory is promised through grace.

2 Conquering now and still to conquer,
Who is this wonderful King?
Whence are the armies which he leadeth,
While of his glory they sing?
He is our Lord and Redeemer,
Savior and Monarch divine,
They are the stars that forever
Bright in his kingdom will shine.

3 Conquering now and still to conquer,
Jesus, thou Ruler of all,
Thrones and their scepters all shall perish,
Crowns and their splendor shall fall,
Yet shall the armies thou ledest,
Faithful and true to the last,
Find in thy mansions eternal,
Rest when their warfare is past.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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410

6. 5. D.

ONWARD, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle
See his banners go!

REFRAIN

Onward, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise ;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise !

3 Like a mighty army
Moves the church of God ;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod ;
We are not divided,
All one body we ;
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the church of Jesus
Constant will remain ;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that church prevail ;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that can not fail.

5 Onward, then, ye people !
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song ;
Glory, laud and honor
Unto Christ, the King,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

S. Baring-Gould.

411

H. M.

MARCH on, O soul, with strength !
Like those strong men of old
Who 'gainst enthronéd wrong
Stood confident and bold ;
Who, thrust in prison or cast to flame,
Still made their glory in the Name.

2 The sons of fathers we
By whom our faith is taught
To fear no ill, to fight
The holy fight they fought :
Heroic warriors ! ne'er from Christ
By any lure or guile enticed.

CONFLICT AND VICTORY

3 March on, O soul, with strength,
As strong the battle rolls!
'Gainst lies and lusts and wrongs,
Let courage rule our souls:
In keenest strife, Lord, may we stand,
Upheld and strengthened by thy hand.

4 Not long the conflict: soon
The holy war shall cease,
Faith's warfare ended—won
The home of endless peace!
Look up! the victor's crown at length:
March on, O soul, march on, with strength!
George T. Coster.

412

L. M.

BEHOLD the Christian warrior stand
In all the armor of his God;
The Spirit's sword is in his hand,
His feet are with the gospel shod;
2 In panoply of truth complete,
Salvation's helmet on his head,
With righteousness a breast-plate meet,
And faith's broad shield before him spread;
3 Undaunted to the field he goes;
Yet vain were skill and valor there.
Unless, to foil his legion foes,
He takes the trustiest weapon, prayer.
4 Thus, strong in his Redeemer's strength,
Sin, death and hell he tramples down;
Fights the good fight, and wins at length,
Through mercy, an immortal crown.

James Montgomery.

413

L. M. 61.

SURROUNDED by a host of foes,
Stormed by a host of foes within,
Nor swift to flee, nor strong to oppose,
Single against hell, earth and sin:
Single, yet undismayed, I am;
I dare believe in Jesus' name.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

2 What though a thousand hosts engage
A thousand worlds, my soul to shake;
I have a shield shall quell their rage,
And drive the alien armies back:
Portrayed, it bears a bleeding Lamb;
I dare believe in Jesus' name.

3 Me to retrieve from Satan's hands,
Me from this evil world to free,
To purge my sins, and loose my bands,
And save from all iniquity,
My Lord and God from heaven he came!
I dare believe in Jesus' name.

4 Salvation in his name there is;
Salvation from sin, death and hell!
Salvation into glorious bliss;
How great salvation, who can tell?
But all he hath for mine I claim;
I dare believe in Jesus' name.

Charles Wesley.

414

C. M. D.

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in his train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in his train.

2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on him to save:
Like him, with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?

3 A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame:

CONFLICT AND VICTORY

They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Savior's throne rejoice,
In robes of white arrayed:
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil and pain;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train! Reginald Heber.

415

7. 6. D.

STAND UP! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high the royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet-call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this his glorious day.
Ye that are men, now serve him
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone,
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

George Duffield.

416

S. M. D.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son:
Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

2 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

3 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole:
Indissolubly joined,
To battle all proceed;
But arm yourselves with all the mind
That was in Christ, your Head.

Charles Wesley.

417

S. M. D.

SOLDIERS of Christ, lay hold
On faith's victorious shield:
Armed with that adamant and gold,
Be sure to win the field:
If faith surround your heart,
Satan shall be subdued;
Repelled his every fiery dart,
And quenched with Jesus' blood.

CONFLICT AND VICTORY

2 Jesus hath died for you ;
What can his love withstand ?
Believe, hold fast your shield, and who
Shall pluck you from his hand ?
Believe that Jesus reigns ;
All power to him is given :
Believe, till freed from sin's remains ;
Believe yourselves to heaven.

Charles Wesley.

418

S. M. D.

HARK, how the watchmen cry !
Attend the trumpet's sound ;
Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh,
The powers of hell surround.
Who bow to Christ's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare ;
The day of battle is at hand,
Go forth to glorious war.

2 See on the mountain top
The standard of your God ;
In Jesus' name 'tis lifted up,
All stained with hallowed blood.
His standard-bearers, now
To all the nations call :
To Jesus' cross, ye nations, bow ;
He bore the cross for all.

3 Go up with Christ, your Head ;
Your Captain's footsteps see ;
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory.
All power to him is given ;
He ever reigns the same :
Salvation, happiness and heaven,
Are all in Jesus' name.

Charles Wesley.

419

S. M. D.

ANGELS our march oppose,
Who still in strength excel,
Our secret, sworn, eternal foes,
Countless, invisible ;

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

From thrones of glory driven,
By flaming vengeance hurled,
They throng the air, and darken heaven,
And rule this lower world.

2 But shall believers fear?
But shall believers fly?
Or see the bloody cross appear,
And all their powers defy?
By all hell's host withstood,
We all hell's host o'erthrow;
And, conquering them through Jesus' blood,
We on to conquer go.

Charles Wesley.

420

S. M.

I STORM the gate of strife,
I force my passage through;
And, all intent on endless life,
The narrow way pursue.

CHORUS

I take the narrow way;
I take the narrow way:
With the resolute few who dare go through,
I take the narrow way.

2 I leave the world behind,
After my Lord to go,
Renouncing with a steadfast mind,
Its pride and pomp and show.

3 My Father is a God,
My heritage a throne;
And shall I herd with Fashion's brood,
Or put her baubles on?

4 The tinselry of earth,
The trappings of its pride,
Unworthy of my heavenly birth,
I spurn them all aside.

5 No cumbrous garb I wear,
My progress to impede;
My pilgrim robe, divinely fair,
Is fashioned all for speed.

TRUST AND CONFIDENCE

6 I cannot slack my pace,
For earth's fantastic show,
For like a flint I've set my face,
That I'll to Zion go. Joseph McCreery.

421

S. M.

O MAY thy powerful word
Inspire a feeble worm
To rush into thy kingdom, Lord,
And take it as by storm.

CHORUS

We'll drive this battle on;
We'll drive this battle on;
In Jesus' might we'll stand and fight,
And drive this battle on.

2 O may we all improve
The grace already given,
To seize the crown of perfect love,
And scale the mount of heaven. Charles Wesley.

Trust and Confidence

422

P. M.

A MIGHTY fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing;
Our helper he, amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great,
And, armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

2 Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is he;
Lord Sabaoth is his name,
From age to age the same,
And he must win the battle.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

3 And though this world, with demons filled,
Should threaten to undo us,
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.
The prince of darkness grim,
We tremble not for him ;
His rage we can endure,
For, lo ! his doom is sure :
One little word shall fell him.

4 That word above all earthly powers,
No thanks to them, abideth ;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also ;
The body they may kill ;
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is forever.

Martin Luther, tr. by Frederick H. Hedge.

423

11.

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word !
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
To you who for refuge to Jesus have fled ?

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid ;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand.

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow ;
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply ;
The flame shall not hurt thee ; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 "E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love ;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

TRUST AND CONFIDENCE

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

Robert Keene.

424

7. 61.

JESUS, Savior, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rocks and treacherous shoal;
Chart and compass came from thee;
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey thy will
When thou sayest to them, "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on thy breast,
May I hear thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

Edward Hopper.

425

6. 4. 6.

SAVIOR! I follow on,
Guided by thee,
Seeing not yet the hand
That leadeth me;
Hushed be my heart and still,
Fear I no further ill;
Only to meet thy will
My will shall be.

2 Riven the rock for me,
Thirst to relieve,
Manna from heaven falls
Fresh every eve;

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

Never a want severe
Causeth my eye a tear,
But thou dost whisper near,
"Only believe!"

3 Often to Marah's brink
Have I been brought;
Shrinking the cup to drink,
Help I have sought;
And with the prayer's ascent,
Jesus the branch hath rent—
Quickly relief hath sent,
Sweetening the draught.

4 Savior! I long to walk
Closer with thee;
Led by thy guiding hand,
Ever to be;
Constantly near thy side,
Quickened and purified,
Living for him who died
Freely for me!

Charles S. Robinson.

426

C. M.

LORD, I believe thy every word,
Thy every promise true;
And, lo! I wait on thee, my Lord,
Till I my strength renew.

2 If in this feeble flesh I may
Awhile show forth thy praise,
Jesus, support the tottering clay,
And lengthen out my days.

3 If such a worm as I can spread
The common Savior's name,
Let him who raised thee from the dead,
Quicken my mortal frame.

4 Still let me live thy blood to show,
Which purges every stain;
And gladly linger out below
A few more years in pain.

Charles Wesley.

TRUST AND CONFIDENCE

427

6. 4. 6.

FADE, fade, each earthly joy ;
Jesus is mine.
Break, every tender tie ;
Jesus is mine.
Dark is the wilderness,
Earth has no resting-place,
Jesus alone can bless ;
Jesus is mine.

2 Tempt not my soul away ;
Jesus is mine.
Here would I ever stay ;
Jesus is mine.
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away,
Jesus is mine.

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine.
Lost in this dawning light
Jesus is mine.
All that my soul has tried,
Left but a dismal void,
Jesus has satisfied,
Jesus is mine.

4 Farewell, mortality,
Jesus is mine.
Welcome, eternity,
Jesus is mine.
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Savior's breast,
Jesus is mine.

Catharine J. Bonar.

428

L. M. 6 l.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in a bare and rugged way
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Joseph Addison.

429

L. M

HOW do thy mercies close me round!
Forever be thy name adored;
I blush in all things to abound;
The servant is above his Lord.

2 Inured to poverty and pain,
A suffering life my Savior led;
The Son of God, the Son of man,
He had not where to lay his head.

3 But, lo! a place he hath prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep;
Yea, he himself becomes my guard;
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.

4 Jesus protects; my fears, begone;
What can the Rock of Ages move?
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
Thine everlasting arms of love.

Charles Wesley.

TRUST AND CONFIDENCE

430

L. M. D.

AWAY, my unbelieving fear !
Fear shall in me no more have place ;
My Savior doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of his face :
But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield ?
No, in the strength of Jesus, no,
I never will give up my shield.

2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,
The withering fig-trees droop and die,
The fields elude the tiller's toil,
The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race,
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.

3 In hope, believing against hope,
Jesus, my Lord, my God, I claim ;
Jesus, my strength, shall lift me up,
Salvation is in Jesus' name :
To me he soon shall bring it nigh ;
My soul shall then outstrip the wind ;
On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world and sin behind.

Charles Wesley.

431

L. M.

O LOVE of God, how strong and true !
Eternal and yet ever new ;
Uncomprehended and unbought,
Beyond all knowledge and all thought.

2 O heavenly love, how precious still !
In days of weariness and ill ;
In nights of pain and helplessness,
To heal, to comfort and to bless.

3 O wide embracing, wondrous love !
We read thee in the sky above ;
We read thee in the earth below,
In seas that swell and streams that flow.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

4 We read thee best in him who came
To bear for us the cross of shame ;
Sent by our Father from on high,
Our life to live, our death to die.

5 O love of God, our shield and stay
Through all the perils of our way ;
Eternal love, in thee we rest.
Forever safe, forever blest.

Horatius Bonar.

432

8. 7. D.

CALL Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade ;
In his secret habitation
Dwell, nor ever be dismayed ;
There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare ;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safety there.

2 From the sword at noonday wasting,
From the noisome pestilence,
In the depth of midnight blasting,
God shall be thy sure defense ;
Fear thou not the deadly quiver,
When a thousand feel the blow ;
Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
Though ten thousand be laid low.

3 Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection,
He will shield thee from above.
Thou shalt call on him in trouble,
He will harken, he will save ;
Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

James Montgomery.

433

L. M.

GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade ;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

TRUST AND CONFIDENCE

- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar ;
In sacred peace our souls abide ;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.
- 4 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God,
Life, love and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.
- 5 That sacred stream, thy holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls :
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour ;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.
- Isaac Watts.

434

7.

SAVIOR, lead me lest I stray,
Gently lead me all the way ;
I am safe when by thy side,
I would in thy love abide.

CHORUS

Lead me, lead me,
Savior, lead me lest I stray ;
Gently down the stream of time,
Lead me, Savior, all the way.

2 Thou the refuge of my soul
When life's stormy billows roll,
I am safe when thou art nigh,
On thy mercy I rely.

3 Savior, lead me till at last,
When the storm of life is past,
I shall reach the land of day,
Where all tears are wiped away.

Frank M. Davis.

435

C. M. D.

- I** BOW my forehead to the dust,
 I veil mine eyes for shame,
 And urge, in trembling self-distrust,
 A prayer without a claim :
 No offering of my own I have,
 Nor works my faith to prove ;
 I can but give the gifts he gave,
 And plead his love for love.
- 2 I dimly guess from blessings known,
 Of greater out of sight ;
 And with the chastened psalmist own
 His judgments too are right :
 And if my heart and flesh are weak
 To bear an untried pain,
 The bruised reed he will not break,
 But strengthen and sustain.
- 3 I know not what the future hath
 Of marvel or surprise,
 Assured alone that life and death
 His mercy underlies :
 And so beside the silent sea
 I wait the muffled oar ;
 No harm from him can come to me
 On ocean or on shore.
- 4 I know not where his islands lift
 Their fronded palms in air ;
 I only know I can not drift
 Beyond his love and care :
 And thou, O Lord, by whom are seen
 Thy creatures as they be,
 Help me still closer now to lean
 My human heart on thee !

John G. Whittier.

436

7. D.

- J**ESUS, Lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high !

TRUST AND CONFIDENCE

Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Charles Wesley.

437

11.

O SAFE to the rock that is higher than I,
My soul in its conflicts and sorrows would fly!
So sinful, so weary, thine, thine would I be;
Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in thee.

REFRAIN

Hiding in thee, I'm hiding in thee,
Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in thee;
So sinful, so weary, thine, thine would I be;
Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in thee.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

2 In the calm of the noontide, in sorrow's lone hour,
In times when temptation casts o'er me its power,
In the tempests of life, on its wide, heaving sea,
Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in thee.

3 How oft in the conflict, when pressed by the foe,
I have fled to my Refuge and breathed out my woe;
How often, when trials like sea-billows roll,
Have I hidden in thee, O thou Rock of my soul.

William O. Cushing.

438

S. M. D.

GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head;
Through waves and clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

2 Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off thy weight, let fear depart,
And every care be gone.
What though thou rulest not;
Yet heaven and earth and hell
Proclaim, "God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well."

3 Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command:
So shalt thou, wondering, own his way,
How wise, how strong his hand!
Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought,
That caused thy needless fear.

Paul Gerhardt, tr. by John Wesley.

439

S. M. D.

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure trust and tender care
Who earth and heaven commands:

TRUST AND CONFIDENCE

Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey :
He shall direct thy wandering feet
He shall prepare thy way.

2 Thou on the Lord rely,
So, safe thou shalt go on ;
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.
No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care ;
To him commend thy cause—his ear
Attends the softest prayer.

Paul Gerhardt, tr. by John Wesley.

440

C. M.

THE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want :
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green ; he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

2 My soul he doth restore again ;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for his own name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill ;
For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4 A table thou hast furnished me
In presence of my foes ;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me ;
And in God's house forevermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

William Whittingham and others.

441

7.

NEVER further than thy cross,
Never higher than thy feet :
Here earth's precious things seem dross ;
Here earth's bitter things grow sweet.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

- 2 Gazing thus our sin we see,
Learn thy love while gazing thus,
Sin, which laid the cross on thee,
Love, which bore the cross for us.
- 3 Here we learn to serve and give,
And, rejoicing, self deny;
Here we gather love to live,
Here we gather faith to die.
- 4 Pressing onward as we can,
Still to this our hearts must tend;
Where our earliest hopes began,
There our last aspirings end;
- 5 Till amid the hosts of light,
We in thee redeemed, complete,
Through thy cross made pure and white,
Cast our crowns before thy feet.

Elizabeth Charles.

442

C. M.

- I'M NOT ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glories of his cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God, I know his name;
His name is all my trust:
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands
Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

Isaac Watts.

443

C. M.

- I KNOW not why God's wondrous grace
To me he hath made known,
Nor why—unworthy—Christ in love
Redeemed me for his own.

TRUST AND CONFIDENCE

CHORUS

But "I know whom I have believed,
And am persuaded that he is able
To keep that which I've committed
Unto him against that day."

2 I know not how this saving faith
To me he did impart,
Nor how believing in his word
Wrought peace within my heart.

3 I know not how the Spirit moves,
Convincing men of sin,
Revealing Jesus through the word,
Creating faith in him.

4 I know not what of good or ill
May be reserved for me,
Of weary ways or golden days,
Before his face I see.

5 I know not when my Lord may come,
At night or noonday fair,
Nor if I'll walk the vale with him,
Or "meet him in the air." Daniel W. Whittle.

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444

P. M.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on.

Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead thou me on.

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3 So long thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.
John H. Newman.

445

S. M.

A WAY my needless fears,
And doubts no longer mine;
A ray of heavenly light appears,
A messenger divine.

2 Thrice comfortable hope,
That calms my troubled breast;
My Father's hand prepares the cup,
And what he wills is best.

3 If what I wish is good,
And suits the will divine,
By earth and hell in vain withstood,
I know it shall be mine.

4 Still let them counsel take
To frustrate his decree;
They cannot keep a blessing back,
By heaven designed for me.

5 Here then I doubt no more,
But in his pleasure rest;
Whose wisdom, love and truth and power,
Engage to make me blest.

Charles Wesley.

446

8. 7.

I MUST have the Savior with me,
For I dare not walk alone,
I must feel his presence near me,
And his arm around me thrown.

CHORUS

Then my soul shall fear no ill,
Let him lead me where he will,
I will go without a murmur,
And his footsteps follow still.

TRUST AND CONFIDENCE

2 I must have the Savior with me,
For my faith, at best, is weak;
He can whisper words of comfort
That no other voice can speak.

3 I must have the Savior with me
In the onward march of life,
Through the tempest and the sunshine,
Through the battle and the strife.

4 I must have the Savior with me,
And his eye the way must guide,
Till I reach the vale of Jordan,
Till I cross the rolling tide.

Fanny J. Crosby.

Copyright, 1884, by John J. Hood.

447

S. 7.

SAVIOR, help us in our weakness,
Guide and keep us, hour by hour;
Help us meet the world's temptations,
With thine over-coming power.

CHORUS

Precious Savior, precious Savior,
Sweet it is to trust in thee;
Precious Savior, precious Savior,
Smile upon us graciously.

2 Nothing can we do without thee,
But all grace, we know, is thine;
Strengthen us for every duty,
Fill us with thy love divine.

3 Help us take thy yoke upon us,
And thy blessed word obey,
Learn of thee, the "Meek and Lowly,"
Humbly serving, day by day.

4 May we grow like thee, our Savior,
Whom, though still unseen, we love;
Help us show the light to others,
Show the light that leads above.

Eliza E. Hewitt.

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THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

448

8. 8. 8. 8. 6.

O LOVE, that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in thee;
I give thee back the life I owe,
That in thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

REFRAIN

O Love, that wilt not let me go,
I give thee back the life I owe,
That in thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

2 O Light, that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

3 O Joy, that seekest me through pain,
I can not close my heart to thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

4 O Cross, that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

George Matheson.

449

11. 10.

HE LEADETH me, for I can feel the clasping
Of that pierced hand so firm, so kind, so dear;
And in sweet, trusting confidence I follow,
And fear no danger while my Guide is near.

CHORUS

He leadeth me, he leadeth me,
No danger then my soul shall fear,
But in sweet, trusting confidence I follow,
And fear no danger while my Guide is near.

UNFAITHFULNESS MOURNED

2 He leadeth me, but not through flowery meadows,
Where sunshine lingers all the gladsome day;
My tired feet are often torn and bleeding,
With thorns that pierce them in this "narrow way."

3 He leadeth me, but sometimes in my blindness,
I turn aside to grasp at earthly toys;
Ah, then his voice so tenderly doth win me,
That like a shadow fly all other joys.

4 He leadeth me, and I will clasp more closely
That pierced hand so kind, so firm, so dear;
And in sweet, trusting confidence I follow,
And fear no danger while my Guide is near.

Helen S. Arnold.

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450

10. 9.

WHAT a fellowship, what a joy divine,
Leaning on the everlasting arms;
What a blessedness, what a peace is mine,
Leaning on the everlasting arms.

REFRAIN

Leaning, leaning,
Safe and secure from all alarms;
Leaning, leaning,
Leaning on the everlasting arms.

2 Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way,
Leaning on the everlasting arms;
Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
Leaning on the everlasting arms.

3 What have I to dread, what have I to fear,
Leaning on the everlasting arms?
I have blessed peace with my Lord so near,
Leaning on the everlasting arms.

Elisha A. Hoffman.

Unfaithfulness Mourned

451

S. M.

O LORD, thy work revive
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And let our dying graces live
By thy restoring power.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

- 2 O let thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer ;
Their covenant again renew,
And walk in filial fear.
- 3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of humble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,
Till rebels shall obey.
- 4 Now lend thy gracious ear ;
Now listen to our cry :
O come, and bring salvation near ;
Our souls on thee rely.

Phœbe H. Brown.

452

C. M.

THE long-lost son, with streaming eyes,
From folly just awake,
Reviews his wanderings with surprise ;
His heart begins to break.

2 "I'll die no more for bread," he cries,
"Nor starve in foreign lands ;
My father's house hath large supplies,
And bounteous are his hands.

3 "I starve," he cries, "nor can I bear
The famine in this land,
While servants of my father share
The bounty of his hand.

4 "With deep repentance I'll return,
And seek my father's face ;
Unworthy to be called a son,
I'll ask a servant's place."

5 Far off the father saw him move,
In pensive silence mourn,
And quickly ran, with arms of love,
To welcome his return.

6 Through all the courts the tidings flew,
And spread the joy around ;
The angels tuned their harps anew,
The long-lost son is found !

Unknown.

UNFAITHFULNESS MOURNED

453

7.

DEPTH of mercy ! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me ?
Can my God his wrath forbear ?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare ?

CHORUS

God is love, I do believe ;
He is waiting to forgive,
He is waiting, waiting to forgive.

2 I have long withstood his grace ;
Long provoked him to his face ;
Would not harken to his calls ;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent ;
Let me now my sins lament ;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

4 Kindled his relentings are ;
Me he now delights to spare ;
Cries, "How shall I give thee up ?"
Lest the lifted thunder drop.

5 There for me the Savior stands ;
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands :
God is love ! I know, I feel ;
Jesus weeps and loves me still. Charles Wesley.

454

C. M.

SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Savior's pardoning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue,
And when the evening shades prevailed,
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord
And saw his glory shine,
And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

4 But now when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns,
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail;
O make my soul thy care;
I know thy mercy cannot fail;
Let me that mercy share.

John Newton, alt.

455

P. M.

JESUS, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep.
Let me be by grace restored;
On me be all long-suffering shown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Savior, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart;
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of thy grief unknown;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 For thine own compassion's sake,
The gracious wonder show;
Cast my sins behind thy back,
And wash me white as snow:
If thy mercy now is stirred,
If now I do myself bemoan,
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

Charles Wesley.

456

C. M.

O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

UNFAITHFULNESS MOURNED

- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return
Sweet messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

William Cowper.

457

10. 6.

O HEAR my cry, be gracious now to me,
Come, Great Deliverer, come;
My soul bowed down is longing now for thee,
Come, Great Deliverer, come.

CHORUS

I've wandered far away o'er mountains cold,
I've wandered far away from home;
O take me now, and bring me to thy fold,
Come, Great Deliverer, come.

2 I have no place, no shelter from the night,
Come, Great Deliverer, come;
One look from thee would give me life and light,
Come, Great Deliverer, come.

3 My path is lone, and weary are my feet,
Come, Great Deliverer, come;
Mine eyes look up thy loving smile to meet,
Come, Great Deliverer, come.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

4 Thou wilt not spurn contrition's broken sigh,
Come, Great Deliverer, come;
Regard my prayer, and hear my humble cry,
Come, Great Deliverer, come.

Fanny J. Crosby.

458

C. M.

AFFLICTIONS, though they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent;
They stopped the prodigal's career,
And caused him to repent.

CHORUS

"I'll not die here for bread,
I'll not die here for bread," he cries;
"Nor starve in foreign lands;
My father's house has large supplies,
And bounteous are his hands."

2 "What have I gained by sin," he said,
"But hunger, shame and fear?
My father's house abounds in bread,
While I am starving here!"

3 "I'll go and tell him all I've done,
Fall down before his face;
Unworthy to be called his son,
I'll seek a servant's place."

4 His father saw him coming back;
He saw, he ran, he smiled,
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child!

5 "O father, I have sinned—forgive!"
"Enough," the father said;
"Rejoice, my house; my son's alive,
For whom I mourned as dead!"

6 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,
To call poor sinners home;
More than a father's love he feels,
And welcomes all who come.

John Newton.

WATCHFULNESS AND PRAYER

Watchfulness and Prayer

459

L. M. 61.

O WONDROUS power of faithful prayer!
What tongue can tell the almighty grace?
God's hands are bound or open are,
As Moses or Elijah prays:
Let Moses in the Spirit groan,
And God cries out, "Let me alone!"

2 Let me alone, that all my wrath
May rise, the wicked to consume;
While justice hears thy praying faith,
It cannot seal the sinner's doom:
My Son is in my servant's prayer,
And Jesus forces me to spare.

3 Father, we ask in Jesus' name;
In Jesus' power and spirit pray;
Divert thy vengeful thunder's aim;
O turn thy threatening wrath away!
Our guilt and punishment remove,
And magnify thy pardoning love.

4 Father, regard thy pleading Son;
Accept his all-availing prayer,
And send a peaceful answer down,
In honor of our Spokesman there,
Whose blood proclaims our sins forgiven,
And speaks thy rebels up to heaven.

Charles Wesley.

460

L. M.

P RAYER is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give:
Long as they live should Christians pray;
They learn to pray when first they live.

2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject; if sin distress;
In every case, still watch and pray.

3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak:
Though thought be broken, language lame,
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak,
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

4 Depend on him; thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not, his merits must prevail;
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

Joseph Hart.

461

L. M. D.

SWEET hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known:
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize,
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

William W. Walford.

462

L. M.

O LET the prisoner's mournful cries
As incense in thy sight appear;
Their humble wailings pierce the skies,
If haply they may feel thee near.

2 The captive exiles make their moans,
From sin impatient to be free:
Call home, call home thy banished ones,
Lead captive their captivity.

WATCHFULNESS AND PRAYER

- 3 Show them the blood that bought their peace,
The anchor of their steadfast hope,
And bid their guilty terrors cease,
And bring the ransomed prisoners up.
- 4 Out of the deep regard their cries;
The fallen raise, the mourners cheer;
- O Sun of righteousness, arise,
And scatter all their doubt and fear.
- 5 Pity the day of feeble things;
O gather every halting soul;
And drop salvation from thy wings,
And make the contrite sinner whole.

Charles Wesley.

463

L. M.

- O THOU, our Savior, Brother, Friend,
Behold a cloud of incense rise;
The prayers of saints to heaven ascend,
Grateful, accepted sacrifice.
- 2 Regard our prayers for Zion's peace;
Shed in our hearts thy love abroad;
Thy gifts abundantly increase;
Enlarge, and fill us all with God.
- 3 Before thy sheep, great Shepherd, go,
And guide into thy perfect will;
Cause us thy hallowed name to know;
The work of faith in us fulfil.
- 4 Help us to make our calling sure;
O let us all be saints indeed,
And pure, as thou thyself art pure,
Conformed in all things to our Head.
- 5 Take the dear purchase of thy blood;
Thy blood shall wash us white as snow:
Present us sanctified to God,
And perfected in love below.

Charles Wesley.

464

L. M.

- JESUS, my Savior, Brother, Friend,
On whom I cast my every care,
On whom for all things I depend,
Inspire, and then accept, my prayer.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

- 2 If I have tasted of thy grace,
The grace that sure salvation brings;
If with me now thy Spirit stays,
And, hovering, hides me in his wings;
- 3 Still let him with my weakness stay,
Nor for a moment's space depart;
Evil and danger turn away,
And keep, till he renews, my heart.
- 4 If to the right or left I stray,
His voice behind me may I hear,
"Return, and walk in Christ, thy way;
Fly back to Christ, for sin is near!"

Charles Wesley.

465

L. M.

- M**Y GOD, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to thy feet—
The hour of prayer, the hour of prayer?
- 2 Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that solemn hour of eve,
When, on the wings of prayer up-borne,
The world I leave, the world I leave.
- 3 Then is my strength by thee renewed;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven, with hopes of heaven.
- 4 No words can tell what sweet relief
Here for my every want I find:
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind, what peace of mind.
- 5 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear:
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away, is wiped away.
- 6 Lord, till I reach that blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to thee, in prayer to thee.

Charlotte Elliott.

WATCHFULNESS AND PRAYER

466

L. M.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet,
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet,
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there on eagle-wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

6 O may my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat.

Hugh Stowell.

467

L. M.

WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer keeps the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

4 Were half the breath that's vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me!"

William Cowper.

468

L. M.

MY HOPE, my all, my Savior thou,
To thee, lo, now my soul I bow!
I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,
I find thee, Savior, in my heart.

2 Be thou my strength, be thou my way;
Protect me through my life's short day:
In all my acts may wisdom guide,
And keep me, Savior, near thy side.

3 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,
Save me from sin and Satan's power;
Tear every idol from thy throne,
And reign, my Savior, reign alone.

4 My suffering time shall soon be o'er;
Then shall I sigh and weep no more;
My ransomed soul shall soar away,
To sing thy praise in endless day.

Unknown.

469

L. M.

O LOVE divine, by Christ revealed,
Incarnate Love that died for me,
To thee myself I gladly yield,
I consecrate my all to thee.

2 O Light divine, by Christ displayed,
Source of all light, who flesh became,
Shed thy bright beams upon my head,
Burn in my heart a constant flame.

3 O Truth divine, by Christ made known,
All truth must thy reflection be;
Within my heart set up thy throne,
And in thy freedom make me free.

WATCHFULNESS AND PRAYER

4 O Cross divine, by Christ endured,
Thou cross on which he groaned and died,
And man's redemption thus secured,
In thy blest shadow let me hide.

5 O Peace divine, by Christ bestowed,
Thou heavenly dove to earth come down,
Fix in my heart thy sure abode,
My life with all thy graces crown.

6 O Joy divine, by Christ possessed,
For which he did the cross endure,
Fill with thyself and make me blest,
Contented, restful and secure.

Wilson T. Hogue.

470

L. M.

LORD, fill me with a humble fear;
My utter helplessness reveal;
Satan and sin are always near,
Thee may I always nearer feel.

2 O that to thee my constant mind
Might with an even flame aspire;
Pride in its earliest motions find,
And mark the risings of desire!

3 O that my tender soul might fly
The first abhorred approach of ill,
Quick as the apple of an eye,
The slightest touch of sin to feel.

4 Till thou anew my soul create,
Still may I strive and watch and pray;
Humbly and confidently wait,
And long to see the perfect day.

Charles Wesley.

471

C. M.

OUR Father, God, who art in heaven,
All hallowed be thy name;
Thy kingdom come; thy will be done
In heaven and earth the same.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

2 Give us this day our daily bread;
And as we those forgive
Who sin against us, so may we
Forgiving grace receive.

3 Into temptation lead us not;
From evil set us free;
And thine the kingdom, thine the power
And glory, ever be.

Adoniram Judson.

472

C. M.

SHEPHERD Divine, our wants relieve
In this our evil day;
To all thy tempted followers give
The power to watch and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O let our souls on thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer.

3 The power of interceding grace
Give us in faith to claim,
To wrestle till we see thy face
And know thy hidden name.

4 Till thou thy perfect love impart,
Till thou thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart,
"I will not let thee go;

5 "I will not let thee go unless
Thou tell thy name to me,
With all thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like thee.

6 "Then let me on the mountain-top
Behold thy open face,
Where faith in sight is swallowed up,
And prayer in endless praise."

Charles Wesley.

473

C. M.

THY presence, Lord, the place shall fill;
My heart shall be thy throne;
Thy holy, just and perfect will,
Shall in my flesh be done.

WATCHFULNESS AND PRAYER

2 I thank thee for the present grace,
And now in hope rejoice,
In confidence to see thy face,
And always hear thy voice.

3 I have the things I ask of thee ;
What more shall I require,
That still my soul may restless be,
And only thee desire ?

4 Thy only will be done, not mine,
But make me, Lord, thy home :
Come as thou wilt, I that resign,
But O my Jesus, come !

Charles Wesley.

474

C. M.

O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe !

2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God ;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without ;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt ;

4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile ;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile ;

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Illumes a dying bed.

6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

William H. Bathurst, alt.

475

S. M.

THE praying spirit breathe,
The watching power impart;
From all entanglements beneath,
Call off my anxious heart.

2 My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts oppressed;
Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

3 Swift to my rescue come;
Thine own this moment seize;
Gather my wandering spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace.

4 Suffered no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the prisoner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

Charles Wesley.

476

S. M.

BEHOLD the throne of grace;
The promise calls us near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold:
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold?

3 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love,
That we may serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

4 Teach us to live by faith,
Conform our wills to thine;
Let us victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

5 If thou these blessings give,
And thou our portion be,
All worldly joys we'll gladly leave,
To find our heaven in thee.

John Newton.

WATCHFULNESS AND PRAYER

477

S. M.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil,
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

Charles Wesley.

478

C. M.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

6 O thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod :
Lord, teach us how to pray !

James Montgomery.

479

C. M. D.

I WANT a principle within,
Of jealous, godly fear ;
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near :
I want the first approach to feel
Of pride or fond desire ;
To catch the wandering of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.
2 From thee that I no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience, give.
Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make ;
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.
3 If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove ;
And let me weep my life away,
For having grieved thy love.
O may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul,
And drive me to the blood again,
Which makes the wounded whole.

Charles Wesley.

480

C. M.

O THOU from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to thee ;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
O Lord, remember me.
2 If, for thy sake, upon my name
Reproach and shame shall be,
I hail reproach, and welcome shame :
O Lord, remember me.

WATCHFULNESS AND PRAYER

3 When worn with pain, disease and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest and kind relief:
O Lord, remember me.

4 When, in the solemn hour of death,
I wait thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
O Lord, remember me.

5 And when before thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to thee,
Then, with the saints at thy right hand,
O Lord, remember me.

Thomas Haweis, alt.

481

P. M.

TO THE hills I lift mine eyes,
The everlasting hills;
Streaming thence in fresh supplies,
My soul the Spirit feels:
Will he not his help afford?
Help, while yet I ask, is given:
God comes down, the God and Lord
Who made both earth and heaven.

2 Faithful soul, pray always; pray,
And still in God confide;
He thy feeble steps shall stay,
Nor suffer thee to slide:
Lean on thy Redeemer's breast;
He thy quiet spirit keeps;
Rest in him, securely rest;
Thy Watchman never sleeps.

3 Neither sin, nor earth, nor hell,
Thy Keeper can surprise;
Careless slumbers cannot steal
On his all-seeing eyes:
He is Israel's sure defense;
Israel all his care shall prove,
Kept by watchful providence,
And ever-waking Love.

Charles Wesley.

482

8. 8. 6.

HELP, Lord, to whom for help I fly,
And still my tempted soul stand by
Throughout the evil day ;
The sacred watchfulness impart,
And keep the issues of my heart,
And stir me up to pray.

2 My soul with thy whole armor arm ;
In each approach of sin, alarm,
And show the danger near :
Surround, sustain and strengthen me,
And fill with godly jealousy
And sanctifying fear.

3 Whene'er my careless hands hang down,
O let me see thy gathering frown
And feel thy warning eye ;
And, starting, cry from ruin's brink,
"Save, Jesus, or I yield, I sink ;
O save me, or I die."

4 If near the pit I rashly stray,
Before I wholly fall away
The keen conviction dart ;
Recall me by thy pitying look,
That kind, upbraiding glance which broke
Unfaithful Peter's heart.

5 In me thine utmost mercy show,
And make me, like thyself below,
Unblamable in grace ;
Ready, prepared and fitted here,
By perfect holiness, to appear
Before thy glorious face.

Charles Wesley.

483

L. M.

O THOU, who camest from above,
The pure celestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
On the mean altar of my heart !

2 There let it for thy glory burn,
With inextinguishable blaze,
And trembling to its Source return,
In humble love and fervent praise.

WATCHFULNESS AND PRAYER

3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire,
To work and speak and think for thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me.

4 Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat
Till death thy endless mercies seal
And make the sacrifice complete.

Charles Wesley.

484

10.

ABIDE with me! Fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou, who changest not, abide with me!

3 I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;

In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

Henry F. Lyte.

485

7.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There, thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

6 Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

John Newton.

486

7.

THEY who seek the throne of grace,
Find that throne in every place:
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.

2 In our sickness or our health,
In our want or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.

3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the foes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer;
God is present everywhere.

4 Then, my soul, in every strait
To thy Father come and wait;
He will answer every prayer;
God is present everywhere.

Oliver Holden, alt.

WATCHFULNESS AND PRAYER

487

7. D.

SAVIOR, when in dust, to thee
Low we bow the adoring knee,
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes,
Oh, by all thy pain and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear us when to thee we cry !

2 By thine hour of dark despair ;
By thine agony of prayer ;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn ;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice—
Jesus, look with pitying eye ;
Listen to our humble cry.

3 By thy deep, expiring groan ;
By the sad, sepulchral stone ;
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God,
Oh, from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
Savior, Prince, exalted high,
Hear, O hear, our humble cry.

Robert Grant.

488

7. D.

LIGHT of life, seraphic fire,
Love divine, thyself impart ;
Every fainting soul inspire ;
Shine in every drooping heart :
Every mournful sinner cheer ;
Scatter all our guilty gloom ;
Son of God, appear, appear !
To thy human temples come.

2 Come, in this accepted hour ;
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in ;
Fill us with thy glorious power,
Rooting out the seeds of sin :

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less;
Be thou all our heart's desire,
All our joy, and all our peace.

Charles Wesley.

489

8. 7. D.

WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?

We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?

Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?

Precious Savior, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;

In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Joseph Scriven.

490

8. 7. D.

COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free,
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee:
Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

WATCHFULNESS AND PRAYER

2 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child and yet a King,
Born to reign in us forever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone ;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

Charles Wesley.

491

8. 7.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend ;
Life and health and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye.

3 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze ;
Love I much? I've much forgiven ;
I'm a miracle of grace.

4 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe ;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

5. Here in tender, grateful sorrow,
With my Savior will I stay ;
Here new hope and strength will borrow ;
Here will love my fears away.

James Allen, alt. by Walter Shirley.

492

8. 7.

GENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us
Through this gloomy vale of tears ;
And, O Lord, in mercy give us
Thy rich grace in all our fears.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

2 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

3 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.

4 When this mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel-bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

Thomas Hastings.

493

5. 5. 7.

PRAYER is the key
For the bending knee
To open the morn's first hours;
See the incense rise
To the starry skies,
Like perfume from the flowers.

2 Not a soul so sad,
Nor a heart so glad,
When cometh the shades of night,
But the day-break song
Will the joy prolong,
And some darkness turn to light.

3 Take the golden key
In your hand and see,
As the night-tide drifts away,
How its blessed hold
Is a crown of gold,
Through the weary hours of day.

4 When the shadows fall,
And the vesper call
Is sobbing its low refrain,
'Tis a garland sweet
To the toil-dent feet,
And an antidote for pain.

WATCHFULNESS AND PRAYER

5 Soon our toils will cease,
And will come release ;
 Life's tears shall be wiped away,
As the pearl gates swing,
And the gold harps ring,
 And we enter eternal day. **Unknown.**

494

6. 4.

MY FAITH looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior divine !
Now hear me while I pray ;
Take all my guilt away ;
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine !

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire ;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm and changeless be,
A living fire !

3 While life's dark maze I tread
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide ;
Bid darkness turn to day ;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream ;
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll ;
Blest Savior, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove ;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul ! **Ray Palmer.**

495

6. 4. 6.

NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee !
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me ;

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

5 Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Sarah F. Adams.

496

10. 7.

WATCH and pray, that when the Master cometh,
If at morning, noon or night,
He may find a lamp in every window,
Trimmed and burning, clear and bright.

CHORUS

Watch and pray, the Lord commandeth;
Watch and pray, 'twill not be long:
Soon he'll gather home his loved ones
To the happy vale of song.

WATCHFULNESS AND PRAYER

2 Watch and pray; the tempter may be near us;
Keep the heart with jealous care,
Lest the door a moment left unguarded,
Evil thoughts may enter there.

3 Watch and pray, nor let us ever weary;
Jesus watched and prayed alone;
Prayed for us when only stars beheld him,
While on Olive's brow they shone.

4 Watch and pray, nor leave our post of duty,
Till we hear the Bridegroom's voice;
Then with him the marriage feast partaking,
We shall evermore rejoice.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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497

S. M. D.

I WANT a heart to pray,
To pray, and never cease;
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.
This blessing, above all,
Always to pray, I want,
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

2 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To thee and thy great name;
A jealous, just concern,
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.

3 I rest upon thy word,
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee:
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

Charles Wesley.

498

S. M. D.

SWEETLY the holy hymn
Breaks on the morning air ;
Before the world with smoke is dim,
We kneel and offer prayer :
While flowers are wet with dews,
Dew of our souls descend ;
Ere yet the sun the day renews,
O Lord, thy Spirit send.

2 On the lone mountain side,
Before the morning's light,
The Man of sorrows wept and cried,
And rose refreshed with might :
O hear us, then, for we
Are very weak and frail ;
We make the Savior's name our plea,
And surely must prevail.

Charles H. Spurgeon.

Resignation and Consolation

499

S. S. S. 4.

MY GOD and Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done !"

2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done !"

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done !"

4 If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine,
I only yield thee what is thine ;
"Thy will be done !"

RESIGNATION AND CONSOLATION

5 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With thy good Spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest ;
 "Thy will be done !"

6 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
 "Thy will be done !"

7 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
 "Thy will be done !"

Charlotte Elliott.

500

6. D.

MY JESUS, as thou wilt ;
Oh, may thy will be mine !
Into thy hand of love
 I would my all resign ;
Through sorrow or through joy
 Conduct me as thine own,
And help me still to say,
 "My Lord, thy will be done."

2 My Jesus, as thou wilt ;
 Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
 Grow dim or disappear ;
Since thou on earth hast wept
 And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with thee,
 My Lord, thy will be done.

3 My Jesus, as thou wilt ;
 All shall be well with me ;
Each changing future scene
 I gladly trust with thee ;
Straight to my home above
 I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death,
 "My Lord, thy will be done."

Benjamin Schmolck, tr. by Jane Borthwick.

501

6. D.

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
 However dark it be ;
 Lead me by thine own hand ;
 Choose out the path for me :
 I dare not choose my lot ;
 I would not if I might ;
 Choose thou for me, my God,
 So shall I walk aright.

2 The kingdom that I seek
 Is thine, so let the way
 That leads to it be thine,
 Else I must surely stray.
 Take thou my cup, and it
 With joy or sorrow fill,
 As best to thee may seem ;
 Choose thou my good and ill.

3 Choose thou for me my friends,
 My sickness or my health ;
 Choose thou my cares for me,
 My poverty or wealth :
 Not mine, not mine the choice,
 In things or great or small ;
 Be thou my guide, my strength,
 My wisdom, and my all.

Horatius Bonar.

502

L. M.

GOD of my life, whose gracious power
 Through varied deaths my soul hath led,
 Or turned aside the fatal hour,
 Or lifted up my sinking head ;

2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
 Thy ruling providence I see ;
 Assist me still my course to run,
 And still direct my paths to thee.

3 Whither, O whither should I fly,
 But to my loving Savior's breast ?
 Secure within thine arms to lie,
 And safe beneath thy wings to rest.

RESIGNATION AND CONSOLATION

4 I have no skill the snare to shun,
But thou, O Christ, my wisdom art :
I ever into ruin run,
But thou art greater than my heart.

5 Foolish and impotent and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known ;
Bring me where I my heaven may find,
The heaven of loving thee alone.

Charles Wesley.

503

L. M.

NOT now, but in the coming years,
It may be in the better land,
We'll read the meaning of our tears,
And there, sometime, we'll understand.

CHORUS

Then trust in God through all thy days ;
Fear not, for he doth hold thy hand ;
Though dark thy way, still sing and praise ;
Sometime, sometime, we'll understand.

2 We'll catch the broken thread again,
And finish what we here began ;
Heaven will the mysteries explain,
And then, ah, then, we'll understand.

3 We'll know why clouds instead of sun
Were over many a cherished plan ;
Why song has ceased when scarce begun ;
'Tis there, sometime, we'll understand.

4 Why what we long for most of all,
Eludes so oft our eager hand ;
Why hopes are crushed and castles fall,
Up there, sometime, we'll understand.

5 God knows the way, he holds the key,
He guides us with unerring hand ;
Sometime with tearless eyes we'll see ;
Yes, there, up there, we'll understand.

Maxwell N. Cornelius.

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504

L. M. 61.

PEACE, doubting heart, my God's I am,
Who formed me man forbids my fear;
The Lord hath called me by my name;
The Lord protects, forever near:
His blood for me did once atone,
And still he loves and guards his own.

2 When, passing through the watery deep
I ask in faith his promised aid,
The waves an awful distance keep,
And shrink from my devoted head;
Fearless, their violence I dare,
They cannot harm, for God is there.

3 To him mine eyes of faith I turn,
And through the fire pursue my way,
The fire forgets its power to burn,
The lambent flames around me play.
I own his power, accept the sign,
And shout to prove the Savior mine.

Charles Wesley.

505

L. M. D.

THOU sweet, beloved will of God,
My anchor-ground, my fortress-hill,
My spirit's silent, fair abode,
In thee I hide me and am still:
O will, that willest good alone,
Lead thou the way, thou guidest best;
A little child, I follow on,
And, trusting, lean upon thy breast.

2 Thy beautiful sweet will, my God,
Holds fast in his sublime embrace
My captive will, a gladsome bird,
Prisoned in such a realm of grace:
Within this place of certain good,
Love evermore expands her wings;
Or, nestling in thy perfect choice,
Abides content with what it brings.

3 Upon God's will I lay me down,
As child upon its mother's breast;
No silken couch, nor softest bed,
Could ever give me such sweet rest.

RESIGNATION AND CONSOLATION

Thy wonderful grand will, my God,
With triumph now I make it mine;
And faith shall cry a joyous Yes!
To every dear command of thine.

Madame Jeanne M. B. Guyon.

506

L. M. 61.

STILL nigh me, O my Savior, stand,
And guard in fierce temptation's hour;
Hide in the hollow of thy hand;
Show forth in me thy saving power;
Still be thy arms my sure defense,
Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me thence.

2 Since thou hast bid me come to thee,
Good as thou art, and strong to save,
I'll walk o'er life's tempestuous sea,
Upborne by the unyielding wave;
Dauntless though rocks of pride be near,
And yawning whirlpools of despair.

3 When darkness intercepts the skies,
And sorrow's waves around me roll,
And high the storms of trouble rise,
And half o'erwhelm my sinking soul;
My soul a sudden calm shall feel,
And hear a whisper, "Peace; be still!"

4 Though in affliction's furnace tried,
Unhurt, on snares and death I'll tread;
Though sin assail, and hell, thrown wide,
Pour all its flames upon my head,
Like Moses' bush I'll mount the higher,
And flourish, unconsumed, in fire.

Charles Wesley.

507

L. M.

BE STILL, my soul, before thy God,
When called to pass beneath the rod;
His chastening hand learn thou to bless,
Who chastens e'er in righteousness.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

2 Be still, my soul, and murmur not,
However hard may be thy lot;
Though sorest grief now weigh thee down,
Glory ere long thy course shall crown.

3 Be still, my soul, in trustful rest;
Whate'er God wills for thee is best;
He chastens only whom he loves;
His rod thy folly but reproofs.

4 Be still, my soul; submissively
Accept what he appoints for thee;
Though in the fiery furnace tried,
In hope rejoice, in faith abide.

5 Be still, my soul, though hell assail,
And Satan's hosts seem to prevail
Against thee in the evil day;
Be still—faith overcomes away.

6 Be still, my soul, and thou shalt see
That Christ hath victory won for thee;
Be still, amid the storm and strife;
Be still, and win the crown of life.

Wilson T. Hogue.

508

11. 10.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish;
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
anguish;

Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure."

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing,
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

Thomas Moore, alt. by Thomas Hastings.

RESIGNATION AND CONSOLATION

509

C. M.

O THOU who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!

2 The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

3 But Christ can heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

4 O who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not his wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above?

5 Then sorrow, touched by him, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light,
We never saw by day.

Thomas Moore.

510

11. 10.

COME unto me, when shadows darkly gather,
When the sad heart is weary and distressed;
Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Father,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

2 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

3 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed;
Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

Catherine H. Waterman.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

Peace and Contentment

511

L. M.

PEACE, troubled soul, thou need'st not fear,
Thy great Provider still is near;
Who fed thee last, will feed thee still;
Be calm, and sink into his will.

2 The Lord who built the earth and sky,
In mercy stoops to hear thy cry;
His promise all may freely claim;
Ask and receive in Jesus' name.

3 Without reserve give Christ your heart;
Let him his righteousness impart;
Then all things else he'll freely give;
With him you all things shall receive.

4 Thus shall the soul be truly blest,
That seeks in God his only rest;
May I that happy person be,
In time and in eternity.

Samuel Ecking.

512

L. M. 61.

THOU hidden Source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love divine,
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am while thou art mine:
And lo! from sin and grief and shame,
I hide me, Jesus, in thy name.

2 Thy mighty name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above:
Comfort it brings, and power and peace
And joy and everlasting love:
To me, with thy great name, are given
Pardon and holiness and heaven.

3 Jesus, my all in all thou art;
My rest in toil, my ease in pain;
The medicine of my broken heart;
In war, my peace; in loss, my gain;
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
In shame, my glory and my crown:

PEACE AND CONTENTMENT

4 In want, my plentiful supply ;
In weakness, my almighty power ;
In bonds, my perfect liberty ;
My light, in Satan's darkest hour ;
In grief, my joy unspeakable ;
My life in death, my all in all.

Charles Wesley.

513

L. M.

ALL scenes alike engaging prove
To souls impressed with sacred love ;
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in thee ;
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

2 To me remains nor place nor time ;
My country is in every clime ;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore since God is there.

3 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none ;
But with my God to guide my way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

4 Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot ;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

Madame Jeanne M. B. Guyon.

514

S. M.

THOU very-present aid
In suffering and distress ;
The mind which still on thee is stayed,
Is kept in perfect peace.

2 The soul by faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
'Mid raging storms, exults to find
An everlasting rest.

3 Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er thy face appears ;
It stills the sighing orphan's moan
And dries the widow's tears.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

- 4 It hallows every cross ;
It sweetly comforts me ;
Makes me forget my every loss,
And find my all in thee.
- 5 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill ;
What though created streams are dry ?
I have the fountain still.
- 6 Stripped of each earthly friend,
I find them all in one :
And peace and joy which never end,
And heaven, in Christ, begun.

Charles Wesley.

515

8.

IN GOD I have found a retreat,
Where I can securely abide ;
No refuge or rest so complete,
And here I intend to reside.

CHORUS

- O what comfort it brings,
As my soul sweetly sings :
I am safe from all danger
While under his wings.
- 2 I dread not the terror by night,
No arrow can harm me by day,
His shadow has covered me quite,
My fears he has driven away.
- 3 The pestilence walking about,
When darkness has settled abroad,
Can never compel me to doubt
The presence and power of God.
- 4 The wasting destruction at noon
No fearful foreboding can bring ;
With Jesus, my soul doth commune,
His perfect salvation I sing.
- 5 A thousand may fall at my side,
And ten thousand at my right hand ;
Above me his wings are spread wide,
Beneath them in safety I stand.

James Nicholson.

PEACE AND CONTENTMENT

516

C. M.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise :

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

Anne Steele.

517

WHEN peace like a river attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea-billows roll ;
Whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say,
"It is well, it is well with my soul."

REFRAIN

It is well with my soul,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

2 Though Satan should buffet, though trials should
come,

Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed his own blood for my soul.

3 My sin—O the bliss of the glorious thought !
My sin—not in part, but the whole,
Is nailed to his cross and I bear it no more ;
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul !

4 And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be
sight,

The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend ;
"Even so"—it is well with my soul.

Henry G. Spafford.

518

C. M.

REPEAT the story o'er and o'er,
Of *grace* so full and free;
I love to hear it more and more,
Since grace has rescued me.

CHORUS

The half was never told,
The half was never told,
Of grace divine, so wonderful,
The half was never told.
2 Of *peace* I only knew the name,
Nor found my soul its rest
Until the sweet-voiced angel came
To soothe my weary breast.
3 My highest place is lying low
At my Redeemer's feet;
No real *joy* in life I know,
But in his service sweet.
4 And, oh, what rapture will it be
With all the host above,
To sing through all eternity
The wonders of his *love*!

Philip P. Bliss.

519

C. M.

WE BLESS thee for thy peace, O God,
Deep as the unfathomed sea,
Which falls like sunshine on the road
Of those who trust in thee.
2 We ask not, Father, for repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have through all life's woes
Thy peace within our breast:
3 That peace which flows serene and deep,
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep,
God's sunshine o'er the whole.
4 O Father, give our hearts this peace,
Whate'er the outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to thee.

Unknown.

PEACE AND CONTENTMENT

520

10.

PEACE, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus—this is rest.

3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and he is on the throne.

6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

Edward H. Bickersteth.

521

C. M.

THERE is a safe and secret place,
Beneath the wings Divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace;
O be that refuge mine!

2 The least and feeblest there may bide,
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.

3 He feeds in pastures, large and fair,
Of love and truth Divine:
O child of God, O glory's heir,
How rich a lot is thine!

4 A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honored life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all!

Henry F. Lyte.

522

C. M.

I KNOW I love thee better, Lord,
Than any earthly joy ;
For thou hast given me the peace
Which nothing can destroy.

CHORUS

The half has never yet been told,
Of love so full and free ;
The half has never yet been told,
The blood—it cleanseth me.

2 I know that thou art nearer still
Than any earthly throng,
And sweeter is the thought of thee
Than any lovely song.

3 Thou hast put gladness in my heart ;
Then may I well be glad !
Without the secret of thy love
I could not but be sad.

4 O Savior, precious Savior, mine !
What will thy presence be
If such a life of joy can crown
Our walk on earth with thee?

Frances R. Havergal

523

L. M.

HE LEADETH me ! O blessed thought !
O words with heavenly comfort fraught !
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

CHORUS

He leadeth me ! he leadeth me !
By his own hand he leadeth me ;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea—
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.

REJOICING AND PRAISE

3 Lord ! I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine ;
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by thy grace the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

Joseph H. Gilmore.

Rejoicing and Praise

524

C. M.

MY GOD, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights !

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun ;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe ;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Would bear me conqueror through.

Isaac Watts, alt.

525

C. M.

O 'TIS delight without alloy,
Jesus, to hear thy name :
My spirit leaps with inward joy ;
I feel the sacred flame.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

- 2 My passions hold a pleasing reign,
When love inspires my breast—
Love, the divinest of the train,
The sovereign of the rest.
- 3 This is the grace must live and sing,
When faith and hope shall cease,
And sound from every joyful string
Through all the realms of bliss.
- 4 Swift I ascend the heavenly place,
And hasten to my home ;
I leap to meet thy kind embrace ;
I come, O Lord, I come.
- 5 Sink down, ye separating hills ;
Let sin and death remove ;
'Tis love that drives my chariot wheels,
And death must yield to love.

Isaac Watts.

526

C. M.

TALK with us, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove ;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of thy love.

2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time and toil and care ;
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.

3 Here, then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice ;
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.

4 Thou callest me to seek thy face—
'Tis all I wish to seek ;
To attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.

5 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I thy glory see ;
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in thee.

Charles Wesley.

527

C. M.

JESUS, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find

A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Savior of mankind!

3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,

To those who fall, how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:

The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;

In thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

Bernard of Clairvaux, tr. by Edward Caswall.

528

S. D.

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!

Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness to me;

The midsummer sun shines but dim,

The fields strive in vain to look gay;

But when I am happy in him,

December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;

His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;

I should, were he always thus nigh,

Have nothing to wish or to fear;

No mortal so happy as I,

My summer would last all the year.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind :
While blest with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear ;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 My Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore ;
Or take me to thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

John Newton.

529

11.

MY JESUS, I love thee, I know thou art mine,
For thee all the follies of sin I resign ;
My gracious Redeemer, my Savior art thou ;
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

2 I love thee because thou hast first lovéd me
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree ;
I love thee for wearing the thorns on thy brow ;
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

3 I will love thee in life, I will love thee in death,
And praise thee as long as thou lendest me breath ;
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

4 In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore thee in heaven so bright ;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

London Hymn Book.

530

C. M.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.

REJOICING AND PRAISE

- 2 When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 3 Through hidden dangers, toils and deaths,
It gently cleared my way ;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.
- 4 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.
- 5 Through all eternity to thee
A grateful song I'll raise ;
But, oh, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

Joseph Addison.

531

11. 8.

A WONDERFUL Savior is Jesus my Lord,
A wonderful Savior to me ;
He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
Where rivers of pleasure I see.

CHORUS

He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
That shadows a dry, thirsty land ;
He hideth my life in the depths of his love,
And covers me there with his hand.

2 A wonderful Savior is Jesus my Lord,
He taketh my burden away ;
He holdeth me up, and I shall not be moved ;
He giveth me strength as my day.

3 With numberless blessings each moment he
crowns,
And filled with his fulness divine,
I sing in my rapture, "Oh, glory to God
For such a Redeemer as mine !"

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

4 When clothed in his brightness transported I
rise

To meet him in clouds of the sky,
His perfect salvation, his wonderful love,
I'll shout with the millions on high.

Copyright, 1890, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Fanny J. Crosby.

532

8. 7.

I WILL sing the wondrous story
Of the Christ who died for me,
How he left his home in glory,
For the cross on Calvary.

CHORUS

Yes, I'll sing the wondrous story
Of the Christ who died for me,
Sing it with the saints in glory,
Gathered by the crystal sea.

2 I was lost, but Jesus found me,
Found the sheep that went astray;
Threw his loving arms around me,
Drew me back into his way.

3 I was bruised, but Jesus healed me,
Faint was I from many a fall,
Sight was gone, and fears possessed me,
But he freed me from them all.

4 Days of darkness still come o'er me,
Sorrow's paths I often tread,
But the Savior still is with me,
By his hand I'm safely led.

5 He will keep me till the river
Rolls its waters at my feet;
Then he'll bear me safely over,
Where the loved ones I shall meet.

Copyright, 1887, by Ira D. Sankey.

Francis H. Rowley.

533

S. M.

MY GOD, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

REJOICING AND PRAISE

- 2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradise when thou art here;
If thou depart, 'tis hell.
- 3 Not all the bliss above
Could make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.
- 4 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford,
Nor yield one drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.
- 5 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll:
The circle where my passions move,
And center of my soul.

Isaac Watts.

534

11. 12.

MY GOD, I am thine; what a comfort divine,
What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine!
In the heavenly Lamb thrice happy I am,
And my heart doth rejoice at the sound of his name.

2 True pleasures abound in the rapturous sound,
And whoever hath found it, hath paradise found:
My Redeemer to know, to feel his blood flow,
This is life everlasting—'tis heaven below.

3 Yet onward I haste to the heavenly feast;
That indeed is the fulness, but this is the taste;
And this I shall prove, till with joy I remove
To the heaven of heavens in Jesus' love.

Charles Wesley.

535

8. 7. D.

O THOU God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise thee, I will praise thee;
Where shall I thy praise begin?

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

- 2 Though unseen, I love the Savior ;
He hath brought salvation near ;
Manifests his pardoning favor ;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body, soul and body
Shall his glorious image bear.
- 3 While the angel choirs are crying,
"Glory to the great I AM,"
I with them will still be vying :
Glory ! glory to the Lamb !
O how precious, O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name !
- 4 Angels now are hovering round us,
Unperceived amid the throng ;
Wondering at the love that crowned us,
Glad to join the holy song :
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Love and praise to Christ belong !

Thomas Olivers.

536

S. M.

COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround his throne.

CHORUS

- We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion ;
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas ;
- 4 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love ;
He will send down his heavenly powers
To carry us above.

REJOICING AND PRAISE

5 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin ;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in :

6 Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

7 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

8 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

9 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

Isaac Watts, alt. by John Wesley.

537

11. 8.

O THOU, in whose presence my soul takes delight
On whom in affliction I call,
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all !

2 Where dost thou, dear Shepherd, resort with thy
sheep,
To feed them in pastures of love ?
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in this wilderness rove ?

3 O why should I wander an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread ?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 Restore, my dear Savior, the light of thy face ;
Thy soul-cheering comfort impart ;
And let the sweet tokens of pardoning grace
Bring joy to my desolate heart.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

- 5 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen
The star that on Israel shone?
Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been,
And where with his flocks he is gone.
- 6 He looks! and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks! and eternity, filled with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.
- 7 Dear Shepherd, I hear, and will follow thy call;
I know the sweet sound of thy voice;
Restore and defend me, for thou art my all;
In thee I will ever rejoice.

Joseph Swain.

538

L. M.

GOD of my life, through all my days
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;
My song shall wake with opening light,
And cheer the dark and silent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But, oh, when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!

5 Soon shall I learn the exalted strains
Which echo through the heavenly plains;
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round the throne.

6 The cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul shall live:
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity.

Philip Doddridge.

REJOICING AND PRAISE

539

8. 7.

IN THE cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

John Bowring.

540

H. M.

REJOICE, the Lord is King!
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

2 Jesus, the Savior reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

4 He sits at God's right hand
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet ;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

5 He all his foes shall quell,
And all our sins destroy ;
Let every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy ;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

6 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home ;
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice ;
The trump of God shall sound, "Rejoice !"

Charles Wesley.

541

L. M. 61.

I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God ; he made the sky
And earth and seas, with all their train ;
His truth forever stands secure ;
He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind ;
The Lord supports the fainting mind ;
He sends the laboring conscience peace ;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;

REJOICING AND PRAISE

My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

Isaac Watts.

542

11.

I LOVE thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord ;
I love thee, my Savior, I love thee, my God :
I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost know ;
But how much I love thee my actions will show.
2 I'm happy, I'm happy, oh, wondrous account !
My joys are immortal, I stand on the mount !
I gaze on my treasure and long to be there,
With Jesus and angels and kindred so dear.
3 O Jesus, my Savior, with thee I am blest,
My life and salvation, my joy and my rest :
Thy name be my theme, and thy love be my song ;
Thy grace shall inspire both my heart and my tongue.
4 Oh, who's like my Savior? he's Salem's bright King ;
He smiles, and he loves me, and helps me to sing :
I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with notes loud and
clear,
While rivers of pleasure my spirit do cheer.

Unknown.

543

8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

HARK, ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the notes of praise above !
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices ;
Jesus reigns, the God of love :
See, he sits on yonder throne ;
Jesus rules the world alone.
Hallelujah ! hallelujah !
Hallelujah ! Amen !
2 Jesus, hail ! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth ;
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms thy saints on earth :
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.
Hallelujah ! hallelujah !
Hallelujah ! Amen !

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

3 King of glory, reign forever;
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own:
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Amen!

4 Savior, hasten thine appearing;
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;
Then, with golden harps we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King!"
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Amen!

Thomas Kelly.

544

7. 6. D.

I LOVE to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know 'tis true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else would do.

CHORUS

I love to tell the story,
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and his love.

2 I love to tell the story;
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.

I love to tell the story,
It did so much for me;
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the story;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.

LOVE AND FELLOWSHIP

I love to tell the story,
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.

4 I love to tell the story ;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing, the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story
That I have loved so long.

Katharine Hankey.

Love and Fellowship

545

C. M.

JESUS, united by thy grace,
And each to each endeared,
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.

2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thine easy yoke,
A band of love, a threefold cord,
Which never can be broke.

3 Make us into one spirit drink ;
Baptize into thy name,
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak, the same.

4 Touched by the lodestone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree,
And ever toward each other move,
And ever move toward thee.

Charles Wesley.

546

S. M.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love ;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way,
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

John Fawcett.

547

7. D.

COME, and let us sweetly join,
Christ to praise in hymns divine:
Give we all with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord;
Hands and hearts and voices raise;
Sing as in the ancient days;
Antedate the joys above;
Celebrate the feast of love.

2 Strive we, in affection strive;
Let the purer flame revive,
Such as in the martyrs glowed,
Dying champions for their God:
We like them may live and love;
Called we are their joys to prove,
Saved with them from future wrath,
Partners of like precious faith.

LOVE AND FELLOWSHIP

3 Sing we then in Jesus' name,
Now as yesterday the same;
One in every time and place,
Full for all of truth and grace:
We for Christ, our Master, stand,
Lights in a benighted land:
We our dying Lord confess;
We are Jesus' witnesses.

Charles Wesley.

548

7. 6 l.

CENTER of our hopes thou art,
End of our enlarged desires;
Stamp thine image on our heart;
Fill us now with heavenly fires:
Joined to thee by love divine,
Seal our souls forever thine.

2 All our works in thee be wrought,
Leveled at one common aim;
Every word and every thought
Purge in the refining flame:
Lead us through the paths of peace,
On to perfect holiness.

3 Let us all together rise,
To thy glorious life restored;
Here regain our paradise,
Here prepare to meet our Lord,
Here enjoy the earnest given,
Travel hand in hand to heaven.

Charles Wesley.

549

7. D.

WHILE we walk with God in light,
God our hearts doth still unite;
Dearest fellowship we prove,
Fellowship in Jesus' love:
Sweetly each with each combined,
In the bonds of duty joined,
Feels the cleansing blood applied,
Daily feels that Christ hath died.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

2 Still, O Lord, our faith increase,
Cleanse from all unrighteousness;
Thee the unholy cannot see;
Make, O make us meet for thee:
Every vile affection kill,
Root out every seed of ill,
Utterly abolish sin,
Write thy law of love within.

3 Hence may all our actions flow,
Love the proof that Christ we know;
Mutual love the token be,
Lord, that we belong to thee:
Love, thine image, love impart,
Stamp it now on every heart;
Only love to us be given;
Lord, we ask no other heaven. Charles Wesley.

550

7. 61.

BLESSED are the sons of God!
They are bought with Jesus' blood;
They are ransomed from the grave;
Life eternal they shall have;
With them numbered may we be
Here, and in eternity.

2 They are justified by grace;
They enjoy a solid peace;
All their sins are washed away;
They shall stand in God's great day;
With them numbered may we be
Here, and in eternity.

3 They have fellowship with God,
Through the Mediator's blood;
One with God, through Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun;
With them numbered may we be
Here, and in eternity. Joseph Humphreys.

551

C. M.

JESUS, great Shepherd of the sheep,
To thee for help we fly;
Thy little flock in safety keep,
For, oh, the wolf is nigh!

LOVE AND FELLOWSHIP

- 2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear and slay ;
He seizes every straggling soul
As his own lawful prey.
- 3 Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thine arm ;
Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.
- 4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
While by our Shepherd's side ;
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.
- 5 O do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree ;
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee.
- 6 Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die ;
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

Charles Wesley.

552

C. M. D.

- ALL praise to our redeeming Lord,
Who joins us by his grace,
And bids us, each to each restored,
Together seek his face :
He bids us build each other up ;
And, gathered into one,
To our high calling's glorious hope,
We hand in hand go on.
- 2 The gift which he on one bestows,
We all delight to prove ;
The grace through every vessel flows,
In purest streams of love :
E'en now we think and speak the same,
And cordially agree,
United all, through Jesus' name,
In perfect harmony.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

3 We all partake the joy of one ;
The common peace we feel,
A peace to sensual minds unknown,
A joy unspeakable ;
And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What height of rapture shall we know
When round his throne we meet.

Charles Wesley.

553

C. M.

TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart ;
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart.

2 If to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless ;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear ;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve ;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

5 Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride ;
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the sanctified.

Charles Wesley.

554

7.

JESUS, Lord, we look to thee ;
Let us in thy name agree ;
Show thyself the Prince of Peace ;
Bid all strife forever cease.

LOVE AND FELLOWSHIP

2 By thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling-block remove,
Each to each unite, endear;
Come, and spread thy banner here.

3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful and kind,
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

4 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear;
To thy church the pattern give,
Show how true believers live.

5 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness.

6 Let us then with joy remove
To the family above;
On the wings of angels fly;
Show how true believers die.

Charles Wesley.

555

H. M.

THOU God of truth and love,
We seek thy perfect way,
Ready thy choice to approve,
Thy providence to obey;
Enter into thy wise design,
And sweetly lose our will in thine.

2 Why hast thou cast our lot
In the same age and place?
And why together brought
To see each other's face,
To join with softest sympathy,
And mix our friendly souls in thee?

3 Didst thou not make us one,
That we might one remain?
Together travel on,
And bear each other's pain,
Till all thy utmost goodness prove,
And rise renewed in perfect love?

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

4 Then let us ever bear
The blessed end in view,
And join with mutual care,
To fight our passage through,
And kindly help each other on,
Till all receive the starry crown.

Charles Wesley.

556

8. 8. 6.

COME, wisdom, power and grace divine ;
Come, Jesus, in thy name to join
A happy, chosen band
Who fain would prove thine utmost will,
And all thy righteous laws fulfil
In love's benign command.

2 If pure, essential love thou art,
Thy nature into every heart,
Thy loving self, inspire ;
Bid all our simple souls be one,
United in a bond unknown,
Baptized with heavenly fire.

3 Still may we to our center tend,
To spread thy praise our common end,
To help each other on ;
Companions through the wilderness,
To share a moment's pain, and seize
An everlasting crown.

4 Jesus, our humbled souls prepare ;
Infuse the softest social care,
The warmest charity ;
The mercy of our bleeding Lamb,
The virtues of thy wondrous name,
The heart that was in thee.

5 Impart what every member wants ;
To found the fellowship of saints,
Thy Spirit, Lord, supply ;
So shall we all thy love receive,
Together to thy glory live,
And to thy glory die.

Charles Wesley.

LOVE AND FELLOWSHIP

557

C. M.

LIFT up your hearts to things above,
Ye followers of the Lamb,
And join with us to praise his love,
And glorify his name.

2 To Jesus' name give thanks and sing,
Whose mercies never end :
Rejoice ! rejoice ! the Lord is King ;
The King is now our friend !

3 We for his sake count all things loss,
On earthly good look down,
And joyfully sustain the cross,
Till we receive the crown.

4 O let us stir each other up,
Our faith by works to approve,
By holy, purifying hope,
And the sweet task of love.

5 Let all who for the promise wait,
The Holy Ghost receive ;
And, raised to our unsinning state,
With God in Eden live :

6 Live till the Lord in glory come,
And wait his heaven to share :
He now is fitting up your home ;
Go on, we'll meet you there.

Charles Wesley.

558

C. M.

OUR God is love ; and all his saints
His image bear below ;
The heart with love to God inspired,
With love to man will glow.

2 Teach us to love each other, Lord,
As we are loved by thee ;
For none are truly born of God,
Who live in enmity.

3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
Our hopes and fears the same,
With bonds of love our hearts unite,
With mutual love inflame.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

4 So may the unbelieving world
See how true Christians love;
And glorify our Savior's grace,
And seek that grace to prove.

Thomas Cotterill.

559

S. M.

AND are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give,
For his redeeming grace.

2 Preserved by power divine
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in his sight appear.

3 What troubles have we seen,
What conflicts have we passed,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last!

4 But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

5 Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more:

6 Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain;
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

Charles Wesley.

560

S. M.

LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ, their Head.

WATCH-NIGHT AND NEW YEAR

2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found,
Heirs of the same inheritance
With mutual blessings crowned.

3 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

4 And, till we reach that place,
Our daily prayer shall be
That we may dwell before thee, Lord,
In love and unity.

Benjamin Beddome.

Time and Eternity

Watch-night and New Year

561

7. 6. D.

ANOTHER year is dawning!
Dear Master, let it be,
In working or in waiting,
Another year with thee;
Another year of leaning
Upon thy loving breast,
Of ever-deepening trustfulness,
Of quiet, happy rest.

2 Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace;
Another year of gladness
In the shining of thy face;
Another year of progress,
Another year of praise,
Another year of proving
Thy presence "all the days."

3 Another year of service,
Of witness of thy love;
Another year of training
For holier work above:

TIME AND ETERNITY

Another year is dawning!
Dear Master, let it be,
On earth or else in heaven,
Another year for thee.

Frances R. Havergal.

562

L. M. 61.

HOW many pass the guilty night
In reveling and frantic mirth!
The creature is their sole delight,
Their happiness the things of earth;
For us suffice the seasons past,
We choose the better part at last.

2 We will not close our wakeful eyes,
We will not let our eyelids sleep,
But humbly lift them to the skies,
And all a solemn vigil keep;
So many nights on sin bestowed,
Can we not watch one hour for God?

3 We can, O Jesus, for thy sake,
Devote our every hour to thee;
Speak but the word, our souls shall wake,
And sing with cheerful melody:
Thy praise shall our glad tongues employ,
And every heart shall dance for joy.

4 O may we all triumphant rise;
With joy upon our heads return;
And far above these nether skies,
By thee on eagles' wings upborne,
Through all yon radiant circles move,
And gain the highest heaven of love.

Charles Wesley.

563

C. M.

COME, let us use the grace divine,
And all, with one accord,
In a perpetual covenant join
Ourselves to Christ the Lord;

2 Give up ourselves, through Jesus' power,
His name to glorify;
And promise in this sacred hour,
For God to live and die.

WATCH-NIGHT AND NEW YEAR

3 The covenant we this moment make
Be ever kept in mind ;
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.

4 We never will throw off his fear,
Who hears our solemn vow ;
And if thou art well pleased to hear,
Come down and meet us now.

5 Thee, Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Let all our hearts receive ;
Present with the celestial host,
The peaceful answer give.

6 To each the covenant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away ;
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day.

Charles Wesley.

564

7. D.

WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Nevermore to meet us here :
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below ;
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

2 As the wingéd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find,
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind—
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream ;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive ;
Pardon of our sins renew ;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view ;

TIME AND ETERNITY

Bless thy word to young and old ;
Fill us with a Savior's love ;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

John Newton.

565

C. M.

JOIN, all ye ransomed sons of grace,
The holy joy prolong,
And shout to the Redeemer's praise
A solemn midnight song.

2 Blessing and thanks and love and might,
Be to our Jesus given,
Who turns our darkness into light,
Who turns our hell to heaven.

3 Thither our faithful souls he leads ;
Thither he bids us rise,
With crowns of joy upon our heads,
To meet him in the skies.

Charles Wesley.

566

H. M.

THE Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages, praise,
Who reigns enthroned on high,
Ancient of endless days ;
Who lengthens out our trials here,
And spares us yet another year.

2 Barren and withered trees,
We cumbered long the ground ;
No fruit of holiness
On our dead souls was found ;
Yet doth he us in mercy spare,
Another and another year.

3 When justice bared the sword
To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of the Lord
Cried, "Let it still alone !"
The Father mild inclines his ear,
And spares us yet another year.

BREVITY AND UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE

4 Jesus, thy speaking blood
From God obtained the grace,
Who therefore hath bestowed
On us a longer space;
Thou didst in our behalf appear,
And, lo, we see another year!

5 Then dig about the root,
Break up our fallow ground,
And let our gracious fruit
To thy great praise abound;
O let us all thy praise declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

Charles Wesley.

567

P. M.

COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.
His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

2 Our life is a dream; our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
The arrow is flown, the moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 O that each in the day of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do!"
O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!"
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne!"

Charles Wesley.

Brevity and Uncertainty of Life

568

8. 5. D.

IN THE silent midnight watches,
I List—thy bosom's door!
How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
Knocketh evermore!

TIME AND ETERNITY

Say not 'tis thy pulse's beating,
'Tis thy heart of sin;
'Tis thy Savior knocks, and crieth,
"Rise, and let me in!"

2 Death comes down with reckless footsteps,
To the hall and hut;
Think you death will tarry knocking,
When the door is shut?
Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth;
But thy door is fast;
Grieved, away thy Savior goeth—
Death breaks in at last!

3 Then 'tis thine to stand entreating
Christ to let thee in:
At the gate of heaven beating,
Wailing for thy sin?
Nay, alas! thou foolish virgin,
Hast thou, then, forgot?
Jesus waited long to know thee,
Now he knows thee not!

Arthur C. Coxe.

569

S. M.

A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest,
Asleep within the tomb.

REFRAIN

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away!

2 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild, rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease
And surges swell no more.

3 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.

Horatius Bonar.

570

S. M.

HOW swift the torrent rolls
That bears us to the sea,
The tide that hurries thoughtless souls
To vast eternity!

2 Our fathers, where are they,
With all they called their own?
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honor, gone.

3 God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend!
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.

4 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face.

Philip Doddridge.

571

S. S. 6.

LO! ON a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,
Secure, insensible:
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

2 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress:
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

3 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

TIME AND ETERNITY

4 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear
Eternal bliss to insure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

5 Then, Savior, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above,
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love. Charles Wesley.

572

L. M.

HOW vain is all beneath the skies!
How transient every earthly bliss!
How slender all the fondest ties
That bind us to a world like this!

2 The evening cloud, the morning dew,
The withering grass, the fading flower,
Of earthly hopes are emblems true,
The glory of a passing hour.

3 But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a brighter world on high,
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

4 Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears:
If God be ours, we're traveling home,
Though passing through a vale of tears.
David E. Ford.

573

C. M.

THEE we adore, eternal Name!
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we!

BREVITY AND UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE

- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As days and months increase;
And every beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave:
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're traveling to the grave.
- 4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go,
Upon the brink of death!
- 6 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God! Isaac Watts.

574

L. M.

- A**LMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days,
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to thy praise.
- 2 My days are shorter than a span;
A little point my life appears;
How frail, at best, is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears!
- 3 Vain his ambition, noise, and show;
Vain are the cares which rack his mind:
He heaps up treasures mixed with woe,
And dies, and leaves them all behind.
- 4 O be a nobler portion mine!
My God, I bow before thy throne;
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hope on thee alone. Anne Steele.

TIME AND ETERNITY

575

C. M.

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home :

2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Still may we dwell secure ;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages, in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guide while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

Isaac Watts.

Death and Resurrection

576

L. M.

WHY should we start, and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are !
Death is the gate to endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away ;
And we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION

3 O would my Lord his servant meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

Isaac Watts.

577

L. M.

HOW blest the righteous when he dies !
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast !

2 So fades a summer cloud away ;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
So gently shuts the eye of day ;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys ;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell ;
How bright the unchanging morn appears !
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !

5 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies !"

Anna L. Barbauld, alt.

578

L. M.

ASLEEP in Jesus ! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep !
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

TIME AND ETERNITY

2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing,
That Death hath lost his venom'd sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Savior's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

Margaret Mackay.

579

L. M.

HOW sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene,
And when the sun, with cloudless ray,
Sheds mellow luster o'er the scene!

2 Such is the Christian's parting hour;
So peacefully he sinks to rest,
When faith, endued from heaven with power,
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

3 Mark but that radiance of his eye,
That smile upon his wasted cheek;
They tell us of his glory nigh,
In language that no tongue can speak.

4 A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his gloomy road;
And angels are attending near,
To bear him to their bright abode.

5 Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless?
To sink into that soft repose,
Then wake to perfect happiness?

William H. Bathurst, alt.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION

580

C. M.

THY life I read, my gracious Lord,
With transport all divine;
Thine image trace in every word,
Thy love in every line.

2 Methinks I see a thousand charms
Spread o'er thy lovely face,
While infants in thy tender arms
Receive the smiling grace.

3 "I take these little lambs," said he,
"And lay them in my breast;
Protection they shall find in me,
In me be ever blest.

4 "Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve my love;
Millions of infant souls compose
The family above."

5 His words the happy parents hear,
And shout, with joys divine,
O Savior, all we have and are
Shall be forever thine.

Samuel Stennett.

581

C. M.

WHY should our tears in sorrow flow
When God recalls his own,
And bids them leave a world of woe
For an immortal crown?

2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.

3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blest;
They fought the fight, the victory won,
And entered into rest.

TIME AND ETERNITY

4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow ;
God has recalled his own ;
But let our hearts, in every woe,
Still say, "Thy will be done."

William H. Bathurst.

582

S. D.

WEEP not for a brother deceased ;
Our loss is his infinite gain ;
A soul out of prison released,
And freed from its bodily chain ;
With songs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his spirit above,
Escaped to the mansions of light,
And lodged in the Eden of love.

2 Our brother the haven has gained,
Outflying the tempest and wind ;
His rest he hath sooner obtained,
And left his companions behind,
Still tossed on a sea of distress,
Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
Where all is assurance and peace,
And sorrow and sin are no more.

3 There all the ship's company meet,
Who sailed with the Savior beneath ;
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er sorrow and death :
The voyage of life's at an end ;
The mortal affliction is past ;
The age that in heaven they spend,
Forever and ever shall last.

Charles Wesley.

583

C. M.

O FOR an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er approaching Death,
And all his frightful powers !

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quivering lips should sing,
"Where is thy boasted victory, Grave?
And where, O Death, thy sting?"

DEATH AND RESURRECTION

3 If sin be pardoned, I'm secure ;
Death hath no sting beside :
The law gives sin its damning power,
But Christ, my ransom, died.

4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conquerors, while we die,
Through Christ, our living Head.

Isaac Watts.

584

C. M. D.

O SLEEPLESS nights, O cheerless days,
O sobs, that will not cease ;
Be still, be still ! kind are his ways,
Christ is the Prince of Peace :
'Tis well thy head, in throbbing pain,
May pillow on his breast ;
Weep there thy tears like spring-time rain—
He gives the mourner rest.

2 Toil bravely on, 'twill not be long
Thy bark shall plow the main ;
Steer well ; thy guide shall be the song
That rings from heaven's plain :
And watch thou for the gleaming lights
That shine across the wave ;
They're planted on fair heaven's heights,
The mariner to save.

3 Steer well ! the harbor just ahead
Aglow with glory's ray,
Will on thee golden luster shed,
From out the gates of day,
And waiting there are longing hands
That thrill to clasp thine own,
And lead thee through the heavenly land
Into the bright unknown.

4 Oh, strive thou well to overcome,
And clothe thyself in white ;
Wait patiently thy welcome home
To scenes of glory bright :

TIME AND ETERNITY

The Lord loves those he chastens sore,
And binds the bleeding wound ;
And gently heals the heart he tore,
That grace may more abound.

Helen S. Arnold.

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585

C. M. D.

AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die ;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high :
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,
That only bliss for which it pants,
In my Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown
I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain :
I suffer on my three-score years,
Till my Deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

3 O what hath Jesus bought for me !
Before my ravished eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise :
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there ;
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.

4 O what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host to appear,
And worship at thy feet !
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away,
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

Charles Wesley.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION

586

8. 7.

JESUS, while our hearts are bleeding
O'er the spoils that death has won,
We would at this solemn meeting,
Calmly say, "Thy will be done."

2 Though cast down, we're not forsaken;
Though afflicted, not alone:
Thou didst give, and thou hast taken;
Blessed Lord, "Thy will be done."

3 Though to-day we're filled with mourning,
Mercy still is on the throne;
With thy smiles of love returning,
We can sing, "Thy will be done."

4 By thy hands the boon was given;
Thou hast taken but thine own:
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
Evermore, "Thy will be done."

Thomas Hastings.

587

S. M.

SERVANT of God, well done!
Thy glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art-crowned at last;

2 Of all thy heart's desire
Triumphantly possessed;
Lodged by the ministerial choir
In thy Redeemer's breast.

3 In condescending love,
Thy ceaseless prayer he heard;
And bade thee suddenly remove
To thy complete reward.

4 With saints enthroned on high,
Thou dost thy Lord proclaim,
And still to God salvation cry,
Salvation to the Lamb!

5 O happy, happy soul!
In ecstasies of praise,
Long as eternal ages roll,
Thou seest thy Savior's face.

TIME AND ETERNITY

6 Redeemed from earth and pain,
Ah! when shall we ascend,
And all in Jesus' presence reign
With our translated friend?

Charles Wesley.

588

4. 6. 4.

BELOVED, sleep,
Thy conflicts now are past,
Life's battle fought,
Thy bliss begun,
And thou art crowned at last.

2 Rest, sweetly rest,
Thy tears are wiped away,
Thy sighing hushed,
Thy song begun,
And thine eternal day.

3 Sweet, dreamless sleep,
The Master said, "Well done!"
Thy weary head,
Upon his breast,
Reclined at set of sun.

4 We wait in hope
Till Jesus comes again;
We'll meet thee then,
To part no more,
Beyond the reach of pain.
Beloved, sleep.

William H. Clark.

589

S. M.

AND must this body die,
This well-wrought frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

2 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And ever from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION

3 Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Be heavenly and divine.

4 These lively hopes we owe,
Lord, to thy dying love:
O may we bless thy grace below,
And sing thy grace above!

5 Savior, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

Isaac Watts.

590

10. 10. 10. 6.

WHEN I shall wake in that fair morn of morns,
After whose dawning never night returns,
And with whose glory day eternal burns,
I shall be satisfied.

REFRAIN

I shall be satisfied,
I shall be satisfied,
I shall be satisfied,
By and by.

2 When I shall see thy glory face to face,
When in thine arms thou wilt thy child embrace,
When thou shalt open all thy stores of grace,
I shall be satisfied.

3 When I shall meet with those that I have loved,
Clasp in my eager arms the long removed,
And find how faithful thou to me hast proved,
I shall be satisfied.

4 When I shall gaze upon the face of him
Who for me died, with eye no longer dim,
And praise him with the everlasting hymn,
I shall be satisfied.

Horatius Bonar.

591

L. M.

THE saints who die of Christ possessed,
Enter into immediate rest ;
For them no further test remains,
Of purging fires and torturing pains.

2 Who trusting in their Lord depart,
Cleansed from all sin, and pure in heart,
The bliss unmixed, the glorious prize,
They find with Christ in paradise.

3 Yet, glorified by grace alone,
They cast their crowns before the throne,
And fill the echoing courts above
With praises of redeeming love.

Charles Wesley.

592

7. 6.

GONE from our home forever,
The darling of our band,
Crossed o'er the mystic river
Into the Summer-land.

REFRAIN

Gone from our home,
The darling of our band,
Crossed o'er the mystic river,
Into the Summer-land.

2 Gone from a world of sadness,
Gone from a bed of pain,
Into eternal gladness,
Never to weep again.

3 Gone where no storms of sorrow
Sweep o'er her troubled breast,
Gone from a dark to-morrow
To everlasting rest.

4 We weep, our hearts are breaking ;
We smile, and kiss the rod ;
We know her spirit's waking
In the paradise of God.

Helen S. Arnold.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION

593

7. 61.

WHEREFORE should I make my moan,
Now the darling child is dead?
He to early rest is gone,
He to paradise is fled:
I shall go to him, but he
Never shall return to me.

2 God forbids his longer stay;
God recalls the precious loan;
God hath taken him away
From my bosom to his own:
Surely what he wills is best;
Happy in his will I rest.

3 Faith cries out, "It is the Lord,
Let him do as seems him good!
Be thy holy name adored;
Take the gift awhile bestowed:
Take the child no longer mine;
Thine he is, forever thine."

Charles Wesley.

594

10. 10. 10. 6.

SLEEP on, beloved, sleep, and take thy rest;
Lay down thy head upon thy Savior's breast;
We love thee well, but Jesus loves thee best—
Good-night!

2 Calm is thy slumber as an infant's sleep;
But thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep:
Thine is a perfect rest, secure and deep—
Good-night!

3 Until the Easter glory lights the skies,
Until the dead in Jesus shall arise,
And he shall come, but not in lowly guise—
Good-night!

4 Until, made beautiful by love divine,
Thou, in the likeness of thy Lord shalt shine,
And he shall bring that golden crown of thine—
Good-night!

TIME AND ETERNITY

5 Only "Good-night," beloved, not "Farewell!"
A little while, and all his saints shall dwell
In hallowed union indivisible—
Good-night!

6 Until we meet again before his throne,
Clothed in the spotless robe he gives his own,
Until we know even as we are known—
Good-night!

Sarah Doudney.

595

P. M.

I WILL sing you a song of that beautiful land,
The far away home of the soul,
Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,
While the years of eternity roll.
2 O that home of the soul, in my visions and dreams,
Its bright jasper walls I can see,
Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes
Between the fair city and me.
3 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kingdoms forever is he.
And he holdeth our crowns in his hands.
4 O how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain,
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again.

Ellen H. Gates.

596

P. M.

TENDER Shepherd, thou hast stilled
Now thy little lamb's brief weeping:
Ah, how peaceful, pale and mild
In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping!
And no sigh of anguish sore
Heaves that little bosom more.
2 In this world of care and pain,
Lord, thou wouldst no longer leave it;
To the sunny heavenly plain
Thou dost now with joy receive it;
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with thee in light.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION

3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving;
Then the gain of death we prove,
Though thou take what most we love.
John W. Meinhold, tr. by Catharine Winkworth.

597

L. M. 61.

IN AGE and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a helpless worm redeem?
Jesus, my only hope thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart:
O could I catch one smile from thee,
And drop into eternity!

Charles Wesley.

598

L. M.

THE morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.
2 Nipped by the wind's untimely blast,
Parched by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.
3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows;
Fairer than spring the colors shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.
4 Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.
5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With luster brighter far shall shine,
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

Samuel Wesley, Jr.

TIME AND ETERNITY

599

L. M.

I TOO, forewarned by Jesus' love,
Must shortly lay my body down;
But ere my soul from earth remove,
O let me put thine image on!

2 Savior! thy meek and lowly mind
Be to thine aged servant given;
And glad I'll drop this tent, to find
My everlasting house in heaven.

Charles Wesley.

600

S. M. D.

FOREVER with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality:
Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam.
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

REFRAIN

Nearer home, nearer home,
A day's march nearer home.

2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near!
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear:
Ah, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above!

3 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel tongues o'er-power:
Then, then I feel that he,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive him not.

JUDGMENT AND RETRIBUTION

4 Forever with the Lord !
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfil.
Be thou at my right hand,
Then I can never fail ;
Uphold thou me, and I shall stand,
And in thy strength prevail.

5 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord !"

James Montgomery.

Judgment and Retribution

601

C. M.

THAT awful day will surely come,
The appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Jesus, thou source of all my joys,
Thou ruler of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the word, "Depart !"

3 The thunder of that awful word
Would so torment my ear,
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.

4 What, to be banished from my Lord,
And yet forbid to die !
To linger in eternal pain,
And death forever fly !

5 O wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love !

Isaac Watts.

TIME AND ETERNITY

602

C. M.

AND must I be to judgment brought,
And answer in that day
For every vain and idle thought,
And every word I say?

2 Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.

3 How careful then ought I to live,
With what religious fear!
Who such a strict account must give
For my behavior here.

4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed,
To all I speak or do.

5 If now thou standest at the door,
O let me feel thee near,
And make my peace with God, before
I at thy bar appear.

Charles Wesley.

603

P. M.

STAND the omnipotent decree!
Jehovah's will be done!
Nature's end we wait to see,
And hear her final groan.
Let this earth dissolve, and blend
In death the wicked and the just;
Let those ponderous orbs descend,
And grind us into dust:

2 Rests secure the righteous man;
At his Redeemer's beck,
Sure to emerge and rise again,
And mount above the wreck:
Lo! the heavenly spirit towers
Like flames o'er nature's funeral pyre,
Triumphs in immortal powers,
And claps his wings of fire!

JUDGMENT AND RETRIBUTION

3 Nothing hath the just to lose,
By worlds on worlds destroyed ;
Far beneath his feet he views,
With smiles, the flaming void ;
Sees this universe renewed,
The grand millennial reign begun ;
Shouts with all the sons of God,
Around the eternal throne.

Charles Wesley.

604

S. M.

O WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul ?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh ;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years ;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath :
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death !

5 Thou God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun ;
Lest we be banished from thy face,
Forever more undone.

James Montgomery.

605

7. 61.

DAY of wrath, O dreadful day !
When this world shall pass away,
And the heavens together roll,
Shriveling like a parchéd scroll,
Long foretold by saint and sage,
David's harp, and sibyl's page.

TIME AND ETERNITY

2 Day of terror, day of doom,
When the Judge at last shall come!
Through the deep and silent gloom,
Shrouding every human tomb,
Shall the archangel's trumpet tone
Summon all before the throne.

3 Then the writing shall be read,
Which shall judge the quick and dead;
Then the Lord of all our race
Shall appoint to each his place;
Every wrong shall be set right,
Every secret brought to light.

4 O just Judge, to whom belongs
Vengeance for all earthly wrongs,
Grant forgiveness, Lord, at last,
Ere the dread account be past;
Lo, my sighs, my guilt, my shame!
Spare me for thine own great name.

5 Thou, who bad'st the sinner cease
From her tears and go in peace—
Thou, who to the dying thief
Spakest pardon and relief—
Thou, O Lord, to me hast given,
E'en to me, the hope of heaven.

Thomas of Celano, tr. by Arthur P. Stanley.

606

7.

CHOOSE I must, and soon must choose,
Holiness, or heaven lose:
While what heaven loves I hate,
Shut for me is heaven's gate.

2 Endless sin means endless woe;
Into endless sin I go,
If my soul from reason rent,
Takes from sin its final bent.

3 As a stream its channel grooves,
And within its channel moves,
So doth habit's deepest tide
Groove its bed and there abide.

JUDGMENT AND RETRIBUTION

4 Light obeyed increaseth light ;
Light resisteth bringeth night :
Who shall give me will to choose,
If the love of light I lose?

5 Speed my soul ! This instant yield !
Let the light its scepter wield ;
While thy God prolongeth grace,
Haste thee toward his holy place.

Joseph Cook.

607

S. M. D.

THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear ;
Our cautioned souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray :

2 To pray, and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down,
The immortal Son of man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.

3 O may we all be found
Obedient to thy word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord !
O may we thus insure
A lot among the blest,
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest.

Charles Wesley.

608

C. M.

THERE is a time we know not when,
A point we know not where,
That marks the destiny of men,
To glory or despair.

TIME AND ETERNITY

- 2 There is a line by us unseen,
That crosses every path,
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath.
- 3 To pass that limit is to die,
To die as if by stealth;
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Or pale the glow of health.
- 4 The conscience may be still at ease,
The spirit light and gay,
That which is pleasing still may please,
And care be thrust away.
- 5 Oh, where is this mysterious bourn
By which our path is crossed,
Beyond which God himself hath sworn
That he who goes is lost?
- 6 How far may we go on in sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end, and where begin
The confines of despair?
- 7 An answer from the skies is sent:
"Ye that from God depart!
While it is called to-day, repent
And harden not your heart."

Joseph A. Alexander.

609

S. 7. 4.

DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round:
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

- 2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
You who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine:"
Glorious Savior,
Own me in that day for thine.

JUDGMENT AND RETRIBUTION

3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea ;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his voice, prepare to flee :
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee ?

4 But to those who have confesséd,
Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blesséd ;
See the kingdom I bestow ;
You forever
Shall my love and glory know."

John Newton.

610

8. 7. 4.

CHRIST is coming ! let creation
Bid her groans and travail cease ;
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore and faith increase ;
Christ is coming !
Come, thou blessed Prince of Peace !

2 Earth can now but tell the story
Of thy bitter cross and pain ;
She shall yet behold thy glory
When thou comest back to reign ;
Christ is coming !
Let each heart repeat the strain.

3 Long thy exiles have been pining,
Far from rest and home and thee ;
But, in heavenly vesture shining,
Soon they shall thy glory see ;
Christ is coming !
Haste the joyous jubilee.

4 With that blessed hope before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung ;
Let the mighty advent chorus
Onward roll from tongue to tongue ;
Christ is coming !
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come !

John R. Macduff.

TIME AND ETERNITY

Heaven and Eternal Salvation

611

C. M. D.

O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?
O happy harbor of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow can be found,
Or grief, or care, or toil.

2 No murky cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun,
For God himself gives light.
O my sweet home, Jerusalem,
Thy joys when shall I see?
The King that sitteth on thy throne
In his felicity?

3 Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green,
Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.
Right through thy streets, with silver sound,
The living waters flow,
And on the banks, on either side,
The trees of life do grow.

4 Those trees forevermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring:
There evermore the angels are,
And evermore do sing.
Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

Unknown.

612

11.

MID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to the soul is communion with saints!
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

HEAVEN AND ETERNAL SALVATION

REFRAIN

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!

Prepare me, dear Savior, for glory, my home.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And, thrice precious, Jesus, whose love cannot cease,
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory, at home.

3 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission and strength as my day!
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

4 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace!
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face;
Endue me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.

5 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine,
And in thy fair image, arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.

David Denham.

613

P. M.

THERE'S a land far away 'mid the stars we are
told,
Where they know not the sorrows of time,
Where the pure waters flow, through the valleys of
gold,

And where life is a treasure sublime:
'Tis the land of our God, 'tis the home of the soul,
Where the ages of splendor eternally roll,
Where the way-weary traveler reaches his goal,
On the ever-green mountains of life.

2 Here our gaze can not soar to that beautiful land,
But our visions have told of its bliss,
And our souls by the gale from its gardens are fanned,
When we faint in the deserts of this;
And we sometimes have longed for its holy repose
When our hearts have been rent with temptations
and woes,
And we've drank from the tide of the river that flows
From the ever-green mountains of life.

TIME AND ETERNITY

3 Oh, the stars never tread the blue heavens at night,
But we think where the ransomed have trod,
And the day never smiles from his palace of light,
But we feel the bright smile of our God:
We are traveling home through earth's changes and gloom,
To a region where pleasures unchangingly bloom.
And our guide is the glory that shines through the tomb,
From the ever-green mountains of life.

James G. Clark.

614

L. M.

WHAT sinners value I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake, and find me there?

3 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains, with sweet surprise,
And in my Savior's image rise.

Isaac Watts.

615

S. M.

AND is there, Lord, a rest,
A For weary souls designed,
Where not a care shall stir the breast,
Or sorrow entrance find?

2 Is there a blissful home,
Where kindred minds shall meet,
And live and love, nor ever roam
From that serene retreat?

HEAVEN AND ETERNAL SALVATION

3 Are there bright, happy fields,
Where naught that blooms shall die ;
Where each new scene fresh pleasure yields,
And healthful breezes sigh ?

4 Are there celestial streams,
Where living waters glide,
With murmurs sweet as angel-dreams,
And flowery banks beside ?

5 Forever blessed they,
Whose joyful feet shall stand,
While endless ages waste away,
Amid that glorious land !

6 My soul would thither tend,
While toilsome years are given ;
Then let me, gracious Lord, ascend
To sweet repose in heaven.

Ray Palmer.

616

L. M.

LO! ROUND the throne, a glorious band,
The saints in countless myriads stand ;
Of every tongue redeemed to God,
Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

2 Through tribulation great they came ;
They bore the cross, despised the shame ;
But now from all their labors rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.

3 They see the Savior face to face ;
They sing the triumph of his grace ;
And day and night, with ceaseless praise,
To him their loud hosannas raise.

4 O may we tread the sacred road
That holy saints and martyrs trod ;
Wage to the end the glorious strife,
And win, like them, a crown of life.

Rowland Hill, alt.

617

S. M.

O WHAT a mighty change
Shall Jesus' sufferers know,
While o'er the happy plains they range,
Incapable of woe !

TIME AND ETERNITY

- 2 No ill-requited love
Shall there our spirits wound;
No base ingratitude above,
No sin in heaven is found.
- 3 There all our griefs are spent;
There all our sorrows end;
We cannot there the fall lament
Of a departed friend.
- 4 No slightest touch of pain,
Nor sorrow's least alloy,
Can violate our rest, or stain
Our purity of joy.
- 5 In that eternal day
No clouds or tempests rise;
There gushing tears are wiped away
Forever from our eyes.

Charles Wesley.

618

7. 6. D.

THE sands of time are sinking;
The dawn of heaven breaks;
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair, sweet morn awakes.
Dark, dark hath been the midnight
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In fair Immanuel's land.

2 I've wrestled on toward heaven,
'Gainst storm and wind and tide;
Now, like a weary traveler
That leaneth on his guide,
Amid the shades of evening,
While sinks life's lingering sand,
I hail the glory dawning
In fair Immanuel's land.

3 Deep waters crossed life's pathway,
The hedge of thorns was sharp,
Now these lie all behind me—
Oh, for a well-tuned harp!

HEAVEN AND ETERNAL SALVATION

Oh, to join the hallelujah,
With yon triumphant band,
Who sing where glory dwelleth
In fair Immanuel's land !

4 Oh, Christ ! he is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love ;
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above ;
There to an ocean fulness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In fair Immanuel's land.

5 With mercy and with judgment
My web of time he wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustered by his love ;
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth,
In fair Immanuel's land.

Annie R. Cousin.

619

8. D.

AWAY with our sorrow and fear,
We soon shall recover our home ;
The city of saints shall appear,
The day of eternity come :
From earth we shall quickly remove,
And mount to our native abode,
The house of our Father above,
The palace of angels and God.

2 Our mourning is all at an end,
When, raised by the life-giving Word,
We see the new city descend,
Adorned as a bride for her Lord :
The city so holy and clean,
No sorrow can breathe in the air ;
No gloom of affliction or sin ;
No shadow of evil is there.

3 By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here ;
Her walls are of jasper and gold ;
As crystal her buildings are clear :

TIME AND ETERNITY

Immovably founded in grace,
She stands as she ever hath stood,
And brightly her builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God.

Charles Wesley.

620

S. D.

NO NEED of the sun in that day
Which never is followed by night,
Where Jesus's beauties display
A pure and a permanent light :
The Lamb is their light and their sun,
And, lo ! by reflection they shine,
With Jesus ineffably one,
And bright in effulgence divine.

2 The saints in his presence receive
Their great and eternal reward ;
In Jesus, in heaven, they live,
They reign in the smile of their Lord :
The flame of angelical love
Is kindled at Jesus's face,
And all the enjoyment above,
Consists in the rapturous gaze.

Charles Wesley.

621

S. M.

FAR from these scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of joy and pure delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair land ! could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more !

3 No cloud those regions know,
Realms ever bright and fair,
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

4 O may the prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith, and strong desire,
Bear every thought above !

HEAVEN AND ETERNAL SALVATION

5 Prepared, by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high,
Lord, bid our spirits rise and join
The chorus of the sky.

Anne Steele, alt.

622

7. D.

WHO are these arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noonday sun,
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne?
These are they that bore the cross,
Nobly for their Master stood,
Sufferers in his righteous cause,
Followers of the dying God.

2 Out of great distress they came,
Washed their robes by faith below,
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow;
Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night;
God resides among his own,
God doth in his saints delight.

Charles Wesley.

623

C. M.

MY LATEST sun is sinking fast;
My race is nearly run;
My strongest trials now are past;
My triumph is begun.

CHORUS

O come, angel band,
Come and around me stand,
O bear me away on your snowy wings
To my immortal home.

2 I know I'm near the holy ranks
Of friends and kindred dear,
For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks;
The crossing must be near.

TIME AND ETERNITY

3 I've almost gained my heavenly home;
My spirit loudly sings;
The holy ones, behold, they come!
I hear the noise of wings.

4 O bear my longing heart to him
Who bled and died for me;
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory.

Jefferson Hascall.

624

S. M.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er:
I'm nearer home to-day, to-day,
Than e'er I've been before;

CHORUS

Nearer my home,
Nearer my home;
Nearer my home to-day, to-day,
Than e'er I've been before.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the great eternal throne,
Nearer the crystal sea;

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down:
I soon shall leave my earthly cross,
And gain the starry crown.

4 But, lying dark between,
And winding through the night,
There rolls the silent, unknown stream
That leads at last to light.

5 E'en now, perchance, my feet
Are slipping on the brink,
And I, to-day, am nearer home,
Am nearer than I think.

6 Father, perfect my trust,
And strengthen my weak faith,
Nor let me stand at last, alone
Upon the shore of death.

Phœbe Cary, alt.

625

S. M.

WE KNOW, by faith we know,
If this vile house of clay,
This tabernacle, sink below,
In ruinous decay,

2 We have a house above,
Not made with mortal hands,
And firm as our Redeemer's love,
That heavenly fabric stands.

3 Full of immortal hope,
We urge the restless strife,
And hasten to be swallowed up
Of everlasting life.

4 Lord, let us put on thee,
In perfect holiness,
And rise prepared thy face to see,
Thy bright, unclouded face.

5 Thy grace with glory crown,
Who hast the earnest given,
And then triumphantly come down,
And take us up to heaven.

Charles Wesley.

626

S. S. 6.

HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot,
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.

2 This happiness in part is mine,
Already saved from low design,
From every creature-love;
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lightened of its load,
And seeks the things above.

3 The things eternal I pursue,
A happiness beyond the view
Of those that basely pant

TIME AND ETERNITY

For things by nature felt and seen :
Their honors, wealth and pleasures mean,
I neither have, nor want.

4 There is my house and portion fair ;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding rest :
Soon will the pilgrim's journey end ;
Then, O my Savior, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast !

John Wesley, alt.

627

C. M.

ON JORDAN'S stormy banks I stand
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

CHORUS

We will rest in the fair and happy land,
Just across on the evergreen shore ;
Sing the song of Moses and the Lamb by and by,
And dwell with Jesus evermore.

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight—
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight !

3 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day ;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore :
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest ?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest ?

6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay :
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away. Samuel Stennett.

628

C. M. D.

HOW happy every child of grace,
 Who knows his sins forgiven !
 "This earth," he cries, "is not my place,
 I seek my place in heaven :
 A country far from mortal sight,
 Yet, oh, by faith I see,
 The land of rest, the saints' delight,
 The heaven prepared for me."

2 O what a blessed hope is ours !
 While here on earth we stay,
 We more than taste the heavenly powers,
 And antedate that day :
 We feel the resurrection near,
 Our life in Christ concealed,
 And with his glorious presence here
 Our earthen vessels filled.

3 O would he more of heaven bestow,
 And let the vessels break,
 And let our ransomed spirits go
 To grasp the God we seek ;
 In rapturous awe on him to gaze,
 Who bought the sight for me,
 And shout and wonder at his grace
 To all eternity !

Charles Wesley.

629

C. M. D.

A STRANGER in the world below,
 I calmly sojourn here ;
 Nor can its happiness or woe
 Provoke my hope or fear :
 Its evils in a moment end ;
 Its joys as soon are past ;
 But, oh, the bliss to which I tend
 Eternally shall last !

2 To that Jerusalem above,
 With singing I repair ;
 While in the flesh, my hope and love,
 My heart and soul, are there.

TIME AND ETERNITY

There my exalted Savior stands,
My merciful High Priest,
And still extends his wounded hands,
To take me to his breast.

Charles Wesley.

630

7.

DEATHLESS spirit, now arise;
Soar, thou native of the skies!
Pearl of price by Jesus bought,
To his glorious likeness wrought,—

2 Go, to shine before the throne;
Deck the Mediator's crown;
Go, his triumphs to adorn;
Made for God, to God return.

3 Lo! he beckons from on high;
Fearless to his presence fly;
Thine the merit of his blood,
Thine the righteousness of God.

4 Shudder not to pass the stream;
Venture all thy care on him—
Him, whose dying love and power
Stilled its tossing, hushed its roar.

5 See the haven full in view;
Love divine shall bear thee through:
Trust to that propitious gale;
Weigh thine anchor, spread thy sail.

6 Saints in glory, perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade;
Swiftly to their wish be given;
Kindle higher joy in heaven.

Augustus M. Toplady.

631

WHEN I shall reach the more excellent glory,
And all my trials are passed;
I shall be like him, O wonderful story!
I shall be like him at last.

HEAVEN AND ETERNAL SALVATION

CHORUS

I shall be like him, I shall be like him,
And in his beauty shall shine ;
I shall be like him, wondrously like him,
Jesus, my Savior divine.

2 We shall not wait till the glorious dawning
Breaks on the vision so fair ;
Now we may welcome the heavenly morning,
Now we may his image bear.

3 More and more like him, repeat the blest story
Over and over again ;
Changed by his Spirit from glory to glory,
I shall be satisfied then.

William A. Spencer.

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632

P. M.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings ;
Thy better portion trace ;
Rise from transitory things,
Toward heaven, thy native place :
Sun and moon and stars decay ;
Time shall soon this earth remove ;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course ;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun ;
Both speed them to their source :
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face ;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn ;
Press onward to the prize ;
Soon our Savior will return
Triumphant in the skies :
There we'll join the heavenly train,
Welcomed to partake the bliss ;
Fly from sorrow, care and pain,
To realms of endless peace.

Robert Seagrave, alt.

TIME AND ETERNITY

633

11. 10.

HARK! hark! my soul, angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat
shore;

How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!

CHORUS

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.

4 Rest comes at length; though life be long and
dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be passed;
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at
last.

Frederick W. Faber.

634

6. 6. 8. 4.

THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love:

Jehovah, great I AM!

By earth and heaven confessed;
I bow and bless the sacred name,
Forever blest.

2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand:

HEAVEN AND ETERNAL SALVATION

I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame and power ;
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all his ways ;
He calls a worm his friend,
He calls himself my God !
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.

4 He by himself hath sworn ;
I on his oath depend ;
I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
To heaven ascend ;
I shall behold his face ;
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

Thomas Olivers.

635

6. 6. 8. 4.

THOUGH nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At God's command ;
Thy watery deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view,
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

2 The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest,
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest :
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound,
And trees of life forever grow,
With mercy crowned.

TIME AND ETERNITY

3 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace :
On Zion's sacred height,
His kingdom still maintains,
And, glorious, with his saints in light
Forever reigns.

4 He keeps his own secure ;
He guards them by his side ;
Arrays in garments white and pure
His spotless bride ;
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of paradise,
He still supplies.

Thomas Olivers.

636

C. M. D.

COME, let us join our friends above
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle-wings of love
To joys celestial rise :
Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone ;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.

2 One family we dwell in him,
One church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death :
One army of the living God,
To his command we bow ;
Part of his host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

3 Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly ;
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die :
His militant embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach the heavenly land. Charles Wesley.

HEAVEN AND ETERNAL SALVATION

637

C. M. D.

OUR old companions in distress
We haste again to see,
And eager long for our release,
And full felicity:
E'en now, by faith, we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

2 Our spirits, too, shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crowned,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear his trumpet sound:
O that we now might grasp our Guide!
O that the word were given!
Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven!

Charles Wesley.

638

8. 6. 8. 8. 6.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast,
'Tis found above, in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls
And all is drear—'tis heaven.

3 There Faith lifts up the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom:
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

William B. Tappan.

639

C. M. D.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign :
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers :
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea ;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

3 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy thoughts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unobscured eyes !
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Isaac Watts.

640

8. 7.

FACE to face with Christ my Savior,
Face to face—what will it be?
When with rapture I behold him,
Jesus Christ who died for me.

CHORUS

Face to face shall I behold him,
Far beyond the starry sky ;
Face to face in all his glory,
I shall see him by and by !

2 Only faintly now, I see him,
With the darkling veil between,
But a blessed day is coming,
When his glory shall be seen.

HEAVEN AND ETERNAL SALVATION

3 What rejoicing in his presence,
When are banished grief and pain,
When the crooked ways are straightened,
And the dark things shall be plain.

4 Face to face! O blissful moment!
Face to face—to see and know;
Face to face with my Redeemer,
Jesus Christ who loves me so.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

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641

7. 6. D.

JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed:
I know not, O I know not
What holy joys are there;
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!

TIME AND ETERNITY

Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard of Cluny, tr. by John M. Neale.

642

C. M.

GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins and doubts and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came:
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4 They marked the footsteps that he trod;
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

Isaac Watts.

643

C. M.

JERUSALEM, my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy and peace in thee?

2 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbath has no end?

HEAVEN AND ETERNAL SALVATION

3 Why should I shrink at pain and woe?
Or feel, at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

4 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Savior stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

5 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

Unknown.

644

6. 4. 6.

I'M BUT a stranger here,
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home;
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand,
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home:
Time's cold and wintry blast
Soon will be overpast;
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

3 There at my Savior's side,
Heaven is my home;
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home:
There'll be the good and blest,
Those I love most and best,
There, too, I soon shall rest,
Heaven is my home.

TIME AND ETERNITY

4 Therefore I murmur not,
Heaven is my home;
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home:
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand;
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

Thomas R. Taylor.

645

S. 5.

MY HEAVENLY home is bright and fair,
We'll be gathered home;
Nor pain nor death can enter there,
We'll be gathered home.

CHORUS

We'll work till Jesus comes,
And we'll be gathered home.

2 Its glittering towers the sun outshine,
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

3 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky.

4 When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

5 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;

6 Although, like Lazarus, sick and poor
My heavenly mansion is secure.

7 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;

8 Be mine the happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

9 The earth may fail and stars decline,
The sun and moon refuse to shine,

HEAVEN AND ETERNAL SALVATION

10 All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

William Hunter.

646

7. 6. 8. 6.

TEN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light :
'Tis finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin :
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in !

2 What rush of hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky !
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh !
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made !
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid !

3 O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more !
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimmed with tears of late,
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

4 Bring near thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain ;
Fill up the roll of thine elect,
Then take thy power and reign :
Appear, Desire of nations !
Thine exiles long for home ;
Show in the heavens thy promised sign ;
Thou Prince and Savior, come !

Henry Alford.

Special Subjects and Occasions

Missions

647

11. 10. D.

- H**E WAS not willing that any should perish ;"
 Saw Jesus enthroned in the glory above,
 Saw our poor fallen world, pitied our sorrows,
 Poured out his life for us—wonderful love!
 Perishing, perishing! thronging our pathway,
 Hearts break with burdens too heavy to bear;
 Jesus would save, but there's no one to tell them,
 No one to lift them from sin and despair.
- 2 "He was not willing that any should perish ;"
 Clothed in our flesh with its sorrow and pain,
 Came he to seek the lost, comfort the mourner,
 Heal the heart broken by sorrow and shame :
 Perishing, perishing! harvest is passing,
 Reapers are few and the night draweth near;
 Jesus is calling thee, haste to the reaping,
 Thou shalt have souls, precious souls for thy hire.
- 3 "He was not willing that any should perish ;"
 Am I his follower, and can I live
 Longer at ease with a soul going downward,
 Lost for the lack of the help I might give?
 Perishing, perishing! thou wast not willing,
 Master, forgive, and inspire us anew;
 Banish our worldliness, help us to ever
 Live with eternity's values in view.

Lucy R. Meyer.

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648

L. M.

- F**LING out the banner! let it float
 Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
 The sun that lights its shining folds,
 The cross, on which the Savior died.
- 2 Fling out the banner! angels bend
 In anxious silence o'er the sign,
 And vainly seek to comprehend
 The wonder of the love divine.

MISSIONS

3 Fling out the banner ! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

4 Fling out the banner ! sin-sick souls
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.

5 Fling out the banner ! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
Our glory, only in the cross ;
Our only hope, the Crucified !

George W. Doane.

649

L. M.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head ;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns :
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more ;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

Isaac Watts.

650

L. M.

BEHOLD the hands stretched out for aid,
 Darkened by sin and sore dismayed,
 O will you to their rescue go,
 Lost wanderers down to endless woe?

CHORUS

We'll girdle the globe with salvation,
 With holiness unto the Lord,
 And light shall illumine each nation,
 The light from the lamp of his word.

2 In heathen lands they watch and wait,
 And sigh for help which comes so late,
 And grope in sin and nature's night,
 Forever vainly seeking light.

3 O flash the tidings, shout the sound,
 In darkest lands, the world around,
 Till all the earth, from pole to pole,
 Shall full salvation echoes roll!

4 The watch-fires kindle far and near,
 In every land let them appear,
 Till burning lines of gospel fire,
 Shall gird the world and mount up higher.

Vivian A. Dake.

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651

L. M.

ETERNAL Father, thou hast said,
 That Christ all glory shall obtain;
 That he who once a sufferer bled
 Shall o'er the world a conqueror reign.

2 We wait thy triumph, Savior King;
 Long ages have prepared thy way;
 Now all abroad thy banner fling,
 Set time's great battle in array.

3 Thy hosts are mustered to the field;
 "The cross, the cross!" the battle-call;
 The old grim towers of darkness yield,
 And soon shall totter to their fall.

MISSIONS

- 4 On mountain-tops the watch-fires glow,
Where scattered wide the watchmen stand;
Voice echoes voice, and onward flow
The joyous shouts from land to land.
- 5 O fill thy Church with faith and power,
Bid her long night of weeping cease;
To groaning nations haste the hour
Of life and freedom, light and peace.
- 6 Come, Spirit, make thy wonders known,
Fulfil the Father's high decree;
Then earth, the might of hell o'erthrown,
Shall keep her last great jubilee.

Ray Palmer.

652

7. 6. D.

THE morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly,
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

Samuel F. Smith.

653

7. D.

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
 What its signs of promise are.
 Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height
 See that glory-beaming star!
 Watchman, does its beauteous ray
 Aught of hope or joy foretell?
 Traveler, yes; it brings the day,
 Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
 Higher yet that star ascends.
 Traveler, blessedness and light,
 Peace and truth its course portends.
 Watchman, will its beams alone
 Gild the spot that gave them birth?
 Traveler, ages are its own,
 See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn.
 Traveler, darkness takes its flight;
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
 Watchman, let thy wandering cease,
 Hie thee to thy quiet home!
 Traveler, lo, the Prince of Peace,
 Lo, the Son of God is come!

John Bowring.

654

7. D.

SEE how great a flame aspires,
 Kindled by a spark of grace!
 Jesus' love the nations fires,
 Sets the kingdoms on a blaze:
 To bring fire on earth he came;
 Kindled in some hearts it is:
 O that all might catch the flame,
 All partake the glorious bliss!

2 When he first the work begun,
 Small and feeble was his day:
 Now the word doth swiftly run;
 Now it wins its widening way:

MISSIONS

More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

3 Sons of God, your Savior praise!
He the door hath opened wide;
He hath given the word of grace;
Jesus' word is glorified.
Jesus, mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought;
Worthy is the work of him,
He who spake a world from naught.

4 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land;
Lo! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the Spirit of his love.

Charles Wesley.

655

S. 7. D.

CAST thy bread upon the waters,
Ye who have but scant supply;
Angel eyes will watch above it;
You shall find it by and by:
He who in his righteous balance
Doth each human action weigh,
Will your sacrifice remember,
Will your loving deeds repay.

2 Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Poor and weary, worn with care,
Often sitting in the shadow,
Have you not a crumb to spare?
Can you not to those around you
Sing some little song of hope,
As you look with longing vision
Through faith's mighty telescope?

3 Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Ye who have abundant store;
It may float on many a billow,
It may strand on many a shore;

SPECIAL SUBJECTS AND OCCASIONS

You may think it lost forever,
But, as sure as God is true,
In this life or in the other,
It will yet return to you.

4 Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Far and wide your treasures strew;
Scatter it with willing fingers;
Shout for joy to see it go!
For if you do closely keep it,
It will only drag you down;
If you love it more than Jesus,
It will keep you from your crown.

5 Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Waft it on with praying breath,
In some distant, doubtful moment
It may save a soul from death;
When you sleep in solemn silence,
'Neath the morn and evening dew,
Stranger hands which you have strengthened,
May strew lilies over you.

R. Edgar.

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656

7. 6. D

THE whole wide world for Jesus,
This shall our watchword be,
Upon the highest mountain,
Down by the widest sea.
The whole wide world for Jesus,
To him all men shall bow;
In city or on prairie,
The world for Jesus now.

CHORUS

The whole wide world, the whole wide world,
Proclaim the gospel tidings through the whole
wide world;
Lift up the cross for Jesus, His banner be
unfurled,
Till every tongue confess him through the
whole wide world.

MISSIONS

2 The whole wide world for Jesus
Inspires us with the thought
That every son of Adam
Hath by the blood been bought.
The whole wide world for Jesus,
O faint not by the way!
The cross shall surely conquer,
In this our glorious day.

3 The whole wide world for Jesus,
The marching order sound,
Go ye and preach the gospel
Wherever man is found.
The whole wide world for Jesus,
Our banner is unfurled;
We battle now for Jesus,
And faith demands the world.

4 The whole wide world for Jesus,
In the Father's home above
Are many wondrous mansions,
Mansions of light and love.
The whole wide world for Jesus,
Ride forth, O conquering King,
Through all the mighty nations,
The world to glory bring.

J. D. Hammond.

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657

8. 7. D.

WATCHMAN, tell me does the morning
Of fair Zion's glory dawn;
Have the signs that mark His coming
Yet upon my pathway shone?
Pilgrim, yes; arise, look round thee,
Light is breaking in the skies;
Spurn the unbelief that bound thee,
Morning dawns, arise, arise;

2 See the glorious light ascending,
Of the grand Sabbath year;
Hark, the voices loud proclaiming
The Messiah's kingdom near!

SPECIAL SUBJECTS AND OCCASIONS

Watchman, yes : I see just yonder.
Canaan's glorious heights arise ;
Salem, too, appears in grandeur.
Towering 'neath her sunlit skies !

3 Pilgrim, in that golden city,
Seated in the jasper throne,
Zion's King, arrayed in beauty,
Reigns in peace from zone to zone ;
There, on verdant hills and mountains,
Where the golden sunbeams play,
Purling streams and crystal fountains
Sparkle in the eternal day.

4 Pilgrim, see, the light is beaming
Brighter still upon thy way ;
Signs through all the earth are gleaming,
Omens of thy coming day,
When the last loud trumpet sounding,
Shall awake from earth and sea,
All the saints of God now sleeping,
Clad in immortality !

5 Watchman, lo, the land we're nearing,
With its vernal fruits and flowers !
On just yonder, O how cheering !
Bloom forever Eden bowers.
Hark, the choral strains are ringing.
Wafted on the balmy air !
See the millions ! hear their singing !
Soon the pilgrims will be there. *Unknown.*

658

7. 6. D.

HAIL, to the Lord's Anointed.
Great David's greater Son !
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free ;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong,
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong ;

MISSIONS

To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall descend like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 To him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever;
That name to us is Love.

James Montgomery.

659

7. 6. D.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?

SPECIAL SUBJECTS AND OCCASIONS

Salvation! O salvation!

The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Reginald Heber.

660

7. 6. D.

ROLL on, thou mighty ocean!
And, as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.
Arise, ye gales, and waft them
Safe to the destined shore;
That man may sit in darkness,
And death's black shade, no more.

2 O thou eternal Ruler,
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm!
Thy presence, Lord, be with them,
Wherever they may be;
Though far from us who love them,
Still let them be with thee.

James Edmeston.

661

THERE'S a call comes ringing o'er the restless wave,
"Send the light! Send the light!"
There are souls to rescue, there are souls to save,
Send the light! Send the light!

CHORUS

We will spread the everlasting light,
With a willing, willing heart and hand;
Giving God the glory evermore,
We will follow, follow his command.

MISSIONS

Send the light, the blessed gospel light,
Let it shine from shore to shore!
Send the light! and let its radiant beams
Light the world forevermore.

- 2 We have heard the Macedonian call to-day,
"Send the light! Send the light!"
And a golden offering at the cross we lay,
Send the light! Send the light!
- 3 Let us pray that grace may everywhere abound,
Send the light! Send the light!
And a Christ-like spirit everywhere be found,
Send the light! Send the light!
- 4 Let us not grow weary in the work of love,
Send the light! Send the light!
Let us gather jewels for a crown above,
Send the light! Send the light!

Charles H. Gabriel.

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662

L. M.

YE CHRISTIAN heralds, go, proclaim
Salvation in Immanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the Rose of Sharon there.

2 God shield you with a wall of fire,
With holy zeal your hearts inspire;
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then may we meet to part no more;
Meet, with the ransomed throng to fall,
And crown the Savior Lord of all.

B. H. Draper.

663

L. M.

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!
Put on thy strength, the nations shake,
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

SPECIAL SUBJECTS AND OCCASIONS

2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
"I am Jehovah, God alone:"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And burn their altars to the ground.

3 No more let creature blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt!
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flowed from Jesus' side.

4 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim,
In every land, of every name;
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Savior Lord of all.

William Shrubsole, Jr.

664

7.

HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.

2 Mightiest kings his power shall own;
Heathen tribes his name adore;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

3 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness and joy and peace,
Undisturbed, shall ever reign.

4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;
Ever praise his glorious name;
All his mighty acts record,
All his wondrous love proclaim.

Harriet Auber.

665

6. 4.

CHRIST for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With loving zeal;
The poor and them that mourn,
The faint and over-borne,
Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,
Whom Christ doth heal.

MISSIONS

2 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With fervent prayer:
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost,
From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

4 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With joyful song;
The new-born souls, whose days
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

Samuel Wolcott.

666

SPEED away, speed away!
O ye heralds of light,
To the millions now dying in sin's awful night;
In dense superstition and bondage they dwell,
While words are too weak of their suffering to tell;
Then fly to their rescue, oh, hasten to-day!
Speed away, speed away, speed away!

2 Speed away, speed away!
You're commissioned of God,
Good tidings to preach through Immanuel's blood;
Each slave of the tempter may now be forgiven,
And make out a title to mansions in heaven:
'Tis Jesus that asks it, no longer delay;
Speed away, speed away, speed away!

3 Speed away, speed away!
On your mission so blest,
That millions now burdened may soon be at rest;

SPECIAL SUBJECTS AND OCCASIONS

Throw open their prison, give liberty sweet,
And bring them as trophies to Jesus' blest feet;
Oh, linger no longer, but act while you may!
Speed away, speed away, speed away!

4 Speed away, speed away!
O ye messengers true,
The harvest is great and the laborers few;
Each need will the Lord of the harvest supply,
And the mighty results will be seen by and by,
When the reapers are paid at the end of the day;
Speed away, speed away, speed away!

Thomas H. Nelson.

Copyright, 1899, by Thomas H. Nelson.

Dedication and Corner-Stone Laying

667

C. M.

THOU, whose unmeasured temple stands,
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised, O God, to thee!

2 Lord, from thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth without end,
Serenely by thy side.

3 May erring minds that worship here,
Be taught the better way,
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

William C. Bryant.

668

C. M.

BEHOLD the sure Foundation-stone
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

DEDICATION AND CORNER-STONE LAYING

- 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
We now adore thy name;
We trust our whole salvation here,
Nor can we suffer shame.
- 3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this Rock the church shall rest
And envy rage in vain.
- 4 What though the gates of hell withstood?
Yet must this building rise;
'Tis thine own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

Isaac Watts.

669

L. M.

- AND will the great eternal God
On earth establish his abode?
And will he, from his radiant throne,
Accept our temples for his own?
- 2 These walls we to thy honor raise;
Long may they echo with thy praise:
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.
- 3 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train;
While power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.
- 4 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear
That crowds were born to glory here.

Philip Doddridge.

670

L. M.

- NOT heaven's wide range of hallowed space
Jehovah's presence can confine;
Nor angels' claims restrain his grace,
Whose glories through creation shine.

SPECIAL SUBJECTS AND OCCASIONS

- 2 It beamed on Eden's guilty days,
And traced redemption's wondrous plan;
From Calvary, in brightest rays,
It glowed to guide benighted man.
- 3 Its sacred shrine it fixes there,
Where two or three are met to raise
Their holy hands in humble prayer,
Or tune their hearts to grateful praise.
- 4 Be this, O Lord, that honored place,
The house of God, the gate of heaven;
And may the fulness of thy grace
To all who here shall meet be given.
- 5 And hence, in spirit, may we soar
To those bright courts where seraphs bend;
With awe like theirs, on earth adore,
Till with their anthems ours shall blend.
- Unknown.

671

L. M.

THIS stone to thee in faith we lay;
This temple, Lord, to thee we raise,
Thine eye be open night and day,
To guard this house of prayer and praise.

2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive.

3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son,
Still, by the power of his great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

5 Ne'er let thy glory hence depart;
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy Spirit dwell in every heart,
In every bosom fix thy throne.

James Montgomery.

672

L. M.

THE Lord our God alone is strong :
His hands build not for one brief day ;
His wondrous works, through ages long,
His wisdom and his power display.

2 His mountains lift their solemn forms,
To watch in silence o'er the land :
The rolling ocean, rocked with storms,
Sleeps in the hollow of his hand.

3 Beyond the heavens he sits alone,
The universe obeys his nod ;
The lightning-rifts disclose his throne,
And thunders voice the name of God.

4 Thou sovereign God, receive this gift
Thy willing servants offer thee :
Accept the prayers that thousands lift,
And let these halls thy temple be.

5 And let those learn, who here shall meet,
True wisdom is with reverence crowned,
And Science walks with humble feet
To seek the God that Faith hath found.

Caleb T. Winchester.

673

7.

ON THIS stone, now laid with prayer,
Let thy church rise, strong and fair ;
Ever, Lord, thy name be known,
Where we lay this corner-stone.

2 Let thy holy Child, who came
Man from error to reclaim,
And for sinners to atone,
Bless, with thee, this corner-stone.

3 May thy Spirit here give rest
To the heart by sin oppressed,
And the seeds of truth be sown,
Where we lay this corner-stone.

4 Open wide, O God, thy door
For the outcast and the poor,
Who can call no house their own,
Where we lay this corner-stone.

SPECIAL SUBJECTS AND OCCASIONS

5 By wise master-builders squared,
Here be living stones prepared
For the temple near thy throne,
Jesus Christ its Corner-stone.

John Pierpont.

674

H. M.

GREAT King of glory, come,
And with thy favor crown
This temple as thy home,
This people as thine own :
Beneath this roof, O deign to show
How God can dwell with men below.

2 Here may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend,
Like incense, to the skies :
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around :

3 Here may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise,
And shine, like polished stones,
Through long-succeeding days :
Here, Lord, display thy saving power,
While temples stand and men adore :

4 Here may the listening throng
Receive thy truth in love :
Here Christians join the song
Of the redeemed above ;
Till all, who humbly seek thy face,
Rejoice in thy abounding grace.

Benjamin Francis.

675

S. 7. 6 l.

CHRIST is made the sure foundation,
Christ the Head and Corner-stone,
Chosen of the Lord, and precious,
Binding all the church in one ;
Holy Zion's help forever,
And her confidence alone.

DEDICATION AND CORNER-STONE LAYING

2 All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved of God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody;
God the One in Three adoring
In glad hymns eternally.

3 To this temple, where we call thee,
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day;
With thy wonted loving-kindness,
Hear thy people as they pray;
And thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls away.

4 Here vouchsafe to all thy servants
What they ask of thee to gain,
What they gain from thee forever
With the blessed to retain,
And hereafter in thy glory
Evermore with thee to reign.

Latin, tr. by John M. Neale.

676

C. M.

WITHIN thy house, O Lord our God,
In majesty appear;
Make this a place of thine abode,
And shed thy blessings here.

2 As we thy mercy-seat surround,
Thy Spirit, Lord, impart,
And let thy gospel's joyful sound,
With power reach every heart.

3 Here let the blind their sight obtain;
Here give the mourner rest;
Let Jesus here triumphant reign,
Enthroned in every breast.

4 Here let the voice of sacred joy
And fervent prayer arise,
Till higher strains our tongues employ,
In bliss beyond the skies.

Unknown.

677

C. M.

JEHOVAH, God who dwelt of old
In temples made with hands,
Thy power display, thy truth unfold,
Where this new temple stands.

2 Vouchsafe to meet thy children here,
Nor ever hence depart;
From sorrow's eye wipe every tear,
And bless each longing heart.

3 The rich man's gift, the widow's mite
Are blended in these walls;
These altars welcome all alike
Who heed God's gracious calls.

4 From things unholy and unclean
We separate this place;
May naught here ever come between
This people and thy face.

5 Now with this house we give to thee
Ourselves, our hearts, our all,
The pledge of faith and loyalty,
Held subject to thy call.

6 And when at last the blood-washed throng
Is gathered from all lands,
We'll enter with triumphant song
The house not made with hands.

Lewis R. Amis.

The Family

678

C. M.

HAPPY the home when God is there,
And love fills every breast;
When one their wish, and one their prayer,
And one their heavenly rest.

2 Happy the home where Jesus' name
Is sweet to every ear,
Where children early lisp his fame,
And parents hold him dear.

THE FAMILY

3 Happy the home where prayer is heard,
And praise is wont to rise,
Where parents love the sacred word,
And live but for the skies.

4 Lord, let us in our homes agree,
This blessed peace to gain;
Unite our hearts in love to thee,
And love to all will reign.

Unknown.

679

C. M.

LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye:

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints;
Presenting, at the Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Now to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

4 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

Isaac Watts.

680

L. M.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

SPECIAL SUBJECTS AND OCCASIONS

3 All praise to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew:
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

Thomas Ken.

681

L. M.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment day.

4 O let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, which shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.

Thomas Ken.

682

L. M.

THUS far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days,
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

THE FAMILY

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

Isaac Watts.

683

L. M.

SUN of my soul, thou Savior dear,
It is not night if thou be near:
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Savior's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of thine,
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till, in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

John Keble.

684

8. 7.

SAVIOR, breathe an evening blessing,
 Ere repose our spirits seal;
 Sin and want we come confessing;
 Thou canst save and thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
 Though the arrows past us fly,
 Angel-guards from thee surround us;
 We are safe, if thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness cannot hide from thee;
 Thou art he who, never weary,
 Watchest where thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
 And our couch become our tomb,
 May the morn in heaven awake us,
 Clad in light and deathless bloom.

James Edmeston.

685

8. 8. 6.

I AND my house will serve the Lord:
 But first, obedient to his word
 I must myself appear;
 By actions, words and tempers, show
 That I my heavenly Master know,
 And serve with heart sincere.

2 I must the fair example set;
 From those that on my pleasure wait
 The stumbling-block remove;
 Their duty by my life explain,
 And still in all my works maintain
 The dignity of love.

3 Easy to be entreated, mild,
 Quickly appeased and reconciled,
 A follower of my God,
 A saint indeed, I long to be,
 And lead my faithful family
 In the celestial road.

THE FAMILY

4 Lord, if thou didst the wish infuse,
A vessel fitted for thy use
Into thy hands receive :
Work in me both to will and do,
And show them how believers true,
And real Christians, live.

Charles Wesley.

686

7: 6. D.

GOD bless our home, and fill it
With love so pure and bright !
May angels guard our dwelling
Till dawns the morning light :
Bless thou the toiling father,
The patient mother bless,
And lead us on together
In paths of righteousness.

2 God bless our home, whose children
Their nightly prayer repeat,
Where all bow down together
Before the mercy-seat !
Like holy Eden, make it
A garden of delight ;
Lord, grant thy benediction
Upon our home to-night.

3 God bless our home ! ordain it
A type of that above,
Where perfect peace remaineth,
Whose only law is love.
From strife our hearts deliver,
From malice set us free,
And make this humble dwelling
A temple meet for thee.

4 Alas, for homes where never
God's sacred book is read,
Where hope and joy are strangers,
And children cry for bread !
Abide with us forever,
Dear Lord, a welcome Guest,
And in thy home receive us
To everlasting rest.

Thoro Harris.

SPECIAL SUBJECTS AND OCCASIONS

687

S. M.

THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we've here possessed.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when we early rise,
And view the unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

John Leland.

688

S. M.

WE LIFT our hearts to thee,
O Day-star from on high!
The sun itself is but thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky.

2 O let thy rising beams
The night of sin disperse—
The mists of error and of vice,
Which shade the universe.

3 How beauteous nature now!
How dark and sad before!
With joy we view the pleasing change,
And nature's God adore.

4 O may no gloomy crime
Pollute the rising day;
Or Jesus' blood, like evening dew,
Wash all the stains away.

CHILDREN AND YOUTH

5 May we this life improve,
To mourn for errors past,
And live this short, revolving day
As if it were our last.

John Wesley.

Children and Youth

689

C. M.

HOSANNA! be the children's song,
To Christ, the children's King;
His praise, to whom our souls belong,
Let all the children sing.

2 From little ones to Jesus brought,
Hosannas now be heard;
Let little infants now be taught
To lisp that lovely word.

3 Hosanna! sound from hill to hill,
And spread from plain to plain,
While louder, sweeter, clearer still,
Woods echo to the strain.

4 Hosanna! on the wings of light,
O'er earth and ocean fly,
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth, reply.

5 Hosanna! then, our song shall be—
Hosanna to our King!
This is the children's jubilee;
Let all the children sing.

James Montgomery.

690

C. M.

BY COOL Siloam's shady rill,
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

SPECIAL SUBJECTS AND OCCASIONS

- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay ;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.
- 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power
And stormy passion's rage.
- 5 O thou who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still thine own. Reginald Heber.

691

7.

GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child ;
Pity my simplicity ;
Suffer me to come to thee.

2 Fain I would to thee be brought ;
Gracious Lord, forbid it not ;
Give a little child a place
In the kingdom of thy grace.

3 Lamb of God, I look to thee,
Thou shalt my example be ;
Thou art gentle, meek and mild,
Thou wast once a little child.

4 Fain I would be as thou art,
Give me thy obedient heart ;
Thou art pitiful and kind,
Let me have thy loving mind.

5 Let me, above all, fulfil
All my heavenly Father's will ;
Never his good Spirit grieve,
Only to his glory live. Charles Wesley.

692

THOU didst leave thy throne, and thy kingly crown,
When thou camest to earth for me ;
But in Bethlehem's home there was found no room,
For thy holy nativity.

CHILDREN AND YOUTH

CHORUS

O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for thee;
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus, come!
There is room in my heart for thee.

2 Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang
Of thy birth and thy royal degree;
But in lowly birth didst thou come to earth,
And in greatest humility.

3 Foxes found their rest, and the birds had their
nests,
In the shade of the cedar tree;
But thy couch was the sod, O thou son of God,
In the deserts of Galilee.

4 Thou camest, O Lord, with thy living Word,
That should set thy people free;
But with mocking and scorn and with crown of
thorn,
Did they bear thee to Calvary.

5 Heaven's arches shall ring, and its choirs shall sing,
At thy coming to victory,
Thou wilt call me home, saying, "Yet there is room,
There is room at my side for thee."

Emily S. Elliott.

693

8. 7. D.

SAVIOR, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tender care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare:
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus!
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus!
Hear, O hear us, when we pray.

SPECIAL SUBJECTS AND OCCASIONS

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be ;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free :
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus !
We will early turn to thee.

4 Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will ;
Blessed Lord, our only Savior,
With thy love our bosoms fill :
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus !
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Dorothy A. Thrupp.

694

H. M.

HUSHED was the evening hymn,
The temple courts were dark,
The lamp was burning dim,
Before the sacred ark,
When suddenly a voice divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept ;
His watch the temple-child,
The little Levite, kept ;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

3 O give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of thy word !
Like him to answer at thy call,
And to obey thee first of all.

4 O give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart, that waits
Where in thy house thou art,
Or watches at thy gates !
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of thy will.

CHILDREN AND YOUTH

5 O give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet, un murmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To thee in life and death !
That I may read with childlike eyes,
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

James D. Burns.

695

L. M. 61.

COME, Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
To whom we for our children cry,
The good desired and wanted most,
Out of thy richest grace supply ;
The sacred discipline be given,
To train and bring them up for heaven.

2 Error and ignorance remove,
Their blindness, both of heart and mind ;
Give them the wisdom from above,
Spotless and peaceable and kind ;
In knowledge pure their minds renew,
And store with thoughts divinely true.

3 Unite the pair so long disjointed—
Knowledge and vital piety :
Learning and holiness combined,
And truth and love, let all men see
In those whom up to thee we give,
Thine, wholly thine, to die and live.

Charles Wesley.

696

8. 7.

SAVIOR, while my heart is tender,
I would yield that heart to thee ;
All my powers to thee surrender,
Thine and only thine to be.

2 Take me now, Lord Jesus, take me ;
Let my youthful heart be thine ;
Thy devoted servant make me ;
Fill my soul with love divine.

SPECIAL SUBJECTS AND OCCASIONS

3 Send me, Lord, where thou wilt send me,
Only do thou guide my way;
May thy grace through life attend me,
Gladly then shall I obey.

4 Let me do thy will or bear it,
I will know no will but thine;
Shouldst thou take my life, or spare it,
I that life to thee resign.

5 May this solemn dedication
Never once forgotten lie;
Let it know no revocation,
Published and confirmed on high.

6 Thine I am, O Lord, forever,
To thy service set apart;
Suffer me to leave thee never;
Seal thine image on my heart.

John Burton.

Charities and Reforms

697

C. M.

WHO is thy neighbor? He whom thou
Hast power to aid or bless,
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

2 Thy neighbor? 'Tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim;
O enter thou his humble door,
With aid and peace for him.

3 Thy neighbor? He who drinks the cup
When sorrow drowns the brim;
With words of high, sustaining hope,
Go thou and comfort him.

4 Thy neighbor? Pass no mourner by;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
A breaking heart from misery;
Go, share thy lot with him.

William Cutter, alt. by William B. O. Peabody.

CHARITIES AND REFORMS

698

C. M.

O FOR a soul aglow with love,
With love for God and man,
Rejoicing every passing day
To follow God's own plan!

2 A soul so large that all mankind
Can be embraced therein,
The high, the low, the good, the bad,
Be counted all akin;

3 A soul so great that God alone
Can actuate its will,
That every pulse shall beat for him,
His purpose to fulfil;

4 A soul that loves his fellow man,
No matter what his creed,
That follows out the Golden Rule,
In thought and word and deed.

5 Lord, give us each a soul like this,
To live and work for thee,
And do our best to elevate
Entire humanity.

William J. Kirkpatrick.

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699

8. 7.

HEAVEN is here, where hymns of gladness
Cheer the toiler's rugged way,
In this world where clouds of sadness
Often change to night our day.

2 Heaven is here, where misery lightened
Of its heavy load is seen,
Where the face of sorrow brightened,
By the deed of love hath been;

3 Where the sad, the poor, despairing,
Are uplifted, cheered and blest,
Where in others' labors sharing,
We can find our surest rest;

4 Where we heed the voice of duty,
Tread the path that Jesus trod—
This is heaven, its peace, its beauty,
Radiant with the love of God.

John Quincy Adams.

700

S. M.

MOURN for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong!
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng!

2 Mourn for the tarnished gem!
For reason's light divine,
Quenched from the soul's bright diadem,
Where God had bid it shine.

3 Mourn for the ruined soul!
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.

4 Mourn for the lost! but call.
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.

5 Mourn for the lost! but pray,
Pray to our God above
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

Seth C. Brace.

701

P. M.

IN THE love that knows no waning, in the blessed-
ness of peace,
The white winged dove of mercy spreads her pinions
o'er the seas.
And dauntless hope advancing throws her banner to
the breeze,

For God is marching on.

CHORUS

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Our God is marching on.

2 Oh, by the widows' groaning and the orphans'
bitter tear,
And the tide of desolation that blighteth everywhere,
In the name of God we stand as one, a mighty league
of prayer,

For God is marching on.

NATIONAL OCCASIONS

3 We bring no hatred in our souls, no fetters in our hands,
But in the all-resistless power that only love commands,
We lift our eyes and wait to see what faith in God demands,
For God is marching on.

4 In vain the spoiler hand in hand in proud defiance calls,
We answer back his hate with peace and march around his walls,
Till at the trumpet blast of God the mighty fortress falls,
For God is marching on.

5 Then shout the tidings glorious—a glad and tireless band,
A league of faith to sweep away intemperance from the land,
As the thunders of our legions roll back from strand to strand,
For God is marching on.

F. Bottome.

National Occasions

702

6. 4.

THE God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart and voice;
The valleys laugh and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

2 Yea, bless his holy name,
And joyful thanks proclaim
Through all the earth;
To glory in your lot
Is duty: but let not
God's goodness be forgot,
Amid your mirth.

SPECIAL SUBJECTS AND OCCASIONS

3 The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts and voices, raise,
With one accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord. James Montgomery.

703

P. M.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the
Lord:

He is trampling out the vintage, where the grapes of
wrath are stored;

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible
swift sword;

His truth is marching on.

CHORUS

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

His truth is marching on.

2 I have seen him in the watchfires of a hundred
circling camps;

They have builded him an altar in the evening dews
and damps;

I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and
flaring lamps;

His truth is marching on.

3 He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never
call retreat;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judg-
ment seat;

Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant,
my feet!

Our God is marching on.

4 In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across
the sea;

With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and
me;

As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men
free;

While God is marching on.

Julia Ward Howe.

704

7. 6. D.

WE PLOW the fields and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand ;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.

CHORUS

All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above ;
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord
For all his love !

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far ;
He paints the wayside flower ;
He lights the evening star :
The winds and waves obey him ;
By him the birds are fed ;
Much more to us, his children,
He gives our daily bread.

3 We thank thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food :
No gifts have we to offer
For all thy love imparts,
But that which thou desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.

Matthias Claudius, tr. by Jane M. Campbell.

705

8. 7.

DREAD Jehovah ! God of nations !
From thy temple in the skies,
Hear thy people's supplications ;
Now for their deliverance rise.

2 Lo ! with deep contrition turning,
In thy holy place we bend ;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning ;
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding;
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.

4 Let that mercy veil transgression;
Let that blood our guilt efface;
Save thy people from oppression,
Save from spoil thy holy place.

Thomas Cotterill.

706

L. M.

ETERNAL Source of every joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air, and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

3 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores,
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

4 Seasons and months, and weeks and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With opening light and evening shade.

5 O may our more harmonious tongue
In worlds unknown pursue the song;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more!

Philip Doddridge.

707

G. 4.

MY COUNTRY, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

NATIONAL OCCASIONS

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love ;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills ;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song ;
Let mortal tongues awake ;
Let all that breathe partake ;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing ;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light ;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

Samuel F. Smith.

708

P. M.

GOD, the All-Terrible ! thou who ordainest
Thunder thy clarion, and lightning thy sword ;
Show forth thy pity on high where thou reignest ;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

2 God, the Omnipotent ! mighty Avenger,
Watching invisible, judging unheard ;
Save us in mercy, O save us from danger ;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

3 God, the All-Merciful ! earth hath forsaken
Thy ways all holy, and slighted thy word ;
Let not thy wrath in its terror awaken ;
Give to us pardon and peace, O Lord.

4 So will thy people, with thankful devotion,
Praise him who saved them from peril and sword,
Shouting in chorus from ocean to ocean,
Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord.

Henry F. Chorley.

709

6. 4.

GOD bless our native land!
 Firm may she ever stand,
 Through storm and night:
 When the wild tempests rave,
 Ruler of wind and wave,
 Do thou our country save
 By thy great might!

2 For her our prayer shall rise
 To God, above the skies;
 On him we wait:
 Thou who art ever nigh,
 Guarding with watchful eye,
 To thee aloud we cry,
 God save the State!

Charles T. Brooks and John S. Dwight.

Occasional Pieces, Chants, Doxologies

Occasional Pieces

710

P. M.

DAY is dying in the west,
 Heaven is touching earth with rest;
 Wait and worship while the night
 Sets her evening lamps alight
 Through all the sky.

CHORUS

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts!
 Heaven and earth are full of thee,
 Heaven and earth are praising thee,
 O Lord most high.

2 Lord of life, beneath the dome
 Of the universe, thy home,
 Gather us who seek thy face
 To the fold of thy embrace,
 For thou art nigh.

OCCASIONAL PIECES

3 While the deepening shadows fall,
Heart of love, enfolding all,
Through the glory and the grace
Of the stars that veil thy face
Our hearts ascend.

4 When, forever from our sight
Pass the stars, the day, the night,
Lord of angels, on our eyes
Let eternal morning rise,
And shadows end.

Mary A. Lathbury.

711

L. M.

LORD, from far-severed climes we come
To meet at last in thee, our home:
Thou, who hast been our guide and guard,
Be still our hope, our rich reward.

2 Defend us, Lord, from every ill;
Strengthen our hearts to do thy will;
In all we plan, and all we do,
Still keep us to thy service true.

3 O let us hear the inspiring word
Which they of old at Horeb heard;
Breathe to our hearts the high command,
"Go onward and possess the land!"

4 Thou who art light, shine on each soul;
Thou who art truth, each mind control;
Open our eyes and make us see
The path which leads to heaven, and thee.
John Hay.

712

7. 6. D.

THE voice that breathed o'er Eden,
That earliest wedding day,
The primal marriage blessing
It hath not passed away:
Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid
The Holy Three are with us,
The three-fold grace is said.

2 Be present, gracious Fathér,
 To give away this bride,
 As Eve thou gav'st to Adam
 Out of his own pierced side :
 Be present, Son of Mary,
 To join their loving hands,
 As thou didst bind two natures
 In thine eternal bands :

3 Be present, holiest Spirit,
 To bless them as they kneel,
 As thou, for Christ the Bridegroom,
 The heavenly spouse dost seal ;
 O spread thy pure wing o'er them ;
 Let no ill power find place,
 While onward to thy presence
 Their hallowed path they trace. John Keble.

713

L. M. D.

GOD of the past, accept our praise
 For treasures of remembered days,
 Wherein this grateful church can trace
 The light and comfort of thy grace :
 For saints whose words thy flock have fed,
 For warriors who thy host have led
 To battle with the Spirit's word—
 For these accept our praise, O Lord.

2 God of the present, thee alone
 Our Savior and our King we own :
 Grant us with open eyes to see
 How rich in love thy church may be ;
 Touch heart and tongue with heavenly fire ;
 To holier service now inspire ;
 O consecrate anew, we pray,
 And make us one in thee to-day.

3 God of the future, in whose sight
 The ages are as day and night,
 Make thou our church a light indeed
 For coming stress of doubt or need ;
 Feed with thy quickening oil the flame,
 That we may find a place and name
 In the celestial temple, when
 Thou rulest in the hearts of men.

OCCASIONAL PIECES

4 God of eternal life, whose power
Upholds us in our little hour,
Before thee centuries come and go,
As fleet, as frail as winter snow :
Draw us this day from earth aside,
To learn the things that shall abide ;
Then lead us back to toil, that we
May win earth's kingdoms, Lord, for thee.
Ellen H. Butler.

714

10. 10. 11. 11.

THE Lord is our King, exulting we cry :
The Lord is our King, he reigneth on high :
With all his creation unceasing we raise
Our hearts' adoration in anthems of praise.

2 The Lord is our King, omnipotent One !
His praises we sing who great things hath done ;
His blessing attends us wherever we go ;
His power defends us from peril and woe.

3 "The Lord is our King." the seraphim cry ;
"The Lord is our King." we make glad reply :
While angels adore him hosannas we sing ;
We worship before him, our Maker and King.

4 The Lord is our King ; through Jesus his Son
Our trophies we bring for all he hath done :
In sweetest evangels we gratefully sing,
With saints and with angels, the Lord is our King.
Thoro Harris.

715

L. M. D.

O GOD, thou Potentate of all,
Upon thy fiat we would call,
And pray that as the die is cast
Thy grace may guide us to the last !
Grant us a race of stalwart men
To lead in public life again,
Prophetic, noble, grand in dower—
Such, Lord, exalt to thrones of power.

2 Put far from each the selfish aim,
The lure of spoils, the zest of fame ;
With single heart and honest hand
May they bear rule throughout the land :

The shews of state, the sport of kings,
May they account but paltry things,
And dedicate their years and days
To thy vast sovereignty and praise.

3 In all their councils and their laws,
Unmoved by scorn or vain applause,
May they seek daily to fulfil
The purpose of thy perfect will ;
And thus, as changing cycles run,
And eras pass from sun to sun,
May righteousness gird all our frame,
And generations bless thy name !

Anna R. B. Lindsay.

716

6. 5. D.

CHRISTIAN, dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the powers of evil
Rage thy steps around?
Christian, up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss ;
Smite them by the merit
Of the holy cross.

2 Christian, dost thou feel them,
Pressing thee to sin?
Striving, tempting, luring,
Seeking thee to win?
Christian, never tremble,
Never be downcast ;
Gird thee for the battle,
Watch and pray and fast.

3 Christian, dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian, answer boldly :
"While I breathe I pray !"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

4 "Well I know thy trouble,
O my servant true ;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary, too ;

OCCASIONAL PIECES

But that toil shall make thee
Some day all mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near my throne."

Andrew of Crete, tr. by John M. Neale.

717

L. M.

(Before Eating)

BE PRESENT at our table, Lord ;
Be here and everywhere adored ;
These creatures bless, and grant that we
May feast in paradise with thee.

John Cennick.

718

6. 4.

O HOLY Lord, our God,
By heavenly hosts adored,
Hear us, we pray !
To thee, the cherubim,
Angels and seraphim
Unceasing praises bring,
Their homage pay.

2 Here give thy word success,
And this thy servant bless,
His labors own ;
And, while the sinner's friend
His life and words commend,
Thy Holy Spirit send,
And make him known.

3 May every passing year
More happy still appear
Than this glad day ;
With numbers fill the place ;
Adorn thy saints with grace ;
Thy truth may all embrace,
O Lord, we pray.

4 O Lord, our God, arise,
And now, before our eyes,
Thy arm make bare !
Unite our hearts in love,
Till, raised to heaven above,
We all its fulness prove,
And praise thee there.

J. Young.

719

L. M.

(After Eating)

WE THANK thee, Lord, for this our food,
 But more because of Jesus' blood ;
 Let manna to our souls be given,
 The bread of life sent down from heaven.

John Cennick, alt.

720

P. M.

I HEAR my dying Savior say,
 Follow me, come, follow me ;
 His voice is calling all the day,
 Follow me, come, follow me :
 For thee I tread the bitter way,
 For thee I give my life away,
 And drink the gall thy debt to pay,
 Follow me, come, follow me.

2 Though thou hast sinned, I'll pardon thee,
 Follow me, come, follow me ;
 From inbred sin I'll set thee free,
 Follow me, come, follow me ;
 In all thy changing life I'll be
 Thy God, and guide o'er land and sea,
 Thy bliss through all eternity,
 Follow me, come, follow me.

3 Come, cast upon me all thy cares,
 Follow me, come, follow me ;
 Thy heavy load my arm upbears,
 Follow me, come, follow me ;
 Lean on my breast, dismiss thy fears
 And trust me through the future years ;
 My hand shall wipe away thy tears,
 Follow me, come, follow me.

4 Dear Lord, I yield to all thy will,
 I'll follow thee, yes, follow thee ;
 O bid my struggling soul be still,
 I'll follow thee, yes, follow thee ;
 Come, cleanse, and with thy Spirit fill,
 And keep me safe from every ill,
 And all thy word in me fulfil ;
 I'll follow thee, yes, follow thee.

Unknown.

721

8. 8. 7.

DARKLY rose the guilty morning
When, the King of glory scorning,
Raged the fierce Jerusalem :
See the Christ, his cross uplifting,
See him stricken, spit on, wearing
The thorn-plaited diadem !

2 Not the crowd whose cries assailed him,
Nor the hands that rudely nailed him,
Slew him on the cursed tree :
Ours the sin from heaven that called him,
Ours the sin whose burden galled him
In the sad Gethsemane.

3 For our sins, of glory emptied,
He was fasting, lone, and tempted,
He was slain on Calvary ;
Yet he for his murderers pleaded :
Lord, by us that prayer is needed,
We have pierced, yet trust in thee ;

4 In our wealth and tribulation,
By thy precious cross and passion,
By thy blood and agony,
By thy glorious resurrection,
By the Holy Ghost's protection,
Make us thine eternally.

Unknown.

722

C. M.

HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord !
How sure is their defense !
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou are not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

- 4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.
- 5 In midst of dangers, fears and deaths,
Thy goodness we adore;
We praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
- 6 Our life, while thou preservest life,
A sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

Joseph Addison.

723

11.

OUR Father in heaven, Creator of all,
O Source of all wisdom, on thee would we call;
Thou only canst teach us, and show us our need,
And give to thy children true knowledge indeed.

2 But vain our instruction and blind must we be,
Unless with our learning be knowledge of thee;
Then pour forth thy Spirit, and open our eyes,
And fill with the knowledge that only makes wise.

3 From pride and presumption, O Lord, keep us free,
And make our hearts humble, and loyal to thee;
That living or dying, in thee we may rest,
And prove to the scornful, thy statutes are best.

4 Our fair Alma Mater, O strengthen her days
To send forth forever true sons to her praise;
O widen her borders, extend her fair fame,
And let all the glory redound to thy name.

Thomas Wistar.

724

C. M.

'TIS thine alone, almighty name,
To raise the dead to life,
The lost inebriate to reclaim
From passion's fearful strife.

OCCASIONAL PIECES

2 What ruin hath intemperance wrought !

How widely roll its waves !

How many myriads hath it brought

To fill dishonored graves !

3 And see, O Lord, what numbers still

Are maddened by the bowl,

Led captive at the tyrant's will

In bondage, heart and soul.

4 Stretch forth thy hand, O God, our King,

And break the galling chain ;

Deliverance to the captive bring,

And end the usurper's reign.

5 The cause of temperance is thine own ;

Our plans and efforts bless ;

We trust, O Lord, in thee alone

To crown them with success.

Edwin F. Hatfield.

725

6. 4.

JEHOVAH, God of love,
Shine from thy throne above

With power divine ;

Reveal thy glorious face ;

Pour forth thy heavenly grace

On Israel's scattered race,

And make them thine.

2 Jesus, thou Lamb of God,

Who bought them with thy blood,

Thy power extend ;

Bow down thy gracious ear ;

To Israel's sons draw near,

Oh, put them in thy fear,

Be thou their friend.

3 Spirit of truth, arise,

Make Israel truly wise,

Of Jesus tell ;

Shed forth thy glorious ray,

Point thou to Christ—the way,

His love and power display

To Israel.

4 All-glorious Trinity,
Eternal Majesty,
On Israel shine;
Thy chosen people bless,
Be thou their righteousness,
With love and tenderness
Visit thy vine.

Unknown.

Chants

726

GLORY be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the
Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be,
world without end. Amen, Amen.

727

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er:
I'm nearer my home to-day
Than I ever have been before;

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea;

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown.

4 But the waves of that silent sea
Roll dark before my sight,
That brightly the other side
Break on a shore of light.

5 Oh, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink,
If it be I am nearer home
Even to-day than I think,

CHANTS

6 Father, perfect my trust,
Let my spirit feel in death,
That her feet are firmly set
On the Rock of a living faith. Amen.
Phœbe Cary.

728

(*Psalm 103: 1-4, 20-22*)

BLESS the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

2 Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:

3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

4 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction: who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies;

5 Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word.

6 Bless ye the Lord, all ye his hosts; ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.

7 Bless the Lord, all his works in all places of his dominion:

8 Bless the Lord, O my soul; bless the Lord, O my soul. Amen.

729

(*Psalm 23*)

THE Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3 He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

- 5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies : thou anointest my head with oil ; my cup runneth over.
- 6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life : and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever. Amen.

730

WITH tearful eyes I look around ;
Life seems a dark and stormy sea ;
Yet 'midst the gloom I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, Come to me.

2 It tells me of a place of rest,
It tells me where my soul may flee ;
Oh, to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, Come to me !

3 When nature shudders, loath to part
From all I love, enjoy and see,
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice utters, Come to me.

4 Come, for all else must fail and die,
Earth is no resting-place for thee ;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye ;
I am thy portion ; come to me.

5 O voice of mercy, voice of love !
In conflict, grief and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above,
And gently whisper, Come to me. Amen.

Charlotte Elliott.

731

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping
I shall be soon ;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest and home ! Sweet home !
Lord, tarry not, but come.

CHANTS

2 Beyond the blooming and the fading

I shall be soon ;

Beyond the shining and the shading,

Beyond the hoping and the dreading,

I shall be soon ;

Love, rest and home ! Sweet home !

Lord, tarry not, but come.

3 Beyond the parting and the meeting

I shall be soon ;

Beyond the farewell and the greeting,

Beyond the pulse's fever beating,

I shall be soon ;

Love, rest and home ! Sweet home !

Lord, tarry not, but come.

4 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever

I shall be soon ;

Beyond the rock-waste and the river,

Beyond the ever and the never,

I shall be soon.

Love, rest and home ! Sweet home !

Lord, tarry not, but come. Amen.

Horatius Bonar.

732

FROM the recesses of a lowly spirit

Our humble prayer ascends. O Father ! hear it ;
Borne on the trembling wings of fear and meekness,
Forgive its weakness.

2 We know, we feel, how mean and how unworthy

The lowly sacrifice we pour before thee ;

What can we offer thee, O thou most holy !

But sin and folly ?

3 Lord, in thy sight, who every bosom viewest,

Cold in our warmest vows, and vain our truest ;

Thoughts of a hurrying hour—our lips repeat them—

Our hearts forget them.

4 We see thy hand—it leads us, it supports us :

We hear thy voice—it counsels and it courts us :

And then we turn away ! yet still thy kindness

Forgives our blindness.

OCCASIONAL PIECES, CHANTS, DOXOLOGIES

5 Who can resist thy gentle call, appealing
To every generous thought and grateful feeling?
Oh, who can hear the accents of thy mercy,
And never love thee?

6 Kind Benefactor! plant within this bosom
The seeds of holiness, and let them blossom
In fragrance, and in beauty bright and vernal,
And spring eternal.

7 Then place them in those everlasting gardens
Where angels walk, and seraphs are the wardens;
Where every flower, brought safe through death's
dark portal,
Becomes immortal. Amen.

John Bowring.

733

(Matt. 6: 9-13)

OUR Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy
name.
Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it
is in heaven.

2 Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.

3 And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us
from evil:

For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the
glory, forever. Amen.

Doxologies

734

L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken.

735

L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken.

DOXOLOGIES

736

C. M.

TO FATHER, Son and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree
To save a world of sinners lost,
Eternal glory be.

Tate and Brady.

737

S. M.

TO GOD, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

John Wesley.

738

7.

SING we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host—
Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Charles Wesley.

First Lines of Stanzas

Hymn No.	Hymn No.	Hymn No.
A beam from he 579	Alas! I knew no 263	And see, O Lord 724
A charge to keep 477	All for Jesus, all 326	And shall his flo 99
A cloud of witne 393	All-glorious Tri 725	And soon, too so 690
A faith that doth 275	All glory to God 103	And through thi 422
A faith that kee 474	All glory to Jesu 355	And, till we reac 560
A faith that shin 474	All hail the pow 92	And when at last 677
A few more stor 569	All my disease, 385	And when before 480
A few more stru 569	All my life long 272	And when my ta 523
A few more year 569	All nature sings 130	And when our d 687
A glance of thin 9	All nature sink a 645	And when our la 662
A glorious band 414	All needful grac 6	And when these 166
A goodly formal 262	All our works in 548	And when thy p 11
A guilty, weak a 240	All praise to our 552	And when we ea 687
A hand almighty 521	All praise to the 15	And while we th 401
A heart in every 337	All praise to the 689	And while we to 358
A heart resigned 337	All scenes alike 513	And will the gre 669
A heart with gri 223	All that dedicat 675	And will this so 51
A holy quiet reig 577	All the day long 189	And ye, beneath 62
A land of corn a 378	All the struggle 368	Angels, assist ou 79
A little child, th 15	All the tokens of 98	Angels, from the 57
A little while fo 106	All things are po 362	Angels now are h 535
A little while th 106	All things are re 162	Angels our marc 419
A little while to 106	All this for us t 15	Another year is 561
A mighty fortres 422	Almighty God! d 255	Another year of 561
A noble army, m 414	Almighty God, t 663	Another year of 561
A rest where all 348	Almighty Maker 574	Apostles, marty 643
A sacred spring 138	Almost persuade 206	Appear, as when 152
A second look he 263	Although, like L 645	Are there bright 615
A soul so great t 698	Although the vin 430	Are there celesti 615
A soul so large t 698	Amazing grace 259	Are there no foe 402
A soul that loves 698	Am I a soldier o 402	Are we weak an 489
A stranger in th 629	Among the saint 560	Arise, and bless 29
A table thou has 440	An answer from 608	Arise, my soul, a 281
A thousand ages 575	Ancient of Days 41	Arise, my soul, o 287
A thousand may 515	And are we yet a 559	Arise, ye saints 403
A thousand orac 47	And can it be th 266	Arm me with jea 477
A trusting heart 21	And can I yet de 237	Arm me with th 404
A wonderful Say 531	And did my Lor 313	Arm of the Lord 141
Abide with me! 484	And duly shall a 145	Arm of the Lord 663
Abide with me f 683	And hence, in sp 670	Arm these thy s 155
Accept, O God of 24	And I have brou 317	Arrayed in glori 589
According to th 166	And in the great 669	Art thou weary, 227
Admit him, ere 186	And is there, Lo 615	As a mother stil 424
Afflictions, tho' 458	And let this fee 585	As a stream its c 606
Agonizing in the 184	And let those le 672	As by the light 320
Ah! leave us not 113	And, Lord, hast 517	As giants may t 144
Ah, Lord Jesus 596	And must I be t 602	As in the ancient 141
Ah! show me tha 300	And must this b 589	As its sacred sig 159
Ah! whither cou 466	And never shall i 84	As summer is wa 219
Ah! whither sho 236	And now Christ i 216	As the bright Su 144
Alas! and did m 161	And, oh, what ra 518	As the winged ar 564
Alas, for homes 686	And, oh, when g 53	As we thy mercy 676

FIRST LINES OF STANZAS

Hymn No.	Hymn No.	Hymn No.
Ashamed of Jes 327	Behold what con 156	But, oh, when th 538
Ask but his grac 248	Being of beings 14	But out of all th 559
Asleep in Jesus 578	Being of beings 25	But power divin 232
Assembled here 113	Believe in him w 260	But right is righ 392
Assure my consc 280	Believing, we re 83	But saints are lo 10
At his call the d 609	Beloved, sleep, 588	But shall believ 419
At last I own it 225	Beneath his wat 56	But soon he'll br 78
At the sign of tr 410	Beneath our feet 198	But there's a voi 240
At the sprinkled 233	Beyond my high 135	But the waves of 727
Author of faith, 267	Beyond the bloo 731	But this I do fin 291
Author of faith! 244	Beyond the boun 294	But though eart 572
Author of our ne 123	Beyond the frost 731	But though my l 224
Awake, and sing 74	Beyond the heav 672	But to those who 609
Awake, awake, p 136	Beyond the part 731	But vain our inst 723
Awake, my soul 54	Beyond the reac 144	But what to tho 527
Awake, my soul 393	Beyond the smil 731	But will he prov 186
Awake, my soul 680	Beyond this vale 604	But will, indeed 671
Awake, our souls 289	Blessed are the s 550	But with the wo 62
Away my needles 445	Blessed assuran 286	By cool Siloam's 690
Away, my unbeli 430	Blessing and th 565	By day, along th 53
Away with our s 619	Blessings aboun 649	By death and he 141
Awed by a mort 147	Bless the Lord 728	By faith I plung 269
	Bless we, then, o 664	By faith we alre 619
Bane and blessi 539	Blest be that na 33	By faith we are 292
Baptize the nati 115	Blest be the tie t 546	By faith we kno 267
Barren and with 566	Blest is that tra 465	By these may I 126
Be as holy and a 352	Blest, O Israel, a 368	By the tenderne 242
Be darkness. at 115	Blest river of sal 652	By thine all-ato 241
Be faith, which l 389	Blest Savior! int 393	By thine hour of 487
Be it according t 182	Blest, too, is he 391	By thy birth, an 242
Be it according t 336	Blind unbelief is 52	By thy deep, exp 487
Be mine the hap 645	Blow ye the tru 388	By thy hands the 586
Be near when I a 77	Bold shall I stan 95	By thy lonely ho 242
Be present at ou 717	Born by a new, 287	By thy reconcili 554
Be present, grac 712	Born thy people 490	By thy triumph 242
Be present, holie 712	Bow to the seep 192	By wise master- 673
Be still, my soul 507	Break off the yo 334	
Be this my one g 571	Break off your t 86	Call Jehovah th 432
Be this, O Lord 670	Breathe, O brea 383	Call them into t 142
Be thou my stre 468	Breathe on us, L 171	Calm is thy slum 594
Before his feet t 250	Brighter still, an 295	Can a mother's t 271
Before Jehovah's 2	Brightest and be 66	Can aught but p 179
Before me place 571	Bring near thy g 646	Can these avert 224
Before our Fath 546	Broad is the roa 202	Cast thy bread u 655
Before the hills 575	Broad is the sha 108	Cease, ye pilgri 632
Before thy sheep 463	But after all tha 231	Center of our ho 548
Before us make 128	But art thou not 258	Chance and cha 48
Behold a Strang 186	But Calvary sta 253	Cheered by that 282
Behold, for me t 258	But can no sover 181	Children of the 297
Behold him, all y 81	But Christ can h 509	Choose I must, a 606
Behold! I come 394	But Christ, the h 83	Choose thou for 501
Behold me stand 199	But drops of gri 161	Chosen of God, t 668
Behold the Chris 412	But God made fl 47	Christ, by highe 58
Behold the hand 650	But he that turn 192	Christ for the w 665
Behold the Savio 78	But, lo! a place 429	Christ is born, t 64
Behold the sure 663	But, lying dark b 624	Christ is coming 610
Behold the thron 476	But now when e 454	Christ is made t 675
Behold, we fall b 180	But, oh, the jeal 262	Christ the Lord 88

FIRST LINES OF STANZAS

Hymn No.	Hymn No.	Hymn No.
Christian, dost t 716	Come, then, and 196	Deep in unfatho 52
Christians, breth 38	Come, then, divi 132	Deep waters cro 618
Cleanse and com 110	Come then to th 103	Defend us, Lord 711
Clearer still, and 295	Come, then, wit 247	Delay not, delay 203
Close by its ban 138	Come, thou Almi 45	Deny thyself and 202
Clothe them wit 159	Come, thou Fou 226	Depend on him 460
Cold, on his cra 66	Come, thou inca 45	Depth of mercy 453
Come, all the fa 121	Come, thou long 490	Descend, celesti 168
Come, all ye sou 210	Come to the livi 188	Descending on h 107
Come, almighty 383	Come unto me, w 510	Did Christ o'er s 238
Come, and let us 547	Come, wanderer 70	Did we in our ow 422
Come, and posse 237	Come, wisdom, p 556	Didst thou not 555
Come, cast upon 720	Come, ye discon 508	Direct, control, s 680
Come, ever-bless 155	Come, ye saints, 90	Dost thou not d 280
Come, every soul 196	Come, ye sinners 184	Do thou assist a 310
Come, extend th 241	Come, ye that lo 536	Down from the 79
Come, Father, S 44	Come, ye weary 184	Do you not feel 211
Come, Father, S 158	Comfort those w 35	Draw near, O So 149
Come, Father, S 695	Commit thou all 439	Dread Jehovah 705
Come, for all els 730	Confound, o'er p 363	
Come, holy Com 45	Conquering now 409	Each moment dr 344
Come, Holy Gho 14	Conqueror of he 372	Eager for thee I 345
Come, Holy Gho 121	Contented now, u 343	Early let us seek 693
Come, Holy Gho 127	Content with be 528	Earth can now b 610
Come, Holy Gho 282	Control my ever 406	Earth, from afa 12
Come, Holy Gho 283	Convince him no 178	Earthly joys no 105
Come, Holy Gho 345	Convince us first 177	Easy to be entre 685
Come, Holy Gho 360	Could I be cast 513	E'en down to old 423
Come, Holy Spir 114	Could my tears f 243	E'en now, percha 624
Come, Holy Spir 119	Courage, your C 407	E'en the hour th 48
Come home! com 215	Create all new; o 42	E'er since, by fa 245
Come, humble si 194	Creator, Spirit, b 42	Elect from every 134
Come, in this ac 488	Creatures no mo 320	Endless sin mea 606
Come, let us ane 567	Crown him the 19	Enter thyself an 357
Come, let us asc 292	Crown him with 19	Enthroned on hi 111
Come, let us join 31	Crown the Savio 97	Equip me for th 406
Come, let us join 172	Crowns and thro 410	Error and ignor 695
Come, let us join 636		Eternal are thy 1
Come, let us use 563	Dangers stand t 573	Eternal depth of 20
Come, let us who 30	Darkly rose the 721	Eternal Father, t 651
Come, Light ser 121	Daughter of Zio 136	Eternal Light! 26
Come, Lord, the 334	Day is dying in t 710	Eternal Power, 12
Come, my fond 229	Day of judgment 609	Eternal Source o 706
Come, my soul, t 485	Day of terror, da 605	Eternal Spirit, f 158
Come near and b 683	Day of wrath, O 605	Eternal Sun of R 44
Come, O my com 374	Days of darkness 532	Eternal, undivid 382
Come, O my God 346	Dear Lord, I yie 720	Eternal Wisdom 204
Come, O my God 349	Dear Name, the 69	Ever present, tr 112
Come, O thou al 177	Dear Shepherd, I 537	Every eye shall 98
Come, O thou Tr 341	Death cannot ke 91	Every human tie 137
Come, O thou un 374	Death comes do 568	Every sin shall 209
Come on, my par 294	Death enters, an 191	Except the Lord 151
Come quickly in 30	Death may the b 580	Expand thy win 127
Come, Savior, co 365	Death rides on e 198	Extol the Lamb 388
Come, Savior, J 359	Deathless spirit 630	Exults our risin 285
Come, sinners, t 210	Decay, then, ten 70	
Come, Spirit, m 651	Deep are the wo 181	Face to face! O 640
Come, tenderest 121	Deep horror the 65	Face to face wit 640

FIRST LINES OF STANZAS

Hymn No.	Hymn No.	Hymn No.
Faded my vertu 262	For our sins, of 721	Give us this day 471
Fade, fade, each 427	For the love of G 217	Glorious things 139
Fain I would be 691	For thine own c 455	Glory be to the F 726
Fain I would to 691	For this, as tau 349	Glory to God, in 87
Fain would I lea 334	For this let men 148	Glory to thee, m 681
Fair land! could 621	For thou, within 27	God be with you 40
Faith cries out 593	For who by fait 288	God bless our ho 686
Faith lends its r 267	Forever blessed 615	God bless our na 709
Faith, mighty fa 261	Forever — everm 207	God forbids his 593
Faith of our fat 397	Forever here my 340	God from on hig 140
Faithful, O Lord 251	Forever with the 600	God is a name m 9
Faithful soul, pr 481	Forgive me, Lor 681	God is in heaven 12
Farewell, confic 577	Foxes found the 692	God is love; his 48
Farewell, mortal 427	Frail children of 23	God is our stren 29
Farewell, ye dre 427	Free from anger 554	God is our sun, h 6
Far, far away, li 633	From all iniquit 336	God is the refug 433
Far from these s 621	From all that d 1	God is thine; dis 368
Far from us driv 114	From darkness a 355	God knows the w 503
Far off the fathe 452	From every plac 3	God moves in a 52
Far off thou hast 201	From every sinf 142	God, my Redeem 589
Father, in these 158	From every stor 466	God of all power 361
Father, I stretch 244	From faith to fa 404	God of eternal li 713
Father of all, in 128	From Greenland 659	God of my life 502
Father of endles 43	From heaven an 107	God of my life 538
Father, perfect 624	From heaven he 70	God of our fathe 570
Father, perfect 727	From heaven he 122	God of the futur 713
Father, regard t 459	From little ones 689	God of the past 713
Father, Son, and 319	From pride and 723	God of the patri 43
Father, thine ev 269	From Sinai's clo 255	God of the prese 713
Father, thy long 382	From sin—the g 338	God only is the 21
Father, thy quic 32	From sorrow, toi 546	God only knows 376
Father, we ask i 459	From the cross t 367	God ruleth on hi 75
Father, whate'er 516	From the height 123	God shield you w 662
Fearless of hell 524	From the land of 201	God, the All-Mer 708
Fear not, brethr 297	From the recess 732	God, the All-Ter 708
Fear not, I am w 423	From the sword 432	God, the Omnip 708
Feeding on the 272	From thee that I 479	God, through hi 127
Filled with deli 627	From thee, the e 289	God's holy law t 183
Find in Christ th 213	From things unh 677	Go forward e'en 396
Finding, followi 227	Full of immortal 625	Go forward, is t 396
Finish then thy 383	Fully in my life 386	Go friends, that 316
Firm as his thro 442		Go, meet him in 101
Firm, faithful, w 311	Gather the outc 152	Go, then, earthl 309
Fixe bleeding w 281	Gazing thus our 441	Go, to shine befo 630
Five on this gr 270	Gentle Jesus, m 691	Go up with Chri 418
Fling out the ba 648	Gently, Lord, O 492	Go where the sic 389
Flow, wondrous 138	Gethsemane can 166	Gone from a wor 592
Foolish and imp 502	Give me a calm 516	Gone from our h 592
Forbid it, Lord 160	Give me a new, a 361	Gone where no s 592
Forbid them not 156	Give me the win 642	Goodness and m 440
For Christ is bor 67	Give me thyself 350	Grace all the wo 253
For her my tears 135	Give me thy stre 148	Grace first contr 253
For her our pra 709	Give them an ea 149	Grace taught my 253
For him shall en 649	Give to mine eye 308	Grace, 'tis a cha 253
For Jesus shed h 196	Give to the wind 438	Gracious Spirit 117
For, lo, the days 62	Give tongues of f 115	Grant one poor s 310
For love like thi 130	Give up ourselve 563	Grant that all m 35
For more we ask 14	Give us ourselve 177	Grant, then, this 369

FIRST LINES OF STANZAS

Hymn No.	Hymn No.	Hymn No.
Grant us thy pea 39	He comes, the br 59	Here it is I find 491
Grant us thy tru 50	He comes with s 658	Here let the blin 676
Great God, atten 6	He dies! the Fri 86	Here let the gre 669
Great God, indul 293	He ever lives ab 281	Here let the voic 676
Great God, we h 167	He feeds in past 521	Here may our u 674
Great King of gl 674	He formed the st 10	Here may the lis 674
Great Prophet of 73	He has sounded 703	Here may thine 674
Great Shepherd o 27	He hears the unc 33	Here may we pr 27
Great Source of 138	He hides himself 392	Here our gaze c 613
Great spoils I sh 291	He justly claims 322	Here pardon, lif 246
Great Sun of Rig 133	He keeps his ow 635	Here see the bre 508
Guide me, O tho 306	He laid his hand 268	Here then I dou 445
Guilty I stand b 224	He leadeth me, 449	Here, then, my G 526
	He leadeth me! 523	Here we come th 175
Had I such faith 369	He left his Fath 266	Here we learn to 441
Had I the gift of 369	He lives, all glor 85	Here, when thy 671
Hail, Prince of l 63	He lives, and gr 85	Here will I set u 324
Hail the heaven 58	He lives, to bless 85	Here vouchsafe t 675
Hail, thou once 94	He looks! and te 537	Here's love and 86
Hail, to the Lor 658	He makes the gr 10	Her hands are fi 252
Hallelujah, they 292	He now stands k 30	Higher, then, an 295
Happy, beyond d 252	He only is the M 704	High heaven, th 256
Happy, if with 153	He rules the wo 61	Him to know is l 324
Happy the home 678	He saw me ruin 54	His father saw h 458
Happy the man 252	He shall descen 658	His goodness sta 56
Happy the man 541	He sits at God's 540	His kingdom ca 540
Hard was my toi 274	He speaks, and u 28	His love, surpas 285
Hark! hark! my 633	He still the anc 156	His love within u 111
Hark! hark! to 65	He tells us we're 55	His mountains l 672
Hark! how he gr 78	He that hath pit 401	His name the si 197
Hark, how the w 418	He was not willi 647	His name yields 528
Hark, my soul, i 271	He wept that we 238	His oath, his co 273
Hark, ten thousa 543	He will keep me 532	His only righteo 153
Hark, the glad s 59	He wills that I s 333	His purposes wil 52
Hark! the herald 58	He wills that I s 381	His sovereign po 2
Hark! the Savior 209	He with earthly 48	His words the h 580
Hark! the voice o 82	Hear, him, ye de 28	His work my ho 323
Hark, those burs 97	Hear his love an 209	Ho! all ye hun 204
Hark! what mea 64	Hear, O hear our 123	Ho! every one t 188
Hasten, Lord, th 380	Hear thou the p 18	Ho! ye that pan 204
Hasten, Lord, th 664	Heaven is here 699	Hold thou thy cr 484
Hasten mercy to 193	Heaven's arches 692	Holy and true a 363
Hasten, mortals 64	Heavenward our 14	Holy as thou, O 11
Hasten, sinner, t 193	Heirs of the sam 558	Holy Ghost! dis 123
Hasten the joyfu 371	Help, Lord, to w 482	Holy Ghost, wit 118
Haste thee on fr 309	Help me to watc 477	Holy, holy, holy 46
Hath he marks t 227	Help us, O Lord 401	Holy Sabbath, b 176
Have I long in s 234	Help us take thy 447	Holy Sabbath, d 176
Have we trials a 489	Help us to build 553	Holy Sabbath, h 176
Head of the mar 43	Help us to help 553	Holy Sabbath of 176
He all his foes s 540	Help us to make 463	Holy Spirit, all 118
He breaks the p 28	Henceforth may 359	Holy Spirit, fait 112
He by himself h 634	Hence may all o 549	Hosanna! be the 689
He comes, from 59	Hence our heart 366	Hosanna! on the 689
He comes, he co 101	Here, at that cr 310	Hosanna! sound 689
He comes, he co 107	Here give thy w 718	Hosanna! then, o 689
He comes! let all 99	Here in tender, g 491	Hover o'er me, 110
He comes; of he 551	Here I raise my 226	How amazing, G 356

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Hymn No.	Hymn No.	Hymn No.
How ardent ough 84	I delivered thee 271	I thank thee, un 308
How are thy ser 722	I dimly guess fr 435	I then rode on t 276
How beauteous 150	I dread not the 515	I thirst for a life 301
How beauteous 688	I fear no foe wit 484	I thirst, thou wo 366
How blessed are 150	I feel it burning 207	I, too, forewarne 599
How blest are t 366	I find him liftin 381	I, too, with thee 338
How blest the ri 577	I gave my life fo 317	I wait till he sh 336
How can a sinne 285	I gave thee my p 316	I want a godly f 318
How can it be, t 366	I have long with 453	I want a heart t 497
How careful, th 602	I have no place 457	I want a princip 479
How charming i 150	I have no skill t 502	I want a sober m 318
How do thy mer 429	I have seen him 703	I want a true re 497
How far may we 608	I have the thing 473	I want the witr 371
How firm a foun 423	I hear at morn a 600	I want thy life, t 349
How gentle God 56	I hear my dying 720	I was a wanderi 277
How great the w 250	I heard the voic 257	I was bruised, b 532
How great thy m 157	I know I love th 522	I was lost, but J 532
How happy are 150	I know I'm near 623	I was not ever t 444
How happy ever 628	I know not how 443	I will love thee i 529
How happy is th 626	I know not what 435	I will not let the 472
How happy the 298	I know not what 443	I will sing the w 532
How helpless na 179	I know not when 443	I will sing you a 595
How many pass 562	I know not wher 435	I would be thine 379
How oft have I 231	I know not why 443	I would, but tho 334
How oft in the c 437	I know that my 85	I would not plea 199
How oft they lo 284	I know that my 381	I would not sigh 323
How precious is 124	I know that tho 522	I would thy bou 69
How rich the de 246	I know thee, Sav 342	I'd sing the char 72
How sad it woul 220	I lay my body do 682	I'd sing the prec 72
How sad our sta 240	I leave the worl 420	I'll die no more f 452
How shall pollut 9	I long, dearest L 612	I'll go and tell h 458
How silently, ho 67	I long to behold 298	I'll go to Jesus, t 194
How sweetly flo 70	I look to my inc 351	I'll lift my hand 293
How sweet the h 579	I love thee beca 529	I'll praise him w 541
How sweet the n 69	I love thee, I lov 542	I'll praise my M 541
How swift the to 570	I love the holy S 84	I'll to the gracio 194
How tedious an 528	I love thy chure 135	I'm but a strang 644
How vain are al 321	I love thy kingd 135	I'm happy, I'm h 542
How vain a toy i 16	I love to tell the 544	I'm not ashame 442
How vain is all 572	I must have the 446	I'm tired of sin a 235
How would my f 244	I must the fair e 685	I've almost gain 623
Humble and tea 360	I need his cleans 235	I've wandered f 235
Hushed is each 465	I need not tell t 341	I've wasted man 235
Hushed was the 694	I need thy prese 484	I've wrestled on 618
	I now believe, in 236	If every one that 113
I am drinking at 384	I rest upon thy 497	If, for thy sake 480
I am dwelling on 384	I saw one hangi 263	If I ask him to 227
I am weakness, f 110	I shall nothing k 375	If I find him, if 227
I and my house 685	I shall suffer an 375	If I have tasted 464
I ask no higher s 371	I spent long yea 317	If I still hold cl 227
I ask them when 642	I stand all bewil 268	If in this feeble 426
I bore the cruel 199	I starve, he cries 452	If near the pit I 482
I bow my forehe 435	I storm the gate 420	If now thine infl 345
I bring thee joy 199	I struggled and 268	If now thou sta 602
I can but perish 194	I suffered much 317	If ocean's wild, t 396
I cannot rest til 338	I take thee at th 231	If our love were 217
I cannot slack m 420	I take these littl 580	If pain afflict or 460
I can see far do 384	I thank thee for 473	If pure, essentia 556

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Hymn No.	Hymn No.	Hymn No.
If rough and tho 364	In the silent mid 568	Jesus hath died f 417
If sin be pardon 583	In them let all m 142	Jesus, I hang up 381
If some poor wa 683	In thine own ap 35	Jesus, I my cross 309
If so poor a wor 319	In this world of 596	Jesus, in whom t 357
If such a worn 426	In thy holy incar 165	Jesus is glorified 122
If thou impart t 338	In thy name, O 34	Jesus is worthy t 31
If thou shouldst 499	In vain the spoil 701	Jesus, let all thy 144
If thou these ble 476	In vain thou str 341	Jesus, let thy pi 455
If thou the secre 93	In want my plen 512	Jesus, Lord, we 554
If to the right o 464	Infinite God, to t 43	Jesus, Lover of 436
If to the right o 479	Infinite joy, or e 573	Jesus, my advoc 93
If to the right o 553	Insatiate to this 248	Jesus, my all in 512
If what I wish is 445	Inspire the livin 279	Jesus, my all, to 264
Immortal honor 42	Into temptation l 471	Jesus, my God, I 442
Impart what eve 556	Inured to povert 429	Jesus, my heart 93
Implant it deep 370	Is crucified for m 81	Jesus, my life, t 372
In age and feebl 597	Is here a soul th 178	Jesus, my Savior 464
In a land of cor 368	Is not e'en death 581	Jesus, my Sheph 69
In all my ways t 502	Is not thy grace 116	Jesus, my Sheph 277
In all their coun 715	Is their diadem 227	Jesus, my streng 318
In condescending 24	Is there a blissf 615	Jesus, on me bes 223
In condescending 587	Is there a thing 344	Jesus, our best b 311
In darkest shade 524	It beamed on Ed 670	Jesus, our great 73
In every land be 1	It came upon the 62	Jesus, our great 388
In evil long I too 263	It hallows every 514	Jesus, our humb 556
In fierce tempta 468	It is enough: ea 520	Jesus, our Lord, 45
In foreign realm 722	It is finished! O 82	Jesus, our only j 527
In God I have f 515	It is not so, but s 392	Jesus, plant and 375
In God we put o 347	It makes the wo 69	Jesus protects; m 429
In heathen land 650	It may be at mid 100	Jesus, Redeemer 189
In heaven the ra 63	It may be at mo 100	Jesus, Savior, I a 356
In him all my w 355	It sweetly cheers 124	Jesus, Savior, pi 424
In holy duties, l 170	It tells me of a p 730	Jesus shall reign 649
In hope, against 261	It was my guide 65	Jesus spreads hi 165
In hope, believin 430	Its glittering to 645	Jesus, the name 28
In hope of that 585	Its pleasures can 320	Jesus, the name 153
In Jesus' name b 151	Its sacred shrine 670	Jesus the prison 153
In mansions of g 529	Its streams the 251	Jesus, the Savior 540
In me thine utm 482		Jesus, the sinner 225
In midst of dang 722	Jehovah, God of 725	Jesus, the sinner 351
In our sickness o 486	Jehovah, God w 677	Jesus, the very t 527
In our wealth an 721	Jehovah, thee w 24	Jesus, the word 144
In panoply of tr 412	Jerusalem! my h 643	Jesus, thine all v 339
In prayer my so 454	Jerusalem the g 641	Jesus, thine own 322
In riches, in ple 216	Jesus all the day 276	Jesus, thou all-r 152
In search of emp 188	Jesus, and shall 327	Jesus, thou ever 7
In suffering be t 290	Jesus, at whose 163	Jesus, thou Lam 725
In that eternal d 617	Jesus, a word, a 182	Jesus, thou sour 601
In that lone lan 185	Jesus calls me; I 398	Jesus, thy blood 95
In the beauty of 703	Jesus can make 576	Jesus, thy blood 180
In the calm of t 437	Jesus comes wit 380	Jesus, thy bound 290
In the city built 233	Jesus, confirm m 483	Jesus, thy discip 159
In the cross of C 539	Jesus, from who 142	Jesus, thy name 13
In the furnace G 137	Jesus, great She 551	Jesus, thy speak 566
In the hour of p 492	Jesus, hail! enth 94	Jesus, to whom I 514
In the land of st 201	Jesus, hail! who 543	Jesus! transporti 197
In the light of t 60	Jesus harmoniou 197	Jesus triumphs! 90
In the love that 701	Jesus hath died t 350	Jesus, united by 545

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Hymn No.	Hymn No.	Hymn No.
Jesus, we look to 71	Let the sweet ho 516	Lord, how secur 284
Jesus, where'er t 27	Let the world de 309	Lord, I am thine 310
Jesus, while our 586	Let these, O God 126	Lord, I believe a 348
Jesus, with us t 158	Let this my ever 526	Lord, I believe t 95
Join all the glor 73	Let those refuse 536	Lord, I believe t 365
Join, all ye rans 565	Let thy holy Chi 673	Lord, I believe t 426
Joyful, with all 583	Let us all togeth 548	Lord, I believe w 95
Joy of the desol 508	Let us for each o 554	Lord, I come to 485
Joy to the world 61	Let us not grow 661	Lord, I despair 230
Judge not the L 52	Let us pray that 661	Lord, I hear of s 234
Just as I am, w 239	Let us take up t 559	Lord, I my vows 680
Kind Benefactor 732	Let us then rejoi 380	Lord! I would cl 523
Kindled his rele 453	Let us then with 554	Lord, if thou did 151
King of glory, re 543	Let worldly min 320	Lord, if thou did 685
Know, my soul, t 309	Let Zion's watch 143	Lord, if thou wil 182
Laborers of Chr 389	Life and peace t 117	Lord, in the mor 679
Lamb of God, I 691	Life's labor done 577	Lord, in the stre 315
Lame as I am, I 343	Lift up, lift up t 99	Lord, in thy sigh 732
Large are the m 510	Lift up thy coun 44	Lord, it is my ch 271
Leader of faithf 305	Lift up thy gates 99	Lord, keep my in 331
Lead, kindly Li 444	Lift up your hea 557	Lord, keep us sa 687
Leave no unguar 416	Lift your eyes, y 297	Lord, let not all 202
Leave the haunt 201	Lift your glad vo 87	Lord, let us in o 678
Leave to his sov 438	Lift your heads 104	Lord, let us put 625
Let all who for t 557	Light, in thy lig 44	Lord! obedientl 297
Let anger, sloth 349	Light obeyed in 606	Lord of all being 50
Let but my faint 499	Light of life, ser 488	Lord of all life, t 50
Let cares like a 278	Light of those w 241	Lord of angels a 373
Let earth and he 197	Like mighty rus 120	Lord of earth an 373
Let earth no mo 360	Like the mighty 410	Lord of grace an 373
Let every act of 7	Like the rough s 192	Lord of life and l 373
Let every kindr 92	Listen to the wo 64	Lord of life, bene 710
Let every mome 7	Lives again our 88	Lord of mercy, G 373
Let every mortal 204	Live till the Lor 557	Lord of the Sabb 169
Let him to whom 322	Lo! glad I come 264	Lord, on thee ou 35
Let me, above a 691	Lo! God is here 25	Lord, speak to m 395
Let me alone, th 459	Lo! he beckons f 630	Lord, till I reach 465
Let me at a thro 228	Lo! he comes wi 98	Lord, we are vil 180
Let me do thy w 696	Lo! on a narrow 571	Lord, we believe 113
Let me never for 117	Lo! round the th 616	Lord, we come b 35
Let me stay a lit 399	Lo! such the chi 690	Lord, what shall 12
Let me stay and 399	Lo, the great Ki 109	Loud may the tr 433
Let me stay; I f 399	Lo! with deep c 705	Love and grief 491
Let mountains f 433	Long as our fier 472	Love divine, all 383
Let music swell 707	Long my impriso 266	Love of God, so 234
Let my hands pe 326	Long thy exiles 610	Lover of souls! 152
Let not conscien 184	Look, ye saints, 97	Lovers of pleasu 260
Let not the wise 265	Lord, all I am is 4	Love's redeemin 88
Let others hug t 347	Lord, arm we wi 329	Low in the grave 91
Let others seek a 645	Lord, dismiss us 36	Lowly, loving, m 375
Let others stretc 16	Lord, dismiss us 37	Make good their 149
Let party names 560	Lord, everlastin 125	Make us into one 545
Let peace within 167	Lord, fill me wit 470	Make us of one h 554
Let sorrow's rud 302	Lord, from far-s 711	Man may trouble 309
Let that mercy v 705	Lord, from thine 667	Many in thy life 233
Let the living st 380	Lord, give us ea 698	March on, O soul 411
	Lord, give us suc 474	Mark but that r 579
	Lord God, the H 120	

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Hymn No.	Hymn No.	Hymn No.
Master, I have n 313	My God, my port 16	Nipped by the w 598
Master, I own th 328	My God, the spri 524	No chilling wind 627
May a mighty so 352	My gracious Lor 323	No cloud those r 621
May erring mind 667	My gracious Mas 28	No condemnation 266
May every passi 718	My heart shall tr 173	No cumbersome ga 420
May faith grow f 667	My heart which 182	No ill-requested l 617
May our light be 105	My heavenly ho 645	No man can trul 279
May they in Jesu 143	My highest plac 518	No more a wand 277
May this solemn 696	My hope is built 273	No more fatigue 169
May thy gospel's 175	My hope, my all 468	No more I stagge 333
May thy rich gra 494	My Jesus, as tho 500	No more let crea 663
May thy Spirit h 673	My Jesus, I love 529	No more let sin a 61
May we grow li 447	My latest sun is 623	No more shall fo 140
May we receive t 32	My life, my bloo 148	No murky cloud 611
May we this life 688	My life, my porti 237	No need of the s 620
Men of God, go t 146	My lips with sha 222	No rude alarms o 169
Methinks I see a 580	My Lord, if inde 528	No slightest tou 617
Me to retrieve fr 413	My message as f 210	No strength of o 55
'Mid scenes of co 612	My mind, by thy 382	No voice can sin 527
'Mid toil and tri 134	My native count 707	No words can tel 465
Might I enjoy th 6	My one desire be 237	None is like Jesh 368
Mightiest kings 664	My only hope, m 235	Nor bleeding bir 180
Millions of sinne 247	My passions hold 525	Nor earth, nor a 533
Millions of souls 162	My path is lone 457	Nor shall thy spr 133
Millions there h 367	My peace, my lif 345	Not all our groa 183
Mine eyes have s 703	My prayer hath 342	Not all the bliss 533
Mine is an uncha 271	My Savior, let th 321	Not all the blood 83
More and more l 631	My sin—O the b 517	Not a soul so sa 493
More love to thee 314	My soul, ask wh 476	Not heaven's wi 670
More of thy life 372	My soul, be on t 408	Not in the name 71
Mortals, awake 63	My soul breaks o 350	Not long the con 411
Mourn for the lo 700	My soul he doth 440	Not now, but in t 503
Mourn for the ru 700	My soul is sick 235	Not now on Zion 3
Mourn for the ta 700	My soul obeys th 240	Not one, but all 172
Mourn for the th 700	My soul shall the 370	Not the crowd w 721
Much of my time 682	My soul with thy 482	Nothing can we 447
Must I be carrie 402	My soul would le 524	Nothing hath th 603
My all to Christ 325	My soul would t 615	Nothing less will 377
My conscience fe 263	My steadfast sou 339	Nothing on eart 359
My country, 'tis 707	My suffering tim 468	Nothing ye in ex 188
My crimes are gr 222	My thoughts lie 4	Now God invites 185
My days are glid 302	My trespass was 249	Now I have foun 269
My days are shor 574	My will be swall 360	Now incline me t 453
My dying Savior 340		Now, Jesus, now 151
My faith looks u 494	Nay, but I yield 237	Now lend thy gr 451
My Father, God 282	Nearer, ever nea 295	Now let me gain 363
My Father is a G 420	Nearer my Fath 624	Now let my soul 130
My Father's hou 600	Nearer my Fath 727	Now let our dark 128
My Father's hou 645	Nearer, my, God 495	Now let thy Spir 365
My feeble mind s 475	Nearer the boun 624	Now may the Ki 168
My flesh shall sl 614	Nearer the boun 727	Now, O God, thi 319
My flesh, which 354	Ne'er let thy glo 671	Now, O Lord, ful 108
My God and Fat 499	Ne'er think the 408	Now, O my Josh 378
My God, I am th 534	Ne'er was, nor s 84	Now rest, my lo 256
My God, is any h 465	Neither sin, nor 481	Now, safely moo 65
My God is recon 281	Never further th 441	Now, Savior, no 163
My God, my God 258	New graces eve 174	Now the long an 400
My God, my life 533	New rising in thi 171	Now then, my G 329

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Hymn No.	Hymn No.	Hymn No.
Now, the sowing 400	O happy, happy 587	O may our more 706
Now, the spirit c 400	O hear my cry, b 457	O may the graci 131
Now the trainin 400	O heavenly love 431	O may the prosp 621
Now to thee, tho 38	O hide this self f 344	O may thy powe 421
Now to the God 583	O holy Child of 67	O may thy quick 71
Now to thy hous 679	O Holy Father, 41	O may thy Spirit 679
Now with this h 677	O Holy Ghost, 41	O may we all be 607
Now, ye needy, c 184	O Holy Jesus, P 41	O may we all im 421
	O holy Lord, our 718	O may we all tri 562
O arm me with t 406	O hope of every 527	O may we tread 616
O be a nobler p 574	O how happy are 276	O melt this froz 119
O bear my longi 623	O how long shall 218	O mighty God th 289
O believe the rec 213	O how long will 218	O mother dear, J 611
O boundless love 109	O how sweet it 595	O naught of gloo 171
O brethren, help 207	O how the thoug 21	O Peace divine, b 469
O change these 179	O it is hard to w 392	O sacred head, n 77
O come, and dwe 371	O Jesus, could I 244	O sacred hour! O 274
O come, Creator 114	O Jesus, delight 316	O safe to the roc 437
O could I speak 72	O Jesus, full of t 354	O Savior, precio 522
O could we make 639	O Jesus, Jesus, J 325	O sleepless night 584
O Cross divine, b 469	O Jesus, my Sav 542	O Source of uncr 42
O cross, that lift 448	O joy divine, by 469	O Spirit of the li 115
O day of rest and 174	O Joy, that seek 448	O spread the tid 109
O do not let the 214	O joyful sound o 346	O strengthen me 395
O do not suffer h 551	O just Judge, to 605	O Sun of Righte 307
O Father, give o 519	O King of glory 405	O Sun of Righte 382
O father, I have 458	O lead me, Lord 395	O sweet and bles 641
O fill me with th 395	O let my soul o 681	O tell me no mor 291
O fill thy Church 651	O let our love an 151	O tell of his mig 23
O flash the tidin 650	O let them all th 142	O that each in th 567
O for a closer wa 456	O let the prisone 462	O that home of t 595
O for a faith tha 474	O let thy chosen 451	O that I could al 324
O for a glance of 232	O let thy rising 688	O that I could fo 376
O for a heart th 353	O let thy sacred 359	O that I could re 223
O for a heart to 337	O let us hear the 711	O that I could, w 376
O for a lowly, co 337	O let us stir eac 557	O that I might a 378
O for a soul aglo 698	O Light divine, b 469	O that I might n 377
O for a thousand 28	O Light, that fo 448	O that I now, fr 361
O for a trumpet 197	O little town of 67	O that I now the 348
O for an overcom 583	O long-expected 169	O that in me the 339
O for this love le 79	O Lord our God 41	O that it now fr 339
O for that flame 116	O Lord our God 718	O that my load o 334
O for that power 190	O Lord, thy wor 451	O that my tende 470
O for the living f 29	O Love divine, b 469	O that our thou 170
O for the peace t 106	O Love divine, h 376	O that the Comf 283
O give me Samue 694	O Love divine, w 81	O that the world 153
O glorious hope 378	O love of God, h 431	O that the world 279
O glorious hour 614	O love of God, o 431	O that the world 394
O God, mine in 571	O Love, that wil 448	O that to thee m 470
O God, most mer 335	O Love, thou bo 269	O that we all mi 177
O God, our help 575	O Love, thy sove 312	O that with yon 92
O God, our King 6	O Love, thy sove 344	O the cross has 384
O God, thou hig 8	O lovely attitude 186	O the rapturous 276
O God, thou Pot 715	O make thy chur 129	O the transporti 627
O God, what off 329	O may I learn th 406	O then, aloud, in 33
O grant that not 290	O may I love like 406	O then what rap 646
O happy bond, t 256	O may my hand 466	O these tender b 296
O happy day, th 256	O may no gloomy 688	O think what va 190

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Hymn No.	Hymn No.	Hymn No.
O this uttermost 356	Oh, joy! oh, deli 100	Our Father in be 723
O thou almighty 73	Oh, let thy life b 317	Our Father who 733
O thou, by who 478	Oh, strive thou 584	Our fathers, cha 397
O thou eternal R 660	Oh, the stars nev 613	Our fathers' God 707
O thou from wh 480	Oh, to grace how 226	Our fathers, whe 570
O thou God of m 535	Oh, what wonder 326	Our glad hosan 59
O thou, in whose 537	Oh, where is this 608	Our glorious Lea 642
O thou, our Savi 463	Oh, who's like m 542	Our God is love 558
O thou, to whom 3	Obedient faith, t 261	Our hope and ex 102
O thou, to whose 364	O'er all those wi 627	Our life is a drea 567
O thou, who cam 483	O'erwhelmed wi 335	Our life, while 722
O thou who dries 509	Of all the pious 570	Our Lord in pity 214
O thou who dwel 18	Of all thy heart's 587	Our midnight is 50
O thou who give 690	Of heaven the si 171	Our mourning is 619
O thou, who has 358	Of him who did 248	Our offspring, st 157
O thou, whom al 5	Of peace I only k 518	Our old compan 637
O thou whose of 76	Of as I lay me 131	Our souls and bo 311
O 'tis delight wi 525	Often to Marah's 425	Our souls and bo 322
O Trinity in unit 155	Once earthly joy 314	Our souls rejoici 125
O Truth divine, b 469	Once more we co 32	Our spirits, too 637
O turn ye, O tur 216	Once on the ragi 65	Our wasting live 573
O unexampled lo 197	Once they were 642	Our wishes, our 358
O use me, Lord 395	One family we d 636	Out of great dist 622
O utter but the n 21	One only gift can 265	Out of the deep r 462
O voice of mercy 730	One sweetly sole 624	Pardon and peac 162
O wash my soul 222	One sweetly sole 727	Paschal Lamb, b 94
O watch and figh 408	On Jordan's stor 627	Pass me not, O g 228
O what a blessed 628	On mountain-top 651	Pass me not, O g 234
O what a mighty 617	On thee alone m 246	Pass me not, O G 234
O what amazing 247	On thee, at the c 174	Pass me not, O m 234
O what are all m 585	On thee, O God 333	Pass me not, thy 234
O what hath Jes 585	On the lone mou 498	Pass me not, appo 305
O when, thou cit 643	On this stone, no 673	Peace and pard 367
O when wilt tho 351	On thy redeemin 311	Peace, doubting 504
O where shall re 604	Only faintly now 640	Peace on earth, g 64
O who could bea 509	Only "Good nigh 594	Peace, perfect p 520
O who will follo 325	Only thee conten 386	Peace, troubled s 511
O who'll stand u 325	Onward, Christi 410	People and real 649
O why should I 537	Onward, ever on 295	Perfect submissi- 286
O wide embracin 431	Onward, then, y 410	Perhaps he will 194
O wondrous kno 4	Onward we go, f 633	Permit them to a 154
O wondrous love 207	Open my faith's 363	Pilgrim, in that 657
O wondrous pow 459	Open now the cr 306	Pilgrim, see, the 657
O Word of God i 129	Open their eyes t 189	Pity and heal m 225
O worship the K 23	Open wide, O Go 673	Pity the day of f 462
O worship the L 22	Oppressed with s 207	Pleasure and we 328
O would he more 628	Or he deserts us 392	Plenteous grace 436
O would my Lor 576	Or if, on joyful 495	Plenteous of gra 42
O wouldst thou a 103	Or worn by slowl 598	Plunged in a gul 79
O wretched stat 601	Other knowledg 324	Poor I was, and 272
O ye banished se 297	Other refuge hav 436	Poor, sinful, thi 247
Oh, by the wido 701	Our blessed Lor 214	Praise God, from 1
Oh, Christ! he is 618	Our brother the 582	Praise God, from 734
Oh! for the won 212	Our children tho 157	Praise God, from 735
Oh, haste thee, a 220	Our dearest joys 321	Praise ye the Lo 10
Oh, how shall I 26	Our eyes have se 193	Prayer is appoin 460
Oh, how sweet to 450	Our fair Alma M 723	Prayer is the bur 478
Oh, if my mortal 727	Our Father, God 471	

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Prayer is the Ch 478	Roll on thou, mi 669	See the glorious 657
Prayer is the con 478	Round each hab 139	See the haven f 630
Prayer is the key 493		See the healing 209
Prayer is the sim 478	Safely through a 175	See the Judge, o 609
Prayer is the sou 478	Sages, leave you 57	See the stars fro 104
Prayer makes th 467	Saints, before th 57	See the streams 139
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Still let us our o 545	Teach us to love 558	The fondness of 321
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There's a widene 217	Thou camest, O 692	Though troubles 55
These clouds of 382	Thou canst fill m 110	Though unseen, I 535
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They marked the 642	Thou hast put gl 522	Thrice comforta 445
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They suffer with 96	Thou hidden So 512	Through all the 452
They tell the tri 250	Thou high and h 18	Through every p 530
They watch for s 143	Thou Judge of q 607	Through grace w 30
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Thine I am, O L 696	Thou, O Christ, 436	Through many d 259
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This poor, faithl 316	Though eighteen 385	Thy bountiful ca 23
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Thou art exalted 24	Though in afflic 506	Thy gifts, alas! c 350
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Thou art the ear 280	Though like the 495	Thy hand, in au 706
Thou art the fra 8	Though nature g 354	Thy holy will be 313
Thou art the Lif 68	Though nature's 635	Thy hosts are m 651
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Thy nature, gra 337	To purest joys s 252	Vain the stone, t 88
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Thy neighbor? P 697	To seek thee, all 32	Vainly we offer e 66
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Thy ransomed se 315	To the hills I lif 481	Wake up, broth 352
Thy saints in all 402	To thee I owe m 16	Waken, O Lord 573
Thy shining grac 533	To thee our all d 401	Walk in the ligh 304
Thy side an open 152	To thee our hum 267	Wash me, and m 340
Thy sovereign g 249	To thee the glory 261	Wash out its sta 364
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Till, of the prize 403	To-morrow's sun 214	Watchman, tell 653
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Till thou anew m 470	Toil bravely on 584	We all partake t 552
Till thou thy per 472	Touched by the l 545	We are now his l 380
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'Tis God's all-an 393	True pleasures 534	We bow before t 178
'Tis Love! 'tis L 342	True, 'tis a strai 289	We bring no hat 701
'Tis midnight; a 80	Truly blessed is 491	We bring them 154
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'Tis not a cause 143	Try us, O God, a 553	We come, great 5
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To God, the Fat 737	Uphold me in th 308	We meet with on 120
To hear the sorr 232	Up into thee, ou 553	We never will t 563
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To him mine eye 504	Uplift my purest 331	We plow the fiel 704
To him shall pr 658	Upon God's will 505	We read thee be 431
To him that in t 267	Urge on your ra 407	We rejoice in th 60
To Jesus' name 557	Use thou each g 331	We say we will 332
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We wait thy tri 651	Whate'er thou d 612	When trouble, li 54
We weep, our h 592	When all thy me 530	When unto thee 13
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Well might the s 161	When grace has 173	Wherewith, O L 224
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Why should this 56	With tearful eye 730	Ye ransomed sin 347
Why should we b 190	With that blesse 610	Ye saints to com 17
Why should we 576	With thee conve 526	Ye servants of G 75
Why should we t 212	With thee let th 159	Ye slaves of sin 388
Why what we lo 503	With them let u 250	Ye tempting swe 229
Why will you be 216	With thy Spirit 159	Ye virgin souls, 101
Why will you in 192	With what differ 104	Ye who have sol 388
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Will you come, w 205	Without reserve 511	Yes, Jesus is the 196
Wilt thou not ye 341	Work, for the ni 390	Yes, the prize sh 104
Wisdom divine 252	Workman of Go 391	Yes, when this fl 259
With calm and t 406	Worship, honor 94	Yet, glorified by 591
With deep repen 452	Worthy the Lam 31	Yet, Lord, for us 311
With flowing tea 156	Would aught on 312	Yet, oh! the chie 221
With heart and e 293	Would he the bo 385	Yet onward I ha 534
With him I on Z 298		Yet save a trem 222
With joy the cho 63	Yea, Amen! let 98	Yet she on earth 134
With joy we hail 167	Yea, and before 536	Yet these, new r 598
With me, I kno 346	Yea, bless his ho 702	Yield to me now 342
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And did my Lord on earth endure.....	313
And is there, Lord, a rest.....	615
And let this feeble body fail.....	585
And must I be to judgment brought.....	602
And must this body die.....	589
And will the great eternal God.....	669
Angels, from the realms of glory.....	57
Angels our march oppose.....	419
Another year is dawning.....	561
Arise, and bless the Lord.....	29

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Arise, my soul, arise.....	281
Arise, my soul, on wings sublime.....	287
Arise, ye saints, arise.....	403
Arm me with thy whole armor, Lord.....	404
Arm of the Lord, awake, awake! Put on.....	663
Arm of the Lord, awake, awake! Thine own....	141
Arm these thy soldiers, mighty Lord.....	155
Art thou weary, art thou languid.....	227
Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep.....	578
Author of faith, eternal Word.....	267
Awake, and sing the song.....	74
Awake, my soul, and with the sun.....	680
Awake, my soul, in joyful lays.....	54
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve.....	393
Awake, our souls! away, our fears.....	289
Away my needless fears.....	445
Away, my unbelieving fear.....	430
Away with our sorrow and fear.....	619
Before Jehovah's awful throne.....	2
Behold a Stranger at the door.....	186
Behold! I come with joy to do.....	394
Behold me standing at the door.....	199
Behold the Christian warrior stand.....	412
Behold the hands stretched out for aid.....	650
Behold the Savior of mankind.....	78
Behold the sure Foundation-stone.....	668
Behold the throne of grace.....	476
Behold what condescending love.....	156
Being of beings, God of love.....	14
Beloved, sleep	588
Beneath our feet, and o'er our head.....	198
Be present at our table, Lord.....	717
Be still, my soul, before thy God.....	507
Beyond the smiling and the weeping.....	731
Blessed are the sons of God.....	550
Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine.....	286
Bless the Lord, O my soul.....	728
Blest be the tie that binds.....	546
Blow ye the trumpet, blow.....	388
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning....	66
Broad is the road that leads to death.....	202
By cool Siloam's shady rill.....	690
By thy birth, and by thy tears.....	242

FIRST LINES OF HYMNS

	HYMN
Call Jehovah thy salvation.....	432
Cast thy bread upon the waters.....	655
Center of our hopes thou art.....	548
Children of the heavenly King.....	297
Choose I must, and soon must choose.....	606
Christ for the world we sing.....	665
Christ is coming! let creation.....	610
Christ is made the sure foundation.....	675
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.....	88
Christian, dost thou see them.....	716
Christians, brethren, ere we part.....	38
Come, and let us sweetly join.....	547
Come, every soul by sin oppressed.....	196
Come, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, Honor.....	158
Come, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, One God....	44
Come, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, To whom....	695
Come, Holy Ghost, all-quickenng fire.....	345
Come, Holy Ghost, in love.....	121
Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire.....	127
Come, Holy Spirit, come.....	119
Come home! come home.....	215
Come, humble sinner, in whose breast.....	194
Come, let us anew our journey pursue.....	567
Come, let us ascend.....	292
Come, let us join our cheerful songs.....	31
Come, let us join our friends above.....	636
Come, let us join with one accord.....	172
Come, let us use the grace divine.....	563
Come, let us who in Christ believe.....	30
Come, my fond, fluttering heart.....	229
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare.....	485
Come, O my God, the promise seal.....	349
Come, O thou all-victorious Lord.....	177
Come, O thou Traveler unknown.....	341
Come, O thou universal Good.....	374
Come on, my partners in distress.....	294
Come, Savior, Jesus, from above.....	359
Come, sinners, to the gospel feast.....	210
Come, thou Almighty King.....	45
Come, thou Fount of every blessing.....	226
Come, thou long-expected Jesus.....	490
Come unto me, when shadows darkly gather....	510
Come, wisdom, power and grace divine.....	556
Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish....	508

FIRST LINES OF HYMNS

	HYMN
Come, ye saints, look here and wonder.....	90
Come, ye sinners, poor and needy.....	184
Come, ye that love the Lord.....	536
Commit thou all thy griefs.....	439
Conquering now and still to conquer.....	409
Creator, Spirit, by whose aid.....	42
Crown him with many crowns.....	19
Darkly rose the guilty morning.....	721
Daughter of Zion, from the dust.....	136
Day is dying in the west.....	710
Day of judgment, day of wonders.....	609
Day of wrath, O dreadful day.....	605
Deathless spirit, now arise.....	630
Deep are the wounds which sin has made.....	181
Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near.....	203
Depth of mercy! can there be.....	453
Did Christ o'er sinners weep.....	238
Draw near, O Son of God, draw near.....	149
Dread Jehovah! God of nations.....	705
Enthroned on high, almighty Lord.....	111
Equip me for the war.....	406
Eternal depth of love divine.....	20
Eternal Father, thou hast said.....	651
Eternal Light! Eternal Light.....	26
Eternal Power, whose high abode.....	12
Eternal Source of every joy.....	706
Except the Lord conduct the plan.....	151
Face to face with Christ my Savior.....	640
Fade, fade, each earthly joy.....	427
Faith of our fathers! living still.....	397
Far from these scenes of night.....	621
Father, I stretch my hands to thee.....	244
Father of all, in whom alone.....	128
Father, Son and Holy Ghost.....	319
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss.....	516
Fling out the banner! let it float.....	648
Forever here my rest shall be.....	340
Forever with the Lord.....	600
From all that dwell below the skies.....	1
From every stormy wind that blows.....	466
From Greenland's icy mountains.....	659

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HYMN

From Sinai's cloud of darkness.....	255
From the cross there flows a hallowed stream....	367
From the recesses of a lowly spirit.....	732
Gentle Jesus, meek and mild.....	691
Gently, Lord, O gently lead us.....	492
Give me the wings of faith to rise.....	642
Give to the winds thy fears.....	438
Glorious things of thee are spoken.....	139
Glory be to the Father.....	726
Glory to thee, my God, this night.....	681
God be with you till we meet again.....	40
God bless our home, and fill it.....	686
God bless our native land.....	709
God is a name my soul adores.....	9
God is love; his mercy brightens.....	48
God is the refuge of his saints.....	433
God moves in a mysterious way.....	52
God of all power and truth and grace.....	361
God of my life, through all my days.....	538
God of my life, whose gracious power.....	502
God of the past, accept our praise.....	713
God, the All-terrible! thou who ordainest.....	708
God's holy law transgressed.....	183
Go forward, is the great command.....	396
Gone from our home forever.....	592
Grace! 'tis a charming sound.....	253
Gracious Spirit, Love divine.....	117
Great God, attend, while Zion sings.....	6
Great God, indulge my humble claim.....	293
Great King of glory, come.....	674
Great Source of being and of love.....	138
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah.....	306
Had I the gift of tongues.....	369
Hail, thou once despised Jesus.....	94
Hail, to the Lord's Anointed.....	658
Happy the home when God is there.....	678
Happy the man who finds the grace.....	252
Hark! hark! my soul, angelic songs are swelling..	633
Hark, how the watchmen cry.....	418
Hark, my soul, it is the Lord.....	271
Hark, ten thousand harps and voices.....	543
Hark, the glad sound! the Savior comes.....	59

FIRST LINES OF HYMNS

	HYMN
Hark! the herald angels sing.....	58
Hark! the Savior's voice from heaven.....	209
Hark! the voice of love and mercy.....	82
Hark! what mean those holy voices.....	64
Hasten, Lord, the glorious time.....	664
Hasten, sinner, to be wise.....	193
Heaven is here, where hymns of gladness.....	699
He comes, he comes, the Judge severe.....	107
He dies! the Friend of sinners dies.....	86
He leadeth me, for I can feel the clasping.....	449
He leadeth me! O blessed thought.....	523
He was not willing that any should perish.....	647
He wills that I should holy be.....	333
Help, Lord, to whom for help I fly.....	482
Help us, O Lord, thy yoke to wear.....	401
Ho! every one that thirsts, draw nigh.....	188
Holy and true and righteous Lord.....	363
Holy as thou, O Lord, is none.....	11
Holy Ghost! dispel our sadness.....	123
Holy Ghost, with light divine.....	118
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty.....	46
Holy Sabbath, day of rest.....	176
Holy Spirit, faithful Guide.....	112
Hosanna! be the children's song.....	689
Hover o'er me, Holy Spirit.....	110
How are thy servants blest.....	722
How beauteous are their feet.....	150
How blest the righteous when he dies.....	577
How can a sinner know.....	285
How do thy mercies close me round.....	429
How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord....	423
How gentle God's commands.....	56
How great the wisdom, power and grace.....	250
How happy every child of grace.....	628
How happy is the pilgrim's lot.....	626
How helpless nature lies.....	179
How many pass the guilty night.....	562
How oft have I the Spirit grieved.....	231
How precious is the book divine.....	124
How sad it would be, if when thou didst call.....	220
How sad our state by nature is.....	240
How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound.....	70
How sweet the hour of closing day.....	579
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds.....	69

FIRST LINES OF HYMNS

	HYMN
How swift the torrent rolls.....	570
How tedious and tasteless the hours.....	528
How vain are all things here below.....	321
How vain is all beneath the skies.....	572
Humble and teachable and mild.....	360
Hushed was the evening hymn.....	694
I am dwelling on the mountain.....	384
I and my house will serve the Lord.....	685
I bow my forehead to the dust.....	435
I gave my life for thee.....	317
I heard the voice of Jesus say.....	257
I hear my dying Savior say.....	720
I know I love thee better, Lord.....	522
I know not why God's wondrous grace.....	443
I know that my Redeemer lives, And ever.....	381
I know that my Redeemer lives; What joy.....	85
I long to behold him arrayed.....	298
I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord....	542
I love the holy Son of God.....	84
I love thy kingdom, Lord, the house.....	135
I love to tell the story.....	544
I must have the Savior with me.....	446
I stand all bewildered with wonder.....	268
I storm the gate of strife.....	420
I thank thee, uncreated Sun.....	308
I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God.....	366
I, too, forewarned by Jesus' love.....	599
I want a heart to pray.....	497
I want a principle within.....	479
I was a wandering sheep.....	277
I will sing the wondrous story.....	582
I will sing you a song of that beautiful land.....	595
I would be thine; O take my heart.....	379
If thou impart thyself to me.....	338
I'll praise my Maker while I've breath.....	541
I'm but a stranger here.....	644
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord.....	442
In age and feebleness extreme.....	597
In evil long I took delight.....	263
In God I have found a retreat.....	515
In hope, against all human hope.....	261
In the cross of Christ I glory.....	539
In the land of strangers, whither.....	201

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	HYMN
In the love that knows no waning, in the.....	701
In the silent midnight watches.....	568
In thy name, O Lord, assembling.....	34
Infinite God, to thee we raise.....	43
It came upon the midnight clear.....	62
It may be at morn, when the day is awaking....	100
I've wandered far away from God.....	235
Jehovah, God of love.....	725
Jehovah, God who dwelt of old.....	677
Jehovah, thee we praise.....	24
Jerusalem, my happy home.....	643
Jerusalem the golden.....	641
Jesus, and shall it ever be.....	327
Jesus, at whose supreme command.....	163
Jesus, a word, a look from thee.....	182
Jesus calls me; I am going.....	398
Jesus comes with all his grace.....	380
Jesus, from whom all blessings flow.....	142
Jesus, great Shepherd of the sheep.....	551
Jesus hath died that I might live.....	350
Jesus, I my cross have taken.....	309
Jesus, in whom the God-head's rays.....	357
Jesus, let thy pitying eye.....	455
Jesus, Lord, we look to thee.....	554
Jesus, Lover of my soul.....	436
Jesus, my Advocate above.....	93
Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone.....	264
Jesus, my life, thyself apply.....	372
Jesus, my Savior, Brother, Friend.....	464
Jesus, my strength, my hope.....	318
Jesus, our best beloved Friend.....	311
Jesus, plant and root in me.....	375
Jesus, Redeemer of mankind.....	189
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.....	424
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun.....	649
Jesus spreads his banner o'er us.....	165
Jesus, the name high over all.....	153
Jesus, the sinner's friend, to thee.....	225
Jesus, the sinner's rest thou art.....	351
Jesus, the very thought of thee.....	527
Jesus, the word of mercy give.....	144
Jesus, thine all-victorious love.....	339
Jesus, thou all-redeeming Lord.....	152

FIRST LINES OF HYMNS

	HYMN
Jesus, thou everlasting King.....	7
Jesus, thy blood and righteousness.....	95
Jesus, thy boundless love to me.....	290
Jesus, thy disciples see	159
Jesus, thy name I love.....	13
Jesus, united by thy grace.....	545
Jesus, we look to thee.....	71
Jesus, where'er thy people meet.....	27
Jesus, while our hearts are bleeding.....	586
Join all the glorious names.....	73
Join, all ye ransomed sons of grace.....	565
Joy to the world, the Lord is come.....	61
Just as I am, without one plea.....	239
Laborers of Christ, arise.....	389
Leader of faithful souls, and guide.....	305
Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom....	444
Let earth and heaven agree.....	197
Let every mortal ear attend.....	204
Let him to whom we now belong.....	322
Let me stay; I fain would labor.....	399
Let not the wise their wisdom boast.....	265
Let party names no more.....	560
Let worldly minds the world pursue.....	320
Let Zion's watchmen all awake.....	143
Lift up, lift up thy voice with singing.....	99
Lift up your hearts to things above.....	557
Lift your glad voices in triumph on high.....	87
Lift your heads, ye friends of Jesus.....	104
Light of life, seraphic fire.....	488
Light of those whose dreary dwelling.....	241
Lo! God is here! let us adore.....	25
Lo! he comes with clouds descending.....	98
Lo! on a narrow neck of land.....	571
Lo! round the throne, a glorious band.....	616
Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious.....	97
Lord, all I am is known to thee.....	4
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Bid us.....	36
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Fill our.....	37
Lord, fill me with a humble fear.....	470
Lord, from far-severed climes we come.....	711
Lord God, the Holy Ghost.....	120
Lord, how secure and blest are they.....	284
Lord, I am thine, entirely thine.....	310

FIRST LINES OF HYMNS

HYMN

Lord, I believe a rest remains.....	348
Lord, I believe thy every word.....	426
Lord, I despair myself to heal.....	230
Lord, I hear of showers of blessing.....	234
Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear.....	679
Lord, in the strength of grace.....	315
Lord, keep my inmost heart.....	331
Lord of all being! throned afar.....	50
Lord of mercy, God of might.....	373
Lord of the Sabbath, hear our vows.....	169
Lord, speak to me that I may speak.....	395
Lord, we are vile, conceived in sin.....	180
Lord, we believe to us and ours.....	113
Lord, we come before thee now.....	35
Love divine, all loves excelling.....	383
Lovers of pleasure more than God.....	260
Low in the grave he lay—Jesus, my Savior.....	91
March on, O soul, with strength.....	411
Master, I own thy lawful claim.....	328
Men of God, go, take your stations.....	146
'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints.....	612
Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming....	703
More love to thee, O Christ.....	314
Mortals, awake, with angels join.....	63
Mourn for the thousands slain.....	700
My country, 'tis of thee.....	707
My days are gliding swiftly by.....	302
My faith looks up to thee.....	494
My God and Father, while I stray.....	499
My God, I am thine; what a comfort.....	534
My God, is any hour so sweet.....	465
My God, my God, to thee I cry.....	258
My God, my life, my love.....	533
My God, my portion, and my love.....	16
My God, the spring of all my joys.....	524
My gracious Lord, I own thy right.....	323
My heavenly home is bright and fair.....	645
My hope is built on nothing less.....	273
My hope, my all, my Savior thou.....	468
My Jesus, as thou wilt.....	500
My Jesus, I love thee, I know thou art mine.....	529
My latest sun is sinking fast.....	623
My soul, be on thy guard.....	408

FIRST LINES OF HYMNS

	HYMN
Nearer, my God, to thee.....	495
Never further than thy cross.....	441
No need of the sun in that day.....	620
None is like Jeshurun's God.....	368
Not all the blood of beasts.....	83
Not heaven's wide range of hallowed space....	670
Not now, but in the coming years.....	503
Now I have found the ground wherein.....	269
Now let my soul, eternal King.....	130
Now, the sowing and the weeping.....	400
O come, and dwell in me.....	371
O come, Creator, Spirit blest.....	114
O could I speak the matchless worth.....	72
O day of rest and gladness.....	174
O do not let the word depart.....	214
O for a closer walk with God.....	456
O for a faith that will not shrink.....	474
O for a glance of heavenly day.....	232
O for a heart that is whiter than snow.....	353
O for a heart to praise my God.....	337
O for a soul aglow with love.....	698
O for a thousand tongues to sing.....	28
O for an overcoming faith.....	583
O for that flame of living fire.....	116
O for the peace that floweth as a river.....	106
O glorious hope of perfect love.....	378
O God, most merciful and true.....	335
O God, our help in ages past.....	575
O God, thou high and lofty One.....	8
O God, thou Potentate of all.....	715
O God, what offering shall I give.....	329
O happy day, that fixed my choice.....	256
O hear my cry, be gracious now to me.....	457
O holy Lord, our God.....	718
O how happy are they.....	276
O how long will men refuse.....	218
O how the thought of God attracts.....	21
O it is hard to work for God.....	392
O Jesus, delight of my soul.....	316
O Jesus, full of truth and grace.....	354
O joyful sound of gospel grace.....	346
O King of glory, thy rich grace.....	405
O let the prisoner's mournful cries.....	462

FIRST LINES OF HYMNS

HYMN

O little town of Bethlehem.....	67
O Lord, thy work revive.....	451
O Love divine, by Christ revealed.....	469
O Love divine, how sweet thou art.....	376
O Love divine, what hast thou done.....	81
O love of God, how strong and true.....	431
O Love, that wilt not let me go.....	448
O Love, thy sovereign aid impart.....	312
O may thy powerful word.....	421
O mother dear, Jerusalem.....	611
O sacred Head, now wounded.....	77
O safe to the rock that is higher than I.....	437
O sleepless nights, O cheerless days.....	584
O Spirit of the living God.....	115
O spread the tidings 'round, wherever.....	109
O Sun of Righteousness, arise, And drive.....	307
O Sun of Righteousness, arise, With healing....	382
O tell me no more of this world's vain store....	291
O that I could repent.....	223
O that my load of sin were gone.....	334
O this uttermost salvation.....	356
O thou from whom all goodness flows.....	480
O thou God of my salvation.....	535
O thou, in whose presence my soul takes delight.	537
O thou, our Savior, Brother, Friend.....	463
O thou, to whom, in ancient time.....	3
O thou, to whose all-searching sight.....	364
O thou, who camest from above.....	483
O thou who driest the mourner's tear.....	509
O thou who dwellest on high.....	18
O thou, who hast at thy command.....	358
O thou, whom all thy saints adore.....	5
O thou whose offering on the tree.....	76
O 'tis delight without alloy.....	525
O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die.....	216
O what amazing words of grace.....	247
O what a mighty change.....	617
O where shall rest be found.....	604
O who'll stand up for Jesus.....	325
O wondrous love divine	207
O wondrous power of faithful prayer.....	459
O Word of God incarnate.....	129
O worship the King all-glorious above.....	23
O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness....	22

FIRST LINES OF HYMNS

HYMN

Of him who did salvation bring.....	248
Once more we come before our God.....	32
One sweetly solemn thought.....	624, 727
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand.....	627
On this stone, now laid with prayer.....	673
Onward, Christian soldiers.....	410
Our children thou dost claim.....	157
Our Father, God, who art in heaven.....	471
Our Father in heaven, Creator of all.....	723
Our Father which art in heaven.....	733
Our God is love; and all his saints.....	558
Our old companions in distress.....	637
Pass me not, O gentle Savior.....	228
Peace, doubting heart, my God's I am.....	504
Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world.....	520
Peace, troubled soul, thou need'st not fear.....	511
Plunged in a gulf of dark despair.....	79
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow....	734, 735
Praise ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise.....	10
Prayer is appointed to convey.....	460
Prayer is the key	493
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire.....	478
Rejoice, rejoice, believers.....	102
Rejoice, the Lord is King.....	540
Repeat the story o'er and o'er.....	518
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest.....	170
Return, O wanderer, return.....	195
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings.....	632
Rock of ages, cleft for me.....	243
Roll on, thou mighty ocean.....	660
Safely through another week.....	175
Saints of God! the dawn is brightening.....	108
Salvation! O the joyful sound.....	254
Savior, again to thy dear name we raise.....	39
Savior, blessed Savior.....	295
Savior, breathe an evening blessing.....	684
Savior, help us in our weakness.....	447
Savior! I follow on.....	425
Savior, in whose name I pray.....	233
Savior, lead me lest I stray.....	434
Savior, like a shepherd lead us.....	693

FIRST LINES OF HYMNS

	HYMN
Savior of men, thy searching eye.....	148
Savior of the sin-sick soul.....	377
Savior, when, in dust, to thee.....	487
Savior, while my heart is tender.....	696
Say, where is thy refuge, poor sinner.....	219
See how great a flame aspires.....	654
See, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands.....	154
Servant of God, well done.....	587
Servants of God, in joyful lays.....	33
Shall I, for fear of feeble man.....	147
Shepherd Divine, our wants relieve.....	472
Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive.....	222
Sing we to our God above.....	738
Sinners, lift up your hearts.....	122
Sinners, obey the gospel word.....	187
Sinners, the voice of God regard.....	192
Sinners, turn; why will ye die.....	208
Sleep on, beloved, sleep, and take thy rest.....	594
Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling.....	212
Soldiers of Christ, arise.....	416
Soldiers of Christ, lay hold.....	417
Sovereign of all the worlds on high.....	282
Sow in the morn thy seed.....	145
Speed away, speed away.....	666
Spirit of faith, come down.....	279
Spirit of Truth, essential God.....	132
Stand the omnipotent decree	603
Stand up! stand up for Jesus.....	415
Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay.....	221
Still nigh me, O my Savior, stand.....	506
Sun of my soul, thou Savior dear.....	683
Surrounded by a host of foes.....	413
Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer.....	461
Sweet is the sunlight after rain.....	171
Sweet is the work, my God, my King.....	173
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing.....	491
Sweet was the time when first I felt.....	454
Sweetly the holy hymn.....	498
Take my life and let it be.....	330
Take time to be holy.....	303
Talk with us, Lord, thyself reveal.....	526
Tender Shepherd, thou hast stilled.....	596
Ten thousand times ten thousand.....	646

FIRST LINES OF HYMNS

	HYMN
That awful day will surely come.....	601
The Church's one foundation.....	134
The day is past and gone.....	687
The God of Abraham praise.....	634
The God of harvest praise.....	702
The gospel! oh, what endless charms.....	246
The head that once was crowned with thorns..	96
The heavens declare thy glory, Lord.....	133
The King of heaven his table spreads.....	162
The long-lost son, with streaming eyes.....	452
The Lord is my shepherd.....	729
The Lord is our King.....	714
The Lord is risen indeed.....	89
The Lord Jehovah reigns.....	51
The Lord my pasture shall prepare.....	428
The Lord of earth and sky.....	566
The Lord our God alone is strong.....	672
The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want.....	440
The morning flowers display their sweets.....	598
The morning light is breaking.....	652
The praying spirit breathe.....	475
The saints who die of Christ possessed.....	591
The sands of time are sinking.....	618
The Son of God goes forth to war.....	414
The spacious firmament on high.....	49
The Sun of Righteousness on me.....	343
The thing my God doth hate.....	370
The voice that breathed o'er Eden.....	712
The whole wide world for Jesus.....	656
Thee we adore, eternal Name.....	573
There is a fountain filled with blood.....	245
There is a land of pure delight.....	639
There is a safe and secret place.....	521
There is a spot to me more dear.....	274
There is a time we know not when.....	608
There is an hour of peaceful rest.....	638
There's a call comes ringing o'er the restless....	661
There's a land far away 'mid the stars.....	613
There's a song in the air.....	60
There's a wideness in God's mercy.....	217
They who seek the throne of grace.....	486
This stone to thee in faith we lay.....	671
Thou art the Way: to thee alone.....	68
Thou didst leave thy throne, and thy kingly.....	692

FIRST LINES OF HYMNS

	HYMN
Thou God of truth and love.....	555
Thou hidden Love of God, whose height.....	344
Thou hidden Source of calm repose.....	512
Thou Judge of quick and dead.....	607
Thou Shepherd of Israel, and mine.....	300
Thou Son of God, whose flaming eyes.....	178
Thou sweet, beloved will of God.....	505
Thou very-present aid	514
Thou, whose unmeasured temple stands.....	667
Though eighteen hundred years are past.....	385
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Though troubles assail, and dangers affright....	55
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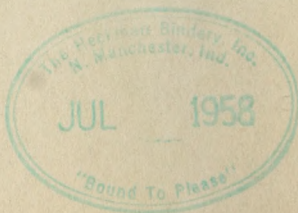


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